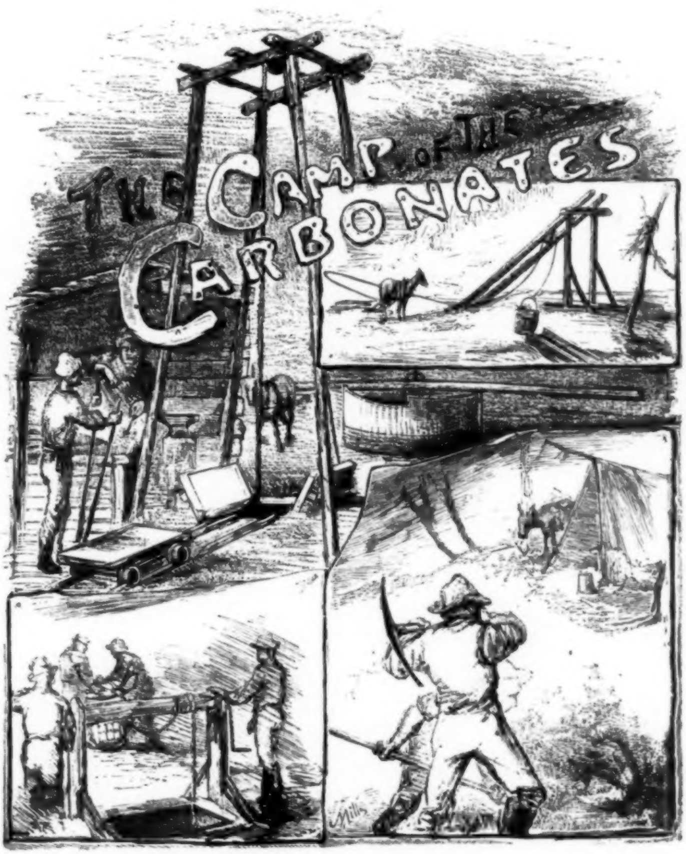
// SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. OCTOBER, 1879. No. 6.



UPS AND DOWNS IN LEADVILLE.

If the men who sprang from the stones Deucalion cast behind him set themselves to make homes, the result must have been a close counterpart of Leadville, Colorado. The settlement is all so new that none of its buildings seem older than the rest, and the fresh yellow shine of the pine lumber remains unstained. Though the city is a creation of but two years, in an obscure nook of the highest Rocky Mountains, its site has a history which goes back a score of years, and begins in circumstances similar to those which to-day characterize the locality.

After the rush to Pike's Peak, in 1859,

which was disappointing enough to the majority of prospectors, a number of men pushed westward. One party made their way through Ute Pass into the grand meadows of South Park, and crossing, pressed on to the Arkansas valley, up which they proceeded, searching unsuccessfully for gold, until they reached a wide plateau on the right bank, where a beautiful little stream came down. Following this nearly to its source, along what they named California Gulch, they were delighted to find placers of gold. This was in the midsummer of 1860; and before the close of the hot weather, ten thousand people had emigrated to the Arkansas, and $2,500,000 had been washed out, one of the original explorers taking twenty-nine pounds of gold away with him in the fall, besides selling for $500 a "worked-out" claim from which $15,000 was taken within the next three months. Now this same "exhausted" gravel is being washed a third or fourth time with profit.

The settlement consisted of one long street only, and houses even of logs were so few that the camp was known as "Bough Town," everybody abandoning the wicky-ups in winter, when the placers could not be worked, and retreating to Denver. During the summer, however, Bough Town witnessed some lively scenes. One day a stranger came riding up the street on a gallop, splashing the mud everywhere, only to be unceremoniously halted by a rough-looking customer who covered him with a revolver and said:

"Hold on there, stranger! When ye go through this yere town, go slow, so folks kin take a look at ye!"

No money circulated there; gold-dust served all the purposes of trade, and every merchant, saloon-keeper and gambler had his scales. The phrase was not "Cash up," but "Down with your dust," and when a man's buckskin wallet was empty, he knew where to fill it again. It was not long, however, before the placers were all staked off, and the claims began to be exhausted. Then the town so dwindled that in half a dozen years only a score were left of the turbulent multitude that in '60 and '61 made the gulch noisy with magical gains and heedless loss. Among the last of their acts was to pull down the old log gambling-hall, and to pan two thousand dollars out of the dirt floor where the gamblers had dropped the coveted grains. This done, everybody moved elsewhere, and the frightened game returned to thread the aspen groves and drink at the again translucent streams of California Gulch, where eight million dollars had been sifted from the pebbles.

One striking feature of this old placer-bar had impressed itself unpleasantly upon all the gold-seekers. In the bottoms of their pans and rockers, at each washing there accumulated a black sand so heavy that it interfered with the proper settling of the gold, and so abundant that it clogged the riffles. Who first determined this obnoxious black sand to be carbonate of lead is uncertain. It is said that it was assayed in 1866, but not found valuable enough to pay transportation to Denver, then the nearest point at which it could be smelted. One of the most productive mines now operated is said to have been discovered in '67, and in this way: Mr Long, at that time the most poverty-stricken of prospectors, went out to shoot his breakfast, and brought down a deer; in its dying struggles the animal kicked up earth which appeared so promising that Long and his partner Derry located a claim on the spot. The Camp Bird, Rock Lode, La Plata and others were opened simultaneously outside the placers, but all these were worked for gold, and though even then it seems to have been understood in a vague way that the lead ores were impregnated with silver, nobody profited by the information. Thus years passed, and I and many another campaigner in that grand solitude, riding over those verdant slopes, passing beneath those somber pine woods, camped, hunted, even mined at what now is Leadville, and never suspected the wealth we trampled upon.

Among the few men who happened to be in the region in 1877, was A. B. Wood, a shrewd, practical man, who, finding a large quantity of the heavy black sand, tested it anew and extracted a large proportion of silver. He confided in Mr. William H. Stevens, and they together began searching for the source of this sand-drift, and decided it must be between the limestone outcropping down the gulch and the porphyry which composed the summit of the mountain. Sinking trial shafts they sought the silver mean. It took time and money, and the few placer-washers there laughed at them for a pair of fools; but the men said nothing, and in the course of a few weeks they found it. Then came a period of excitement and particularly lively times for the originators of the enterprise. Mr. Stevens was a citizen of Detroit, and finding a chance for abundant

results from labor, but no labor wherewith to "make the riffle," he went back to Detroit and persuaded several scores of adventurous men to come out here and amuse themselves with carbonates.

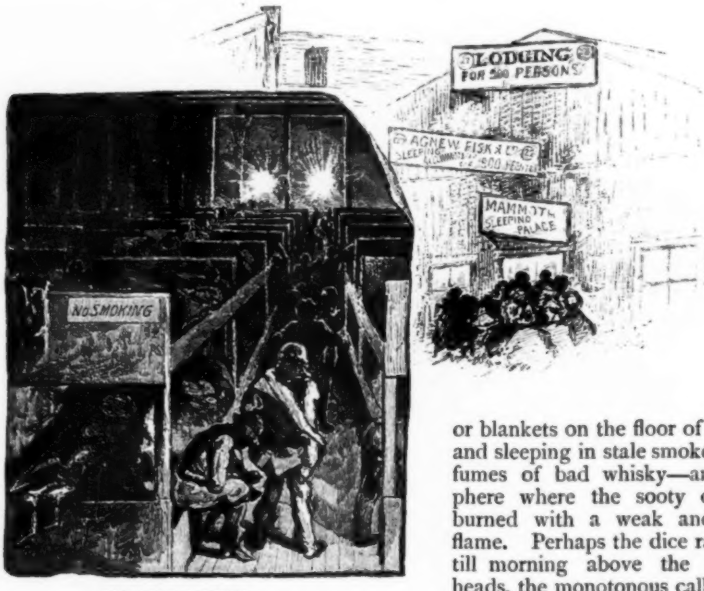
They came, hilariously, no doubt, with high anticipations of sudden wealth and the fulfilling of wide ambitions; came to find the snow deep upon the ground, and winter bravely entrenched among the gray cliffs of Mosquito and the Saguache. No one could work; every one was tantalized and miserable; discontent reigned. It was the old story of Baker and the San Juan silver fields. They took Wood and Stevens, imprisoned them in a cabin, and even went so far toward the suggestion of hanging as to noose the rope around their necks. At this critical moment, reprieve came in the shape of a capitalist, who appeased the hungry crowd with cash and stayed their purpose until the weather moderated and digging could be begun.


EN ROUTE TO LEADVILLE.

As spring advanced and the mountains became passable, there began a rush into the camp, for the report of this wonderful rejuvenation of the old district had spread far and wide. The Denver newspapers took up the laudation of the region. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, and other railways approaching nearest, advertised the camp in exaggerated praise all over the East for the sake of patronage; and many an uneasy ne'er-do-weel, and energetic prospector, and greedy saloon-keeper, and many a business man who wanted to profit by the foolishness or necessity of the rest, started for Leadville. It was early spring; the snow lay deep on the lofty main range of the Rocky Mountains which had to be crossed, and filled the treacherous passes, but the impatient emigrants could not wait. To be first into Leadville was the aim and ambition of hundreds of excited men, and to accomplish this human life was endangered and mule flesh recklessly sacrificed. Companies were organized, who put on six-horse stages from Denver, Cañon City and Colorado Springs, and ran three or four coaches together, yet private conveyances took even more than the stages, and hundreds walked, braving the midwinter horrors of Mosquito Pass.

Meanwhile an almost continuous procession of mule and ox trains were striving to haul across that frightful hundred miles of mountains the food, machinery and furniture which the new settlement so sorely needed, and which it seemed so impossible to supply. Ten cents and more a pound was charged for freight, and prices ranged correspondingly high, with an exorbitant profit added. Hay, for example, reached $200 per ton.

Nor were all who came rough or even hardy characters. There were among them men of wealth and brains, young graduates of colleges eager for a business opening, engineers and surveyors, lawyers, doctors, and a thousand soft-handed triflers who hoped to make a living in some undefined way out of the general excitement. Many of these gentlemen went to stay and took their wives, or, more usually, waited until they had prepared some sort of a home, and then sent for them. What stories some of these ladies tell of their stage-journey through those wintry mountains! How many wagons, heavily loaded with freight, did they see overturned by the roadside! How many dead mules and horses did they count! How many snow-banks did they fall through! how many precipices escape! how many upsettings avoid by the merest margin of consummate good driving! I knew of three ladies who for twenty-four hours were packed in a stage with a lot of drunken men, who could only be kept



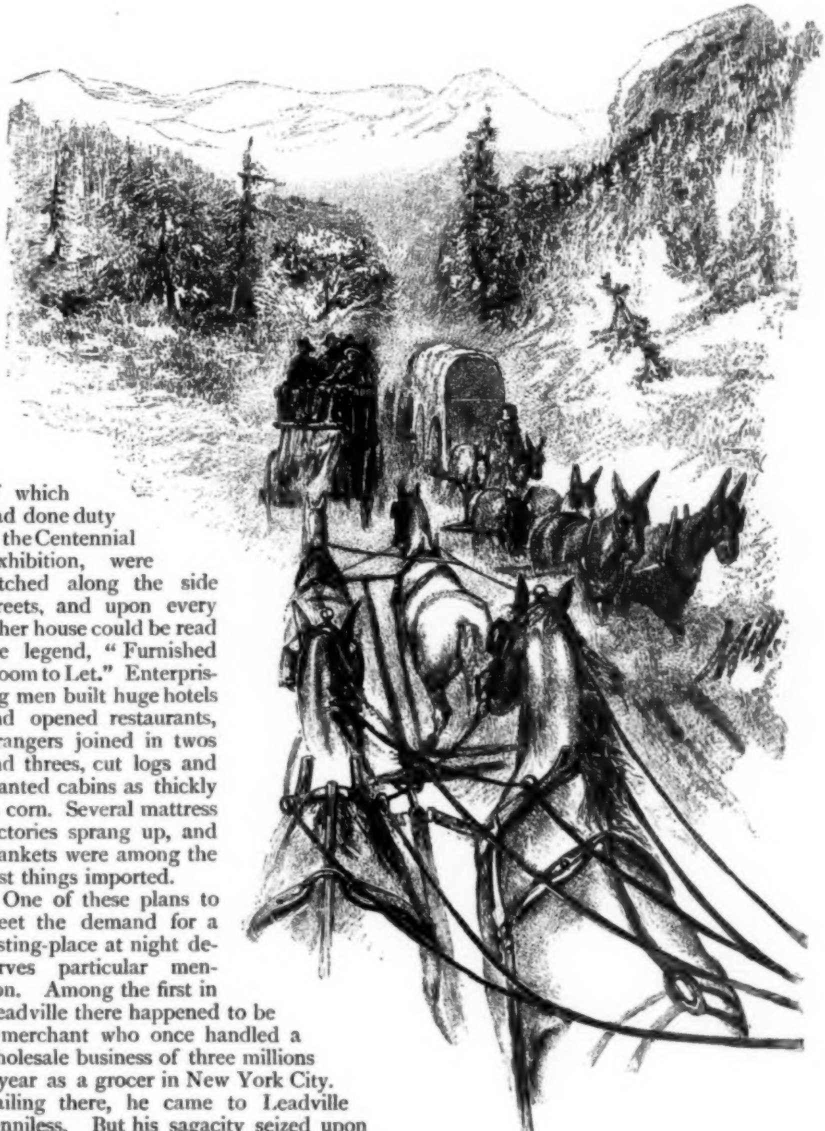
LEADVILLE LODGINGS.

within the bounds of decorum and safety by being sung to sleep. The driver was utterly powerless to control them, and had as much as he could do to steer his six horses over that icy road. The crazy men said, "Sing to us, we like it, and if you don't we'll dump you into the snow!" and sing they did, all night long. Whether this incident be considered laughable or pathetic, it is literally true. In the summer the stage passenger was not frozen, but was choked to slow death by impenetrable clouds of dust, and in the seasons between he was engulfed in mud. Verily that hundred miles of staging at fifteen cents a mile, with only thirty pounds of baggage allowed free, is the Purgatory of Leadville, and helps wonderfully to make one contented with his reception.

With the beginning of 1879, the steady current that had flagged somewhat during the tempestuous last months of 1878, burst into a perfect freshet of travel. Log huts, board shanties, canvas tents, kennels dug into the side hill and roofed with earth and pine boughs, were filled to repletion with men and women, and still proved insufficient to shield the eager immigrants from the arctic air and pitiless storms of this plateau in the high Sierras. Men were glad to pay for the privilege of spreading their overcoats or blankets on the floor of a saloon and sleeping in stale smoke and the fumes of bad whisky—an atmosphere where the sooty oil-lamps burned with a weak and yellow flame. Perhaps the dice rattled on till morning above the sleepers' heads, the monotonous call-song of the dealers lulling them to an unquiet doze in the murky air, only to be awakened by the loud profanity of some brawler or sent cowering under the blankets to escape the too free pistol-balls that fly across the billiard-table. Even the sawdust floors of these reeking bar-rooms were not spacious enough to hold the two hundred persons a day who rushed into Leadville, and every dry-goods box upon the curbstone, every pile of hay-bales in the alley, became a bedroom for some belated traveler.

What wonder that men from the lowlands, sleeping in such places, and then going, half-protected, out into the chilling wind that swept over miles of snow-fields, should die of rheumatism and pneumonia? The sickness which swept through the camp and ended in lonely death so many bright dreams of wealth, was invited by dissipation and exposure: one who observes the ordinary precepts of hygiene will suffer no more ill-health in Leadville than in any other inclement corner of the world. It was at this trying time that Sisters of Charity came to the camp, and began their merciful work. To-day, St. Vincent's Hospital, with room for a hundred patients, is a monument to their devotion.

But the era of saloon-floors and empty barrels did not last long. Great tents, one

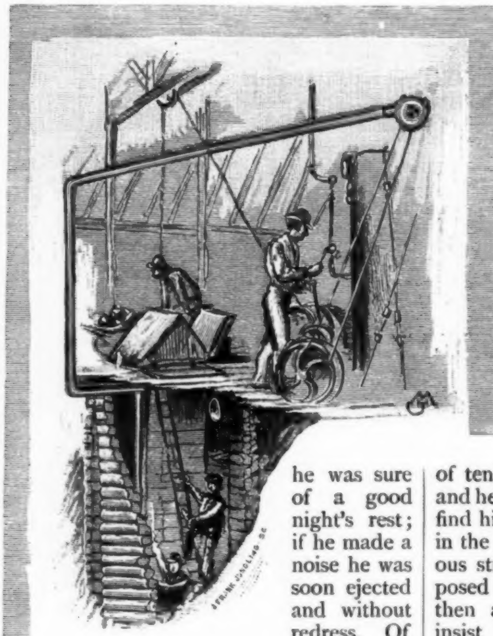


of which had done duty at the Centennial Exhibition, were pitched along the side streets, and upon every other house could be read the legend, "Furnished Room to Let." Enterprising men built huge hotels and opened restaurants, strangers joined in twos and threes, cut logs and planted cabins as thickly as corn. Several mattress factories sprang up, and blankets were among the first things imported.

One of these plans to meet the demand for a resting-place at night deserves particular mention. Among the first in Leadville there happened to be a merchant who once handled a wholesale business of three millions a year as a grocer in New York City. Failing there, he came to Leadville penniless. But his sagacity seized upon this opportunity, and getting together sufficient funds, he built a vast shed of slabs and filled it with rows of bunks, two tiers high, capable of accommodating 500 sleepers nightly. His mattresses were thick and soft, his sheets clean, his coverings warm, the place well ventilated through the thousand cracks that gaped between the unseasoned boards.

UP-HILL WORK.

The proprietor was a man of large size and severe mien. He furnished a bed for fifty cents, and posted his rules: No talking or laughing, or singing, or drinking. If a man cared to sleep himself and let others sleep,


THE SHAFT HOUSE.

he was sure of a good night's rest; if he made a noise he was soon ejected and without redress. Of course the Mammoth Sleeping Palace made money, as it deserved to.

All this excitement and influx of masses of men and the consequent irregular squatting anywhere upon unoccupied ground, began at once to produce discord and a fever of speculation in real estate. A certain corporation claimed to own the whole town-site under a patent from the government, and tried to exact payment from every tenant; but the illegality of this was asserted, and pending decision, everybody not only laughed at the company but proceeded to buy and sell original squatter-claims as though no better title was ever in existence—a supposition probably true at that time. Town-lots rose from nothing to fabulous prices in a day, and fortunes were made and opportunities neglected accordingly.

Next came a period of "jumping," that is, getting forcible or fraudulent possession of property. Men would call with a paper having a legal appearance and politely inform some man occupying the cabin they coveted that they had bought the property from the owner.

"You know, pard," they would remark, affably, "that you just settled down here 'cause it was convenient like, and nobody said nothing about it; but now the owner thinks he orter have some good from his property, and we've bought it. We don't want to be onpleasant, but it looks like you'd have to vamoose."

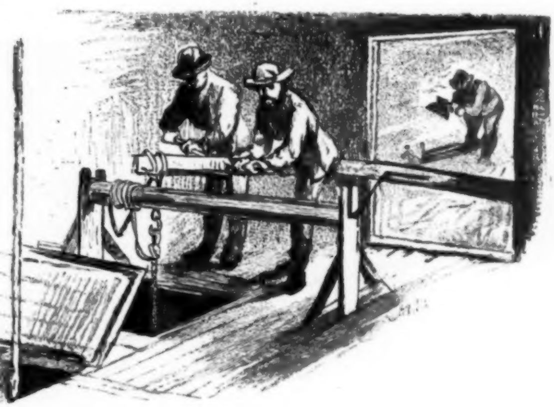
"That's all right,—no offense," the shaggy-headed cottager would reply, quietly; "but I reckon ef the owner or anybody else wants this yere cabin they've got to take it, and they've got to hold over me, and get up right 'arly in the mornin', too," and he lays a loving hand upon the hilt of his six-shooter, while the would-be jumpers anathematize their way out of the door.

There were, however, clear cases of tenancy of land where no title was held, and here the occupant, if unruly, was likely to find his cabin timbers falling about his ears in the middle of the night, under the vigorous stroke of a band of citizens who proposed to see the real owner put in possession then and there. Heedless fellows would insist upon putting their trading shanties or dwelling-houses anywhere in the streets and alleys set apart for public use, and then down would come a squad of police, hitch a span of horses to the underpinning and raze the obstruction in ten minutes. Hard words were a matter of course in all these little public and private transactions in real estate, and every day or two a man was shot or beaten half to death; but public opinion and the numerous witnesses quickly and loudly decided the right of the case, and the coroner's jury was very likely to formulate the popular verdict. Truth to say, the *vox populi* in these cases was usually about right. Outside of a case of robbery by "bunko thieves," if a man gets shot in Leadville, it is safe to conclude that he has got his deserts.

Speculation in town-lots did not last very long, however, and now real estate is down to a pretty solid basis of value. The probability is that the future will see a decline in prices, as a whole, rather than an enhancing of the value of real estate within the corporate limits, as no doubt Leadville has seen her highest tide-mark of population.

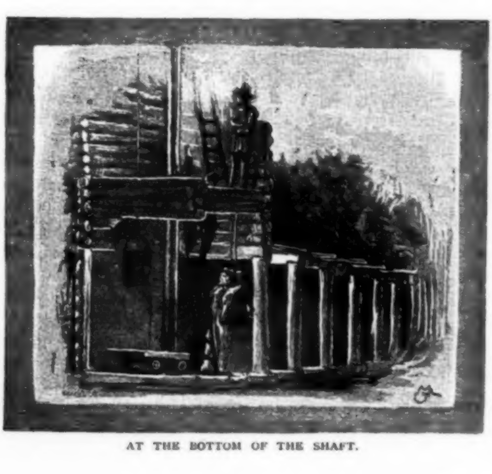
The basis, of course, of all this headlong rush of immigration, this fever of business and speculation, was the startling richness of the mines. Every day chronicled some

new accession of wealth, some additional tapping of the silver deposits which were firmly believed to underlie every square foot of the region. It seemed all a matter of luck, too, and skilled prospecting found itself at fault. The spots old miners had passed by as worthless, "tenderfeet" from Ohio dug down upon, and showed to be rich in "mineral." One of the first mines opened — the Camp Bird—was discovered by the Gallagher brothers, two ignorant and utterly poor Irishmen, of whom amusing stories are current. Another early piece of good fortune was that of Fryer, from whom Fryer Hill, one of the most productive districts, derives its name. He lived in a squatty little cabin on the side-hill, where the dirt floor had become as hilly as a model of the main range, and the rough stone fire-place in the corner was hardly fit to fry a rasher of bacon; but one day he dug a hole up near the top of the hill, hiding himself among the secret pines, saying nothing to anybody, and a few yards below the surface struck a mine which has already yielded a million of dollars without being urged. Now Fryer's cabin is loaned to two men trying for the same prize, while the old owner spends most of his time at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Innumerable incidents might be related of the patience and expense and hardship which resulted in failure; of the equal pluck and endurance that brought success; of happy chance or perfect accident divulging a fortune at the most unexpected point. The miners have a proverb, "Nobody can see into the ground," and the gamblers an adage, "The only thing sure about luck is that it's bound to change!"



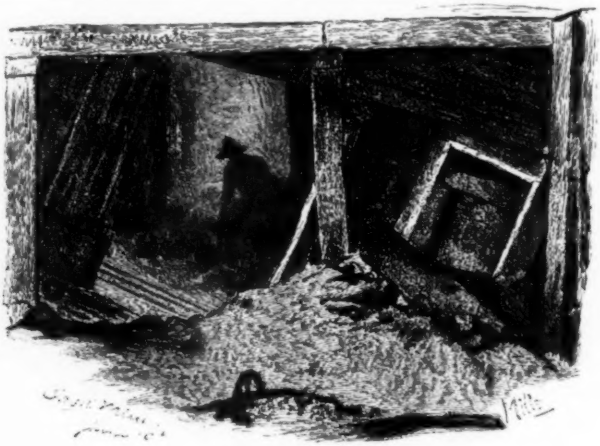
THE JIG DRILL.

One of the grimmest of these tales is that attached to the Dead Man claim, which is briefly as follows: It was winter. Scotty had died, and the boys, wanting to give him a right smart of a burial, hired a man for twenty dollars to dig a grave through ten feet of snow and six feet of hard ground. Meanwhile, Scotty was stuffed into a snowbank. Nothing was heard of the grave-digger for three days, and the boys, going out to see what had happened to him, found him in a hole which, begun as a grave, proved to be a sixty-ounce mine. The *quasi* sexton refused to yield, and was not hard pushed, for Scotty was forgotten and staid in the snow-bank till the April sun searched him out, the boys meanwhile sinking prospect-holes in his intended cemetery.



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT.

One mine had its shaft down 135 feet and the indications of success were good. Some capitalists proposed to purchase an interest in it, and a half of the mine was offered them for $10,000, if taken before five o'clock. At half-past four, rich silver ore was struck, and when at half past five the tardy men of money came leisurely up and signified their consent to the bargain,



ATHWART AN INCLINE.

the manager pointed at the clock, and quietly remarked:

"The price of a half interest in this mine now, gentlemen, is sixty thousand dollars."

Prospectors went everywhere seeking for carbonates, radiating from this center up all the gulches, and over the foot-hills, delving almost anywhere at a venture. One day, at a hitherto unheard-of point, wealth comes up by the bucketful out of the deep narrow hole, that has been pierced so unostentatiously. Instantly the transformation begins, and the lately green hill-side, refreshing to the townsman's eye, becomes forlorn in its ragged exposure of rock and soil where the forest has been swept away, while trial-mines grow as thickly upon its surface as pits on the rind of a strawberry. All these young mines, good or bad, look much alike, and are equally inaccessible and unkempt. There are no roads, hardly any wagon-tracks and few paths. Every man goes across-lots, the shortest way, pushing through the remnant of the woods, clambering over the prostrate trunks and discarded tree-tops, whose straight trunks have been felled and dragged away to the saw-mill, or chopped into six-foot lengths for posts and logging. Teams must go around, but life is too short for the man afoot to follow them; holding his painful breath, he scales straight up the steep and slippery ascent.

THE PROFESSOR IN SUSPENSE.

But it is time to say something of the processes of getting out the ores, and perhaps the best way is at once to attack the geological structure of the region.

Leadville appears to lie upon the eastern edge of the lava area of the state. The last of the trachyte peaks are at the head of Mosquito Pass. Underneath the camp, and on all the hills where her riches are stored, the soil is found to be a porphyritic overflow overlying a highly silicified dolomite, that goes by the common name of "limestone." Between these two formations *(i. e.*, under the porphyry and above the dolomite) are found the mineral beds. Various theories have been broached as to the reason for their position, so novel in the experience of silver mining, and some of the explanations

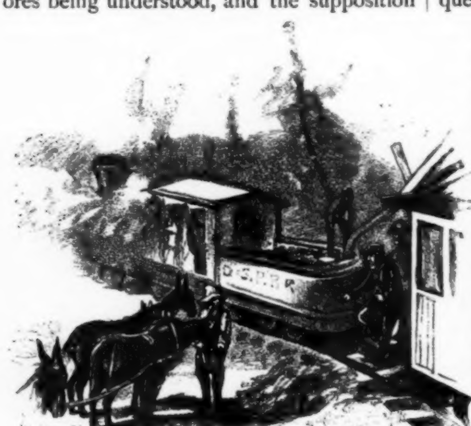
are a burlesque of geology, though uttered in dead earnest. Those who are best qualified to decide, although confessing limited bonate of lead in large quantity, silica, oxides of iron and manganese, and the precious chloride of silver. Sometimes the lead

A GOOD INDICATION.

observation, suggest what seems to me the simplest theory and the one nearest the truth. The mineral constituents of the ores are car- occurs as a sulphide, and there are some other insignificant components. Now, it is possible that the original constituent parts

of all these minerals should be contained in a porphyritic eruption. Deposits of galena and some other minerals are now occasionally found buried in the porphyry, or occupying slender fissure-veins through it. Moreover, all these minerals are capable of solution in water charged with carbonic acid, which, of course, was present in abundance, and the suggestion is that they have leached downward through the porphyry until they struck the limestone floor, which became in time so highly silicified, as to admit no further penetration of water, whereupon the valuable deposits that we are now prying out gradually accumulated. It is considered probable that as exploration proceeds true fissure-veins will be found extending down into the dolomite, formed at the same time that these carbonate beds were laid down. The silicified surface of the lime, and the semi-saturated line of the porphyry, next the carbonate, are known as the "contacts"; and when the miners strike this, they have good cause to be hopeful of near success. The presence of great beds of kaolin (hydrated silicate of alumina), derived from the thorough decomposition of porphyry or granite, or both together, and the presence of hydrate of magnesia, with beds of semi-opal (always an aqueous production), argue in favor of the truth of this explanation.

The general fact of this position of the ores being understood, and the supposition being generally credited also, that the whole region is underlaid with precious carbonates (although this is by no means established), the object is to find where this bed can be tapped from the surface; and he is the luckiest fellow who strikes it at the least distance down. Certain indications on the surface are relied on to some extent, but these never can be trusted, and the early comers sinking anywhere, without skill or knowledge, were quite as likely to win as the shrewdest old-timer.



"WHEN DROUTHY NEEBORS MEET."

He who goes searching for a mine is known as a "prospector,"—a character whom it is quite unnecessary for me to draw again, so well is he known to all readers. In some regions a prospector may go off alone and discover mines with no one to claim a share of his good fortune; and the bones of many such a one are sinking into a slow grave under the kindly shed needles of Sierra pines. In this district, however, where deep pits must be driven before anything can be ascertained, the prospector needs a companion. Two, or sometimes more, will therefore start out together, carrying tools and provisions upon their backs, or strapped upon a pack-mule or two or three Mexican donkeys. "Me and my pardner" always takes the place of the simple *Ego* in the mountaineer's narrative of success or misadventure. Sometimes the two are strangely assorted. I have known prospectors to start away together and travel for days before asking each other's names; in one case, they discovered themselves to be brothers,—strawberry mark and all! Frequently they quarrel and fight. Duels over rival mining interests used to be common. But as a rule, the prospectors get on fairly well together, and deal square by one another; the swift and speedy retribution of bad faith being ever before their minds. Usually they are able to provide themselves at least with the meager necessities of life, while they search; but it has grown to be a custom for merchants to hire impecunious persons to go prospecting for them, furnishing tools, arms, blankets and rations for a given time. This advance is termed a "grub-stake," in return for which the capitalist receives an interest in whatever may be discovered. Three hundred dollars provides a good grub-stake.

Let me suppose that our prospectors have been more than ordinarily successful; that they have dug not more than a hundred feet, have curbed their shaft securely with timber, have struck the greenish-white porphyry, and finally have met with the longed-for "contact," which separates the

mineral bearing rock from the barren gangue. They have been little troubled by water, and they have done all their work with the help of one Irishman, and the ordinary windlass. There being every indication that wealth is just beneath their picks, they erect over the shaft a frame-work of heavy timbers, called a "gallows," and hang in it a large pulley. A little at one side, close to the ground, is fixed a second pulley. Under this, and over the upper one is reeved the bucket-rope, and a mule is hired to walk away with it, when the bucket is to be drawn up, creeping back when the bucket goes down. This is a "whip." The next advance in machinery is the "whim," which consists of the same arrangement of gallows and pulleys as before; but instead of a mule walking straight out and back, the mule travels round and round a huge revolving drum, that carries the hoisting-rope. If you care to go down one of these shafts you may stand in the bucket, or you may unhook it, and, placing your foot in a noose, be lowered away in the bucket's place. If your head is strong there is no great danger.

A SIDEWALK STUDY.

When the miner really "strikes it," and the brown, crumbling, ill-looking ore begins to fill the bucket to the exclusion of all else, assaying fifty or a hundred or four hundred ounces to the ton, a house is built over the shaft, and a steam-engine supersedes the patient mule.

The depth at which a mine may be found (if at all) can hardly even be guessed at. Paying "mineral" has been met with from the surface to more than 350 feet in depth. Usually the shafts are over a hundred feet deep.

The deposit having been tapped, digging out the ore begins. This is done by means of horizontal passage-ways or tunnels, known as "drifts," which are driven into the rock from the bottom of the shaft.

Before the prospector began work he had "staked out a claim" by putting up a conspicuous notice of the fact, usually penciled on the denuded trunk of a tree, where the sap flows over and glazes the writing safely

from erasure by the weather. He claims a tract 1,500 feet long by 300 feet wide, as allowed by law. Having been encouraged enough by his investigation to make him desire to keep the property permanently, he procures a survey of it, by which all the boundaries are accurately located and recorded. If these encroach upon the surveyed boundaries of any other previous claims it makes no difference, provided the pay-streak has not yet been found there; and if our friend discovers silver before it is struck on contiguous property, he has a right to the whole of his original claim, even though its lines inclose all the unsuccessful diggings of his neighbor. This is called "surveying in." On the other hand, if you survey a claim over upon the claim of another man who has already found the object of his search, you have no right to go beyond his lines of possession, which extend vertically from nadir to zenith. For being surveyed in, when there is no question of being outspeeded in the race for the silver, there is no redress, even for the work already expended; but a generous man will usually make a pretense of buying out his unlucky neighbor by paying an estimated value of work already performed, since it may prove useful to him in future. Submission is not always so easily bought, however. In the case of two well-known mines now united in a great "consolidation," the one was made productive first, because the owner, who derived his impetus from a knowledge of the good indications seen in his neighbor's shaft, was able to put at work a far larger number of laborers than his neighbor's means could employ. The result was that he got ahead and struck the ore before the first mine reached it. Then, taking advantage of the rule, he surveyed the older diggings in, and had legal possession of the whole. The defeated man knew his strait but refused to abide patiently the hard fate that lost to him all past labor and forestalled all hope in the future; he went to his successful neighbor, and expostulated in a few forcible words, which secured him and his partners a large share in the good luck to which he claimed to have equally contributed. He put before his rival the alternative of yielding a part of the mine or being shot dead on the spot; and reading the desperate face of his contestant at a glance, the rich man chose life and divided wealth to monopoly and a coffin.

It is because of such uncertain factors in the calculation as this; because you cannot see before you start, and even if you reach contact or even carbonate are not sure that it will be profitable, that this whole method of mining is one vast game of chance, little less uncertain than the keno and draw-poker which flourish under its influence and prosperity. Mining in Leadville, until long expenditure and patience have insured success in the well-developed mine, is simply feverish gambling, and there is little difference between the atmosphere of the hotel office and street corner, and that of the faro banks. No wonder the latter flourish. Naturally these regulations have led to endless complications and litigations, actual and impending upon every side. The law of the state, when it was formulated, knew nothing of any geological aspect in mining like that presented here, and does not at all apply to the present conditions. The consequence is that a general sentiment and arrangement for mutual benefit, rather than any legislative enactment, have decided upon the regulations outlined above.

To resume the consideration of the mine itself, independent of its neighbors and their jealousies, it may be said, to begin with, that it is ordinarily dry and comfortable to get about in, and the white walls of the porphyry, through which many of the drifts pass, reflect the light of your candle so fully that illumination is easy and complete.

The getting up and down is the disagreeable part of the business. The bucket and rope is a muddy and dangerous way compared to the ladders. It is not long ago that a very well-known Eastern professor of the art of scientific mining, who loves a joke too well himself not to appreciate the fun of the situation, started down a shaft, disappearing in the black hole with the utmost composure. In a moment, however, frantic shouts were heard by those above and the engine was quickly stopped.

"I'm hung up by my coat-tail on a nail," called the professor faintly, from about a hundred feet below. "Hoist the bucket and scrape me off again."

It was done, and the famous expert has another adventure to relate which is far more comical to listen to than to experience 'twixt the top and bottom of a mining-shaft!

In the largest mines there is a partition from top to bottom of the shafts, insuring excellent ventilation, and leaving a small space for a ladder-way; there the descent is as easy as that to Avernus. But when it comes to the ascent—well, one is almost willing to stay down forever. All

exertion at ten thousand feet of altitude is fatiguing; to climb a perpendicular ladder anywhere is a breath-wasting operation, put the two together, and you have as fine a set of conditions to make you dissatisfied with the disgusting lack of proportion between your weight and your lung-power as you can well find.

AS COMFORTABLE AS CIRCUMSTANCES WILL ADMIT.

I remember a little excursion down into one of the finest and most famous of the Leadville mines. There were seven in the party, four of them judges on the supreme bench. It is unnecessary to be more explicit as to ponderosity of body and intellect. We went down the ladders, each one insisting upon the other's precedence with the greatest politeness. Finally all were huddled at the bottom in a little group, ready to follow our conductor's lead. It was a fine-looking lot of judicial and literary men—red canvas coats, too short, hats slouched over the eyes, trowsers rolled up over muddy boots, and wet hands spattered with tallow drippings. Then we ducked our crowns and plunged into a subterranean labyrinth where the ermine became a weasel. On either side stood rows of posts six feet high and twelve inches in diameter, holding equally strong lintels overhead. Behind these posts a tier of poles kept back any tendency toward caving in on the part of the sides of the drift, and the roof was similarly supported. This wall or fence of poles is called the "lagging," and it is put in as fast as the drift proceeds.

At the end of each drift men were work-

ing with picks tearing down the ore as they would cut into a clay-bank, while others shoveled it into the little car that pretty soon rattled away to the mouth of the shaft and delivered up its contents to be lifted into its first sight of the outside world since Azoic days. This working end of the drift is known as the "breasts." There are no noxious gases in any of these mines. The ventilation is perfect. Candles are used, therefore, instead of covered lamps, and the needs of the case have developed a charmingly picturesque candlestick of bent wires, which may be stuck into a vertical wall, or hung over a projection, and which is another illustration of the elegance of shape resulting from the perfection of use. Another favorite way of supporting the tallow torch is by wrapping round its base a splatch of wet clay, which only needs to be slapped against a piece of timber or any firm substance to hold the candle where you will. The breast is dug out as high and as broad as will admit of advancing the regular timbers, which are planted every four feet as fast as room is made.

Next we went down an "incline," that is, a drift downward from the general level in following the ore-bed, and found some men stoping. "Stoping" is digging out ore from beside the drift. It may be above, or below, or on either side. To stope from beneath is considered bad policy, since then the mineral must be drawn up; whereas in stoping from above it may be tumbled down, and thus trouble and expense be saved. Now we saw the reason for having posts so enormous. Here were three stories of timbering, one above another, with more in preparation; and the chambers were wide and long, yet the whole roof of the mine was supported by a trestle-work of logs which, never dove-tailed or locked, were so braced together by setting square against the shoulders of two or three other beams that every one braced all the rest.

"These timbers will last twenty years," said the superintendent, "or as long as we care to use them; for you see when we have run a drift to the limits of the mine, and begin to stope, we clean out all the mineral as we move this way, and stuff in behind us all the loose material and waste, leaving the timbers to be buried in the heap. After a while, of course, those timbers will rot and the roof will gradually cave in, but as we have no more use for that part of the mine, and no occasion to go there, we don't care. Meanwhile we don't open new drifts too fast, and so our timbering need be done only once, except in some of the main avenues and shafts."

We had been following him about, walking by faith rather than by sight, poking our candles into dark nooks, picking off bits of glistening earth here and there, climbing up among the shadowy net-work of timbers in some stoping-place, and stepping cautiously over some chasm which might not be very deep, but seemed a crack down into Tartarus, when all at once we found ourselves back where we started from. We knew the spot by an old powder canister which a noble judge had sat down to rest upon, and the circular imprint of which he had carried about with him ever since, like the label on a spool of thread.

"Now, Judge," resumed the superintendent, addressing the honorable representative from Boston, who was snuffing his candle between his judicial thumb and finger. "Now, Judge, we have just walked round one of my pillars, and I propose to leave it standing there as a firm support for the roof until I have worked back to it. The whole mine is to be crossed by drifts about a hundred feet apart, running at right angles just as a city is laid out into streets, and the blocks of houses are represented by my pillars of ore."

"I *sabe*."

The Judge dropped into slang as Silas Wegg descended to poetry,—purely in a friendly way. Somewhat startled, but assured of his hearer's full comprehension, the superintendent went on to say that, knowing the height, length, and breadth of these great square blocks of ore left in the heart of the mine, and knowing how many ounces that ore would average to the ton, it was an easy matter to calculate just how much the whole was worth in dollars and cents.

"This rock, now," he continued, holding his candle-flame close to a crumbling piece which he plucked from the wall," this burnt-brown stuff, that feels so heavy and looks so brick-like and utterly worthless, is particularly good; it contains 600 ounces of silver in every ton, and one-fourth of the residue is lead. Suppose there are a hundred thousand tons in this pillar we have just been round, and suppose there are a score of such pillars in this very mine, don't you see some excuse for our enthusiasm? I tell you, gentlemen" (puffing his pipe alight between the words), "there's millions in it!"

"Very true,—but—forgive me, General, —but isn't it a fact that occasionally the ore is not true to its appearance all the way through? Doesn't the bed grow thin sometimes—pinch, peter out, you know? Or isn't there sometimes found in the center a great mass of unproductive rock, vulgarly known as a 'horse'?"

"Yes," assented the superintendent, a little less enthusiastically; "yes, I know of a case in this very camp where a shaft was sunk a good distance and a drift was carried straight away through the hardest of iron for sixty-five feet. It was a work of extraordinary labor and discouragement. Finally, the manager was advised to turn and drift at right angles to his present course. This new experiment had hardly begun when the richest soft-carbonate ore was struck in large quantities—an ore assaying over a thousand ounces of silver to the ton, but entirely destitute of lead. It was followed semicircularly, always curving until the new drift brought up square against the iron only two feet from the wall of the original drift, and less than five feet from the bottom of the shaft! By a chance error of three feet the shaft had been sunk directly upon a 'horse' or island of iron, inclosed in the carbonate-bed, and the first drift had the bad luck to be directed straight along its axis. It is of course possible, but not probable, that one or more of these pillars may be almost wholly occupied by a great barren bowlder."

As the ores are brought to the surface they are scanned by an experienced person, and the best pieces thrown in a heap by themselves, while the ordinary ore is cast upon the "dump" or pile which accumulates at the mouth of the mine, and makes a little ruddy terrace on the green or snowy hillside. From this dump wagons haul the ore away to be sold, the best part often being put in hundred-pound sacks, about as large as quarter-barrel flour-bags, before being sold. Very rich ore is likely to be bought by regular purchasers, who forward to smelting-works at Pueblo, St. Louis, Omaha and Eastern cities. I think none of these ores have been sent to Wales. The inferior grades are sold by the ton to some one of the dozen smelters here in town, the price being governed by the market quotations of silver in New York on the day of the sale, less several deductions amounting in all to about 25 per centum, as the reducer's margin for profit, and plus three to five cents per pound for all the lead above 21 per centum which the ore carries. Silver and gold are estimated in ounces; lead and copper in percentages; but allowance is not made for both of the latter metals in the same ore. The ore is hauled to the smelting works by four or six-mule teams, for the most part, the driver not sitting on the wagon, but riding the nigh wheeler, guiding his team by a single very strong rein which goes to the bits of the leaders, and handling the brake by another strap. He is in the position of a steersman in the middle of his craft, and his "bridge" is the saddle. Every load is sent upon the scales, recorded, and then shoveled into its proper bin. A thin-faced, dusty-haired youth leaned half asleep against a shady corner at one of these mills, recording the tons and fractions of a ton in each load as he lazily adjusted the balance. His air was of one so utterly listless and bored that I was moved to remark cheerily as I went by:

"You haven't chosen the most exciting part of this business."

"No," he answered dryly, while an indescribable twinkle came into his carbonated countenance. "No, but I'm trying to do my duty. You know the poet says, 'They also serve who only stand and weigh it.'"

That fellow had a history, but I haven't time to tell it. Leadville is full of such characters, and it only needs to put one's self *en rapport* with their happy-go-lucky good humor and stoicism under all sorts of fortune to find these miners, at heart, the best fellows in the world. They have a high regard for a gentleman, but a hatred of a swell; no objection to good clothes, but a horror of "frills"; a high respect for genuine virtue, but boundless hatred of cant; an admiration for nerve amounting to worship, but a contempt of braggadocio that often results in an impulsive puncturing of both the braggart and his boasts. A "tenderfoot," that is, a new arrival from the East, green in the ways of mountain life, they consider fair game for tricks and chaff. Usually they attempt to frighten him, and his behavior at such initiatory moments determines, to a large extent, his future standing in the camp.

But this is a digression from the subject in hand, which is the reduction of the ores. The smelters cannot be allowed to cool off, and so are run the twenty-four hours through. One evening we make up a party and visit the great works of J. B. Grant & Co. Its chimney-stacks pour noxious smoke over a

nest of cabins down on the bank of the creek, and guide us, by scent as well as sight, through the muddy streets and across the vacant lots. The broad upper floor is divided along one side into a series of bins, opening outwardly into a shed, under which the teams drive that bring the ore. Each carted back to the original pile in the bin. The saved portion, which has happened to fall into the scoop, constitutes a new sample, to be further reduced, by successive crushings and screenings, until finally there remains only a pound of earth as the perfect representation of the average quality of the

MOSQUITO PASS FROM CAPITOL HILL.

owner's lot is put into a bin and kept separate until sampled and paid for. This sampling is a process akin to homeopathy. Supposing one hundred tons are to be sold at the smelter. Every tenth ton, as fast as delivered, is set aside to be sampled. This ten tons is then subdivided,—perhaps by being carried from one part of the floor to the other in wheelbarrows,—every tenth load being set aside. The single ton thus remaining contains many large, hard lumps. These are roughly screened out and put through a crusher, which chews them into fragments no larger than walnuts. The heap of a ton of broken material thus formed is now separated in a very ingenious way, by catching a few lumps of the ore from each shovelful in a "scoop," which a man holds above the wheelbarrow wherein the main portion is

500 tons of rocky ore offered from the mine. This pound is then ground to powder on the bucking-board, and a tenth or twentieth is taken for the scientific fire-test, or "assay," which shall determine its value. All these processes go on at night as well as by day.

The red-brown ores lay in little heaps about the floor when we entered, divided from one another by low partitions. Men with spidery wheelbarrows were cruising about, dumping a pile of precious earth here, shoveling up another there, with seemingly aimless purposes, and the bins were only like so many openings to a mine, so deep were the shadows hiding their recesses. Across the room, lanterns showed four great circular chambers of iron, from whose depths hoarse rumblings drowned in a deep, steady bass the energetic crunch-crunch of

the insatiate ore-chewers. Wide door-ways admitted into these dungeons, where surging volumes of murky vapors were confined, and through their hot portals red-shirted men hurled the raw material that should be digested, and the worthy part of which should issue from the furnaces below in a bright and costly stream: first a barrow-load of carbonate ore, next one of charcoal, then a third of iron and limestone-flux.

Day after day, night after night, these monsters are fed with this diet, varied in proportions according to the richness and metallurgical qualities of the ore that is being smelted. It requires very good judgment to determine just how much foreign material and lime is needed to produce the best results with the constantly varying ores. When, as happened the other day at a new smelter, the slag yields 150 ounces of silver to the ton, the conclusion is that the substances which, in melting, are necessary to produce a certain chemical combination and set free the valuable metals from their base companionship, have not been put in in proper proportion. Unless this is done, the smelting, of course, is not profitable. Luck may find the silver ore but science must extract the bullion. Most profit accrues to the smelter when the ore produces from 75 to 200 ounces of silver, and contains a goodly proportion of iron and lead.

Leaving the dungeons, we pick our way down the slope of a small mountain of ore, and enter below, where the engine and boilers throb, and the openings at the bottom of the furnaces give exit to the silver and the slag we saw shoveled in above as ore. And what an exit! The low roof shuts down close and dark upon the huge black cylinder of iron and bricks that holds in its heart the molten metal. There are pipes and valves, and draft-ways, and beams and braces, but they show indistinct in the gloom, and are nothing beside that great central mass, begrimed with soot and the dust of arsenic and oxides of lead. Watch that workman. He lifts a lance and stepping near the base of the furnace, where a single spark directs his aim, gives two or three quick thrusts. How mighty an effect the simple act evokes! The gloomy and ghost-haunted chamber becomes a home of fire; the grim furnace breathes out gaseous flames of blue and green, with tongues of light which hover playfully over a cataract of melted red metal bubbling, spouting, plunging out of that Plutonic throat and

BURNING WOODS.

falling in hissing streams into the iron bowl waiting to catch its hot flood. The little lady who is with us, seeing the sparks fly, draws timidly outside the door-way, and none too soon, for without warning the whole place becomes volcanic. No longer a steady stream of artificial lava rolls down the iron channel, but the liquid metal bursts its bounds and becomes a fountain. The furnace is hidden in lurid gases out of which spring volley upon volley of burning fragments that scatter showers of fire over the whole foreground.

The slag-pot is a conical vessel, with a rounded apex, poised, base uppermost, on four little legs; when it is full, an iron frame-work of a cart runs up, seizes it on opposite sides as though with two hands, and wheels it, glowing and fuming, out where a mole of slag is pushing itself over into the white gravel of the gulch, and where it is deposited red and crackling among heaps of like cones, some fading into the ashy hues of spent heat, some black and shining like inverted crucibles of polished iron. It was an uncanny vision: the huge rough outlines of the rough mill, with its high chimneys and beacons of flame and smoke; the blaze within, the wan moonlight outside, and the sinewy men with skeleton carts leaping about in the glare of the spouting slag, handling shapely burdens of fiery refuse.

While the worthless slag is doing so much sputtering and making so lively a show of itself, the silver and lead have quietly sunk to the bottom as fast as the heat liberated them from the mass of the boiling ore, and now come oozing up from a small exit far below the slag-spout, into a well at the side of the furnace. As fast as needful, this liquid "bullion" is ladled out and poured into iron moulds, where it remains until it cools into solid "pigs" or bars of lead weighing about fifty pounds each, and carrying about two per cent. of silver. These pigs, when cool, are stamped with the smelter's name and the number of the car-load to which they will belong. Then from each one is cut a fragment, and these pieces—when the whole "run" of the furnace has been made—are collected and re-cast and assayed to determine the value and selling-price of the bullion.

From October, 1878, to June, 1879, the Grant Works sold 621,000 ounces of silver at an average rate of $1.10 an ounce, making $683,000 of value. Up to the same date, Eddy & James, the largest buyers of ore, forwarded eastward $1,288,000 worth of silver. Another large establishment, both shippers and smelters, claim to have handled $5,000,000 worth of precious metals. There are at present about fifteen ore purchasers and reducers, and, not to go further into exact figures, I judge the total product of the camp in silver and lead already converted into cash to be about $20,000,000. This takes no account of the ore now lying above ground ready to be worked, and the sum can hardly be taken as of more value than a thoughtful guess, but it is probable that it is under, rather than over, the truth. The time has not yet come when accurate statistics can be collected. In two or three years the task will be a more grateful, if no less difficult, one.

From what I have described, it appears that one of the most important men in the camp is the assayer. At the office of each reduction works and of each buyer of ores is employed an assayer, upon whose report of intrinsic value the ore is bought. In addition to these there are many private assayers to whom owners take an equal portion of the sample assayed by the purchaser, in order to check his determinations, and to whom the prospectors submit the rocks they hope to be of value in their desire to know whether the deposit represented is rich enough to make a mine of. The assayer is very likely to be found in some little log shanty, and in his overalls and rough shirt does not exhibit himself as the graduate of Freiburg or the pet of the Columbia School of Mines, which, likely enough, a later acquaintance discovers him to be. But the grimy worker and his rude laboratory become the center of the miner's hopes, and he hangs over the process in silent expectancy while the mysterious investigation goes on, or comes at the end of the day to learn the result, with an expression on his face blended of the flush of lively hope and the habitual stoicism of the silver-seeker. In one corner of the cabin stands the assayer's small, square brick furnace and his kegs of charcoal. Against the wall are fastened the shelves that hold his few tools, his bottles of acid and his knickknacks. Upon a heavy post, converted into a table for the sake of its solidity, rest his bucking-board and muller, and a similar post gives firm foundation for his diminutive anvil, while close at hand hang the various sieves, samplers, tongs, and so forth, which his business calls for. Very likely only a calico curtain divides his furnace from his bed; but if it

happens that he lives elsewhere, then the cleanest corner of the office will be devoted to a writing-table and a few books of metallurgy and chemistry, between the severe bindings of which Bret Harte or Thackeray will very likely have found a snug resting-place.

Leadville is situated upon a slope, the inclination of which is diagonally across her squares. The result is that no street is wholly level; yet, except upon the sides of the outlying hills, where the mines are, the grade is nowhere steep. There are few fences and everybody goes 'cross-lots, making the best of the grade. Before the town was built, shaft-holes had been sunk in many places on its site, but unsuccessfully. These are now used in some cases as wells and stand right in the street with rude little sheds over them like shrines. There are no sidewalks except along the business streets, and as these were built by each owner to suit the level of his own door, the result is a very uneven line, making a step or two up or down necessary every few yards. The business buildings thus far are almost without exception of wood, and many of them are made of logs and canvas. It is astonishing how good a house can be made of a big tent. A floor is laid, scantling is set up to make a frame-work more enduring than rope-guys, and over this is stretched a tent. In place of the flaps in front, a door-frame is tacked in and a piece of tin sewed into the roof gives safe exit to a stove-pipe. It rarely rains in Leadville,—snow takes the place of rain at ten thousand feet above the sea; and even such perishable materials as millinery and photographic apparatus are kept in large quantities and well displayed in an ordinary large army tent. Three-fourths of the lodging-houses and restaurants, the freight dépôts, small grocery stores and offices are under canvas, while a beer garden and a theater boast no better quarters. That which was intended to serve as a temporary make-shift at a time when everybody was racing to be first in his particular business, has proved so serviceable as to be retained permanently. But though the buildings are so small and rude,—mere sheds at best, for the most part,—the business done is immense. There are well-appointed shops in every variety of trade. Even manufactories of such articles as there is a large home-demand for, like bedding and rough furniture, are in successful operation. It is this business activity which keeps the constant stream of freight teams between here and Denver, Colorado Springs and Cañon City in motion, and which imparts to the town its populous air. Nor is this populous air a fictitious effect. Twenty thousand people are tributary to this center for their daily supplies, and ten thousand gather within the city's walls, so to speak, every night. It is three miles in a straight line across the solid part of the town up and down the gulch, and cabins are scattered irregularly all around the suburbs.

It is surprising, when one thinks how all this wide civilization has usurped the forest within two years, that so much order and regularity appears. At first, so that there was a roof over his head, and the chinks between the logs were filled with mortar, nobody cared. But this summer has seen a beginning of improvement. One great lack was decent water; so commissioners prospected up the gulch for a fountain, and to-day a complete system of mains, pipes and hydrants distributes the melted snows of Mosquito over the whole town, and well-equipped hose companies are ready to employ it against any conflagration. When the pipes were being laid, soft solder was scarce in the camp, and these reckless commissioners battened the joints with bullion. Is there another city in the world whose water-pipes are soldered with silver?

The streets in the center of the town were next carefully graded, and a regiment of men set at work hauling slag from the furnaces to make the best of macadamized pavements. A gas company proposes to illuminate the dark corners, and a street-railway to carry you about, while a telephone exchange is already organized with a hundred connections, and a corps of lively messengers; a glittering police force ornaments the young city, mounted newsboys carry the "Chronicle," "Eclipse" and "Reveille" morning and evening, to all outlying hamlets, and ragged youngsters beg the privilege of polishing your boots at every crossing. Leadville made up its mind one day to cease being a mining camp, and to become a city; lo! it is done.

One of the striking things about the community is the all-absorbing interest in the mines. You pass group after group of men on the sidewalks, or about their work; you sit at the hotel table and take tea in a lady's parlor; you meet persons of every grade and calling, and no matter what their position or occupation, their whole conversation

is of mining. "Struck it"—"contact"—"carbonates"—"surveyed in"—"claims," and so on to weariness. The salutation is "How deep are you?" A man tries a new boarding-place and then leaves it because it doesn't "assay well"; forsakes a business because it did not "pan out enough;" expresses his admiration for a pretty girl by the remark, "She runs mighty high!" You hear such phrases over and over.

A barber shaving chins to-day at two bits apiece, becomes a millionaire to-morrow because part-owner in a mine, which has just "struck it rich." Not only your banker, but your baker and grocer, and the man who saws your wood, has some cash interest in the silver diggings; not little two-pence-ha'penny investments either, but solid wealth, although 90 per cent. of it may be purely prospective. He discounts his chances, though, and in his self-importance, fancies himself a capitalist already. Yet this imaginative opulence does not give him the arrogance which perhaps actual wealth would, and he is humble enough toward his neighbors in this camp, where no man long deems himself better than the next one, unless he is aching for a fight. Nevertheless, there are plenty of poor, unfortunate ones and some regular beggars. Men of money and wit have wasted both in carbonates for months past, perhaps forsaking good places in the East to try their luck here, and yet they see no

IN THE WOODS.

returns. Take it all in all, he is luckiest who wholly escapes the fever and takes no risk.

Strolling about, one sees many curious things, but if his steps lead him to the cemetery he will be both amused and saddened. It stands close by the dusty road, and is guarded by no paling. The interments have been made closely side by side, as in a soldier's cemetery, and the rows are startlingly long and numerous. Two or three have head-stones of marble, but the rest are only marked by a piece of board, inscribed with pencil or lamp-black, and rarely telling more than the name. Three men were digging graves as I entered.

"We have to keep 'em dug ahead," one said; "no telling when there may be a rush on us."

Stampeding to death is consistent in Leadville. Just then an undertaker's wagon drove up to a hole in the gravel, and the sexton ran across the plat to meet it. I saw him help lift out a large pine box and lower it into the ground. The driver of the dead-wagon whipped his horses and rattled away. The sexton pulled up the ropes from the coffin, and leaving his assistant to shovel in the earth and stones, came back to be polite to me. Such was the only funeral I witnessed in the camp.

Some of the signs you see (and never a town had so many signs to the square rod!) are queerly made and spelled. "This House for Sale" is startlingly frequent and suggestive, especially if it is spelled "sail." "Board $7" is another common placard on log houses in the suburbs, and every tenth shanty in the whole camp is a "Laundry." Not a Chinaman is allowed to come into town. They nearly made an end to an unfortunate Mexican bull-whacker, not long ago, through suspicion that he was a Celestial in disguise; this was a sad mistake, for a "Greaser" is kin to an entirely opposite part of the universe. It is hinted that there is an opium-smoking den, however. Many of the chimneys are external, as in the Southern states, built up in the rudest way, and surmounted by a corn-cob pile of fagots or slabs, a headless barrel or an old powder canister. One large house has a fine tree growing through the roof. Men go galloping through the streets on horses and mules at the most reckless pace, with here and there some fellow astride a shaggy little burro, so small the rider can hardly keep his keels off the ground. It is out of the question to judge a man by the clothes he wears. Flannel shirts, shapeless sombreros, rough coats and trowsers of canvas, big boots and blue goggles are the rule in this fierce climate, where the year is made up of nine months winter and three months mighty late in the fall. Everybody is on the jump every minute at his work, and leaves you to yours with sublime indifference. You meet an unknown man on the road out of town and he will stare you in the face but never offer to say "good-morning." A general air of half unconscious suspicion pervades all intercourse; yet nowhere is it easier to get acquainted, or will more genuine surprises await the student of human nature. Men who have once been distinguished in position, or noted for refinement and wide information are so common and inconspicuous in democratic Leadville that King Cetywayo or the immortal Daniel Pratt would attract only momentary attention. It's a frightfully uncongenial atmosphere for vanity and self-importance.

One thing that ought not to be missed in Leadville is the placer-washing for gold. This is down the gulch, a mile or so from the post-office, and the gravels that are being worked over are the same that were tossed about by thousands of eager hands a score of years ago. There is a vast wilderness of bare pebbles and bowlders there from which long ago all the soil was denuded, and this desert is being broadened and its high banks slowly crumbled under chisels of water. The water is brought in eight-inch iron pipes from a height of nearly 200 feet, which furnishes an enormous "head." The nozzles are two and one-half inches wide and work in a universal joint, so that the tremendously powerful stream that bursts from them can be pointed in any direction. The water they project springs from each nozzle white as snow, in a solid beam, scattering fleecy clouds as it loses the solidity of its round stem, and dashes squarely against the vertical face of the gravel bank to be cut down. With what lovely confusion it flies upward and backward from this obstruction! Yet every drop does its work, and steadily the fierce and ceaseless flood carves out a cave from which flows a riotous cataract of water, mud, gravel and gold, to find its way into the sluice below, and pay toll for freedom in the great Arkansas, by leaving all its golden grains. It is a fascinating sight to watch the fearful power and effect of this concentrated beam of water, with no propulsive force behind it but its own weight; and none of the

romance is destroyed in finding here and there the water cuts down into some cabin, a relic of Bough Town, that had become utterly buried.

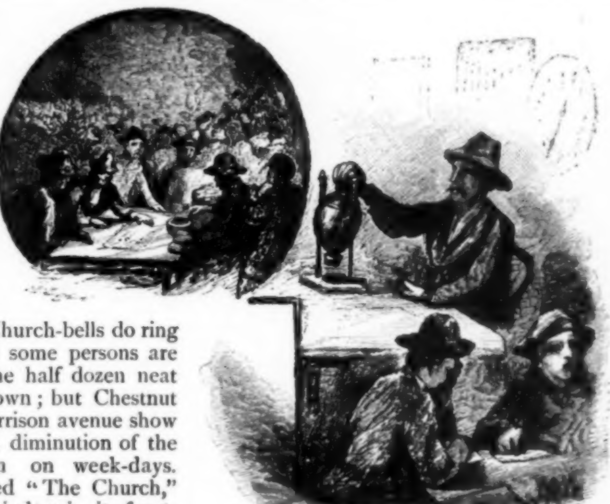
After dinner, when work is over, we go up to a cottage we wot of, which commands a pleasant view, and, lighting our pipes, sit watching the night gradually put the shading into the picture. It is a great map of new, bare houses spread out before us, seemingly without arrangement or form. The steady drone of late planing-mills and the subdued, eager rasp of steam-saws begrudging the approach of darkness, tell how grows this magic town that is overrunning the plateau, exploring the gulches, and swarming up the flanks of the half-cleared foot-hills. It is a town without high buildings or towers, church-spires or foliage. In the clearness with which every detail is seen at a great distance, the houses look smaller than they really are. It is all rough and ragged, yet all the more picturesque. Here and there one sees striking exceptions to the general rule of squalid cabins. On Capitol Hill, the fashionable quarter of the camp, are several houses of imposing architecture, for they have more than four angles, have ornamental cornices, and are painted. There are a few even that have porches. As a rule, the later-built houses, having been put up in less haste, are an improvement, and two or three geniuses, to show what could be done in that line, have constructed the most charming of rustic residences by nailing slabs *en chevron* outside the logs, until their cottages look as toy-like as one of the arbors in Central Park. As to interiors, there are all the grades from a mud floor and rough-rock fire-place, with a bunk for a bedstead, to the elaborate structure with muslin ceiling and calico walls,—in two colors, after Eastlake,—Brussels carpet, piano, and St. Louis furniture. I never knew how useful a thing building paper was until I saw a cottage lined with it; nor comprehended the true beauty of geological maps, flaming with brilliant, irregular splatches of red and orange, yellow and blue, until I saw them decorating the panels of a Leadville home.

For, in spite of the utter crudeness of things in Leadville, and the immense disproportion of single over married men, there are real homes in the carbonate camp. You feel sure of it when you pass a log cabin or low frame building, and find the lace curtains in the window a misty background for masses of in-door blossoms, and a vista of cabinet-organ, sewing-machine, and low rocking-chair through the open door—homes where the mines, the worry of strife for riches, and the hard attrition of rough men are shut out, and where, even more than the body, the mind rests in sweet companionship, and dwells upon serene thoughts. Can I ever forget that low-cowled cabinette, in its miniature pine grove beside the queer little stream, up on the hill-side? Or fail to feel a warmth about my heart when I remember the tender grace of hospitality that exhaled upon every one who knew the keen delight of being welcome there?

Slowly the long, sober twilight deepens in the valley into gloaming, and sinks thence into a gloom out of which, one by one, peep the lights. Still, outlines are not lost, and the massive figures of the foot-hills thrust themselves hugely through the veil that night is dropping, solid and blue and forbidding. It is a picture of perfect sweetness and peace,—a poetic picture in which one can imagine nothing that is harsh, or selfish, or mean. And overhead the mountains tower, rank behind rank, peak crowding peak, the pinnacles vying in being the last to hold the lingering rays of the sun, whose light now enkindles the heights until all the wide snow-fields burn rosily. Then one by one the glittering banks fade into the softest of ash-tints as the reluctant sun bows itself away, and the shadows of the blackening ridges fall athwart the arctic panorama that fills the horizon. Keeping pace, the lights of the city increase, shining duskily through a purple haze of smoke and mist. Clearer above this ethereal stratum of haze, gleam the jewel-points where prospectors and campers have built their fires on the hill-sides, and sit about them boiling their coffee and gossiping on the events of the day and the prospects of the morrow. Then our pipes go out, and we saunter homeward through the quiet air, frosty, though it is June, breathing the resinous flavor of the crisply fragrant spruce, and watching the stars spring hastily over the coruscant line that traces the serrated crest of the Snowy Range.

Leadville at night is a scene of wild hilarity, and yet of remarkable order. The omnipresent six-shooters that used to outnumber the men of a mining camp ten years ago are rarely seen here in public. Men carry pistols, but they are in their pockets; and the shoot-the-lights-out ruffianism of the old Union Pacific days rarely shows even a symptom of revival in this gay but orderly camp. There are wildness

and wickedness, nevertheless, to satisfy the most insatiate seeker of excitement, and one who can lounge about the saloons, gambling-rooms, and hurdy-gurdies through an evening, will likely get new views of relaxation from work, or catch some picturesque phases of human nature. Saturday and Sunday nights are the liveliest. Church-bells do ring on Sunday morning, and some persons are supposed to attend in the half dozen neat chapels that adorn the town; but Chestnut and State streets and Harrison avenue show an increase rather than a diminution of the throngs that fill them on week-days. There is a saloon labeled "The Church," on account of a Gothic window in its front. It is not long ago that the Saturday newspapers contained regular notices of all-day meetings there on the morrow. One Sunday there was a bear-baiting and another a boxing-match. Keno is never so much in its glory as then.



AT THE CASINO.

On such an evening, while the women and children play about the door-steps in the suburbs, making little fires of the dooryard rubbish, the center of the town is crowded with an eager throng of men. Along Chestnut street are the "silver exchanges," otherwise gambling rooms,—dozens of them, with wide-open doors, and music playing. Harrison avenue has fewer of these, but rejoices in the largest hotel and the most elegant liquor-rooms. Every variety of humanity is here, from the well-dressed New Yorker who has just sauntered in to watch the games, or the liberal-handed miner suddenly become a capitalist, to the buckskin-clothed mountaineer who shoots deer for the Leadville market, or the dirty freighter from Cañon City. The tawny paw of the native prospector and the white fingers of a hotel clerk reach out together to bet on the queen or copper on the jack; with equal *sang froid* (the etiquette of the "exchange" permits no emotion) the gambler loses and wins, or smiles benignantly across the table as the dealer divides a "split." More look on than play, and there is little boisterousness. The "firing out" or forcible ejection of some misbehaving lout excites no attention. A shooting affray causes a brief rush to the scene, but scarcely interrupts the turn of the cards. The traditional gambler, tall, slim, well-dressed, clerical-looking, with sharp features, thin, firmly set lips and iron nerve, is not here. I never saw him but once in all the West. The dealers are impassive enough, but that is habit and natural stolidity. They have nerve enough, but that is the courage of a rowdy. It is needless to say that the respectable people of the camp do not sit at these tables or lean over the bars, and the gambling is not for sufficiently high stakes to make it interesting to an outsider, yet there are stories of one and another man with a romantic history, noted for quiet benevolence and general Christian virtues, who for weeks together has been seen night after night at the same table, winning and losing thousands on the turn of a single card. For many a month past custom has justified the running of these casinos through the whole twenty-four hours, regular reliefs of dealers and bar-tenders superseding each other day and night.

The drinking saloons and worse places are equally full. Under a flaming lantern is a wide door-way, passing which you wind your way through a nest of card-tables, and enter a theater. The floor is packed with men hidden under broad umbrella-like hats. All are smoking and many drinking. On either side are tiers of boxes, for admission to which an extra price is charged, and where it is expected you will buy so-called wine at five dollars a bottle. The stage is a scene of constant buffoonery and broadly

vulgar jokes; but the final act, at one o'clock in the morning, beggars description for all that is vile. Even the bedizened girls in the boxes turn their back for shame. Yet the half-drunken crowd hoot with glee, —mainly, I believe, at the effrontery of the show, and now and then shower silver dollars on the stage in place of bouquets. It is not surprising, therefore, that the streets of Leadville at night are not safe places for the unwary, or for men known to have wealth upon their persons. Shooting and stabbing and garroting are of daily occurrence, both by enticing careless men into dens where the deed may be secret, and by open attack. Yet, I repeat, for a Western camp of its character and size, this is a safe and law-abiding community.

ON THE PIPING SHEPHERD OF FORTUNY.

Gone is Hellas, fane and idol,
Gone are those symmetric men
Wise to bridle
Luxury with simplest regimen;
Yes, her temples are the robber's den.

Outer Goths and inner Vandals
Hurled the dainty columns down.
Art her sandals
Dusted of the vileness that the town
Boasted 'mid the symbols of renown.

But the ocean held its azure
As when triremes smote the foam,
Nor could Asia
That corrupt, nor shameful acts at home,
No, nor all the pompous wealth of Rome.

Horns of tender yeanlings budded,
Grasses sang and flow'rets blew;
Sunshine flooded
Cape and steep with glory ever true,
Ruined isles with beauty always new.

On a time there seized a shepherd
Thought that caught him like the spring
Of a leopard,
Forcing him aside his cloak to fling,
Pipe a stave, and wondrous wild to sing—

Not of Athens, nor the splendor
Of the arts in olden time
But of tender
Tasks of love and deeds of manly prime,
Modern life in many a homely rhyme—

Sing his joyous lot in breathing
Winds of ocean, air and earth,
And of wreathing
Dance and hymnal to the sunbeam's birth,
Crowns of ivy to the god of mirth.

As the flocks about him hovered
One from Spain who loved the old and new;
Him discovered
While again his pipe he blew,
He with joy the pretty shepherd drew.

Who was he so gleeful-hearted
Save Fortuny, man and child?
He departed
Art from out the air and sea beguiled.
Art once more on Magna Græcia smiled.

FIELD SPORTS IN MINNESOTA.

THE fall of 1877 will long be remembered by the people of Minnesota, as the time when the destructive locust took his farewell meal from their wheat-fields. Visited by this scourge for three years in succession, our farmers, of the grasshopper districts, were generally in a deplorable condition. Many had staked their all upon the yield of '77, and between hope and fear, all stood awaiting their fate. With the warm sunshine of May and June, the insects appeared in countless millions, but, strange to say, in most instances without the usual voracity of appetite. Disappearing entirely in some districts, they asserted themselves in others by devouring everything before them. Fortunately the damage was limited to a narrow belt of country, and the rest of the state produced an unheard-of crop, which, coming in a time of need, was doubly welcome.

Kandiyohi County, with others, had again suffered severely from the visitation, and its wheat-fields were in a bad condition for harvesting. Fields that might have yielded from three to five bushels of wheat per acre were not gleaned at all, but left to be plowed over in the fall. To such fields as these the wild fowl, for which the state is noted, resorted undisturbed, and geese, brant, cranes and ducks fairly reveled in their bounty.

It may well be imagined that news of this state of affairs sent numerous hunting parties out along the two lines of railroad that penetrate the afflicted region, viz., the Sioux City and St. Paul, and the St. Paul and Pacific roads. During the last week in September of that year, the writer found himself with a party of three friends *en route* by the second-named road for a few days' stay among the wild fowl in Kandiyohi County. With every possible convenience for camping out, the outfit comprised also a portable Bond boat, and a full complement of decoy-ducks, together with a dozen or more goose-decoys, all of our own manufacture. W——, our "Senior," brought along his retrieving setter and constant companion, "Prince." B——, our "Junior," from Lake City, Minnesota, exhibited with pardonable pride his "Royal Fan," a dark liver-and-white pointer, the first prize winner in her class at the New York Bench Show of 1877. "Turk," a dark-brown Irish water-spaniel, accompanied his master J——, the most tireless hunter of the party. "Fuller" and "Occie," a matched pair of black-and-white setters, were the property of the writer, and, with those before mentioned, comprised the dogs of the party.

A run of six hours brought us to Swede Grove, where we left the cars and were met by Mr. William Wilcox, *alias* "Bill," a well-to-do farmer and an ardent sportsman. His two-horse team and wagon furnished us transportation to his house, where we were to pass the first night out.

"I'm glad you've come," said Bill, as we drove up briskly to the open door of his roomy dwelling; "for the sand-hill cranes have been goin' for what little corn the plaguey 'hoppers left standing, and 'pears to me, gentlemen, with such guns as you have got along, you might make it right lively for 'em."

"Yes," chimed in his wife; "you can hear them even now, gentlemen. The noise is gettin' unbearable; and, if you'll step up here on the porch, you can see them plain."

We assured her, while taking a look at the large birds, as they covered the field like a flock of sheep, that nothing would please us better than an immediate attack; but even as we debated on a plan of assault, the cranes, to the number of several hundred, as if they scented danger, took wing and with discordant cries circled about until they attained a certain altitude, when they left in the direction of Big Marsh.

"Oh, never mind," said Bill's oldest girl, a little "nut-browne mayd" of ten, "they'll come back again in the morning; long before sister and I are up we can hear 'em screaming."

This prospect filled me with delight. I had long desired to make the closer acquaintance of these birds, incited a little, too, by many a failure to stalk them. On the sly, for fear of being laughed at by my companions, I had brought along three crane-decoys, neatly cut out of card-board and painted light gray, in fair imitation of the sand-hill crane. Here, at once, was the opportunity to make a test of their merit. So, leaving the rest of the party at a favorable moment, I took my way to the corn-field, where all was now quiet. The ground had been beaten hard in places by the busy feet of the marauding cranes, and corn-stalks lay here and there, as the hungry birds had

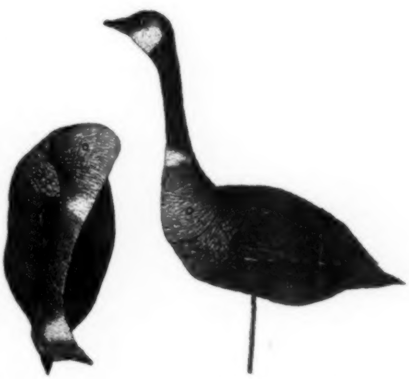
wantonly tossed them. It did not take long to select a convenient "shock" for a "blind," or ambush, and I returned to the house filled with anticipations of the coming sport. Upon the floor of Bill's cozy sitting-room, surrounded by his children, who regarded my movements with open-mouthed attention, I proceeded with some diffidence to unwrap the package of decoys. Presently the crane counterfeits stood disclosed, and a ripple of merriment went round the circle, ending in a perfect roar upon the entrance of my friends, who relentlessly joined in.

"If you think, mister," said one of the plow-boys, after the merriment had somewhat subsided, "that you can fool a crane with such nonsense, I guess you'll find yourself much mistaken. Why, I'd be willin' to pay you a dollar apiece for all you can shoot over them things."

"You shall have a chance," I said, somewhat nettled. "When you ride out to your plowing in the morning, come to my stand, and you may have an opportunity to invest your small change."

The little folks exhibited great glee over my menagerie, and raced about the room, each one astride of a crane-decoy.

When at last it was light enough to distinguish objects about me, I had been at my post in the corn-field a full hour, almost breathless with expectation. What if the cranes should fail to come, and I be compelled to return to the house empty-handed and face my more fortunate companions, the distant report of whose guns had been repeatedly borne to me from the direction of Crow River and Wilcox Pass? Worse than this would be the triumph of the knight of the plow-share. For the sixth time, certainly, I walked off a little distance and took a survey of my ambush, about which the



GOOSE-DECOYS, READY FOR TRANSIT AND FOR USE.

three "base libels" were so naturally grouped as to give me quite a start when my eyes fell suddenly upon them. The smoke curled lazily upward from the farm-house chimney, and lost itself in a veil of mist which slowly ascended from the lake on the right of the house. Now the upper edge of the cloud mist took on a rosy hue, due to the first warm rays of the sun, which seemed to be rising from an early morning bath in Wilcox Lake. The varying beauties of the veil of mist were duplicated by reflection in the still water beneath. The beauty of the scene made me quite forget my disappointment.

There is considerable activity now among

THE MENAGERIE.

Bill's barn-yard fowls, and I can even see his little folks scampering about the yard. A gentle breeze has ruffled the surface of the lake, and carried away every trace of the fog which made the sunrise so beautiful. My slender decoys feel the influence of the wind, and nod in a ludicrous, if not most natural, manner. But in another minute I am scampering back to my blind, for in the clear sky above Big Marsh I have discovered a flock of cranes, winging their way in a direct line for this field. Stepping quickly into my blind, I grasp my trusty gun, and somewhat nervously await their approach. Though scarcely considered fast flyers, they are not long in traversing the intervening space, and presently are circling about over me, evidently scanning the ground closely. Of course, when directly overhead the decoys are invisible to them, but are again clearly seen when they have swung off at an angle. A little more maneuvering, and they seem to conclude there is no enemy about, for they set their wings, and, with long legs awkwardly dangling in the air, come on slowly, preparing to alight. Almost before I am aware of it, they are upon me,—one, indeed, so near that, were I to fire now, he would be fearfully mangled. The leader of the flock offers a tempting shot at thirty-five yards; him I give the contents of my right barrel, and he doubles up instantly over my sight. Not wasting an instant, in the hope of making a "right and left," I "cut away" again at the now thoroughly alarmed flock, and one more of the immense birds comes to the ground. Too elated with my success to exercise patience or even to think of caution, I do not pause to reload, but, dropping my gun, run rapidly to bag. The first is found dead within forty yards; giving him only a glance, I pass on to the other, which is not less than sixty yards from the blind. The

A CLOSE SHOT.

old fellow seems dead enough, and without much ado I stoop to pick him up, when he astonishes me by instantly rising to his feet, with every feather ruffled and his long wings beating the air. His ugly, sharp bill is extended and emits a hissing noise, and altogether he is a very unpleasant-looking bird. For a full minute we gaze at each other, at least one of the two at a loss what to do next. It is becoming more and more evident to me that I do not care so much for him now as I did a short time ago. We are yet eying each other as I catch the sound of voices mingled with the confused tramp of horses, and feel certain that the plow-boys are approaching. Not caring to appear in a ridiculous light, above all others to these men, I determine to put an end to the scene, and accordingly make a quick attempt to seize the crane by the neck. This he successfully dodges, and in a twinkling wounds me in the wrist. Altogether out of patience, I make a bold dart

for my gun, when to my astonishment the irate crane gives pursuit. At this moment the farm hands come into full view, and I offer them the spectacle of the "city hunter," as they are pleased to style me, running away from a crane! The rest of the scene must be imagined. I do not attempt a settlement with the tormentors, but after finishing my enemy with a vengeful charge at close range, return to my blind, where I have the satisfaction of knocking over three more cranes before the summons to breakfast comes booming over the stubble.

My companions hang up in Bill's cool cellar thirty-one mallards, mostly greenheads. My adventure with the crane is freely discussed over juicy crane-steak sliced from the breast, which, together with good coffee and some of Mrs. Wilcox's best griddle-cakes smothered in cream and white sugar, constituted a breakfast heartily enjoyed by all. After allowing me to be well teased, our host puts a somewhat more serious color upon the matter by assuring us that it was rather a dangerous proceeding to face a wounded crane, which, like the heron, always strikes for the eye. Once, to his knowledge, the bill penetrated through the eye of an Indian, producing instant death.

Twenty-eight miles or more lie between us and Kandiyohi, where we intend camping, and there is no alternative but instant departure after breakfast. By nine o'clock we are waving our adieus to the Wilcox family, whose worthy head accompanies us as driver, friend and companion. Our outfit, none of the smallest, is snugly stowed away. The day is exceedingly pleasant, and the entire party is in the very best of spirits. The rolling prairie road offers no hindrance, and we jog on at a fair pace. The neat appearance of the farm-houses and their immediate surroundings shows plainly the thrift of the owners, who are mostly Swedes or Norwegians. A likely looking prairie bordering a stubble causes us to tie up the duck retrievers, Turk and Prince, and cast off Royal Fan and the two setters; this is done with the hope of finding a brood of pinnated grouse or (as they are invariably called in this state) prairie-chickens.

Fan led off at a round pace and quartered her ground thoroughly, showing beautiful style and action with thorough training. B——, her proud owner, from his seat in the wagon, controlled her movements by the "call" and by the motion of the hand. I could not help wishing that Macdona might see her now, and behold in her superb action and style a confirmation of

CORNERED BY A CRANE.

his judgment of her on the bench. Not much behind her in either pace or style were the two black-and-white setters, as with heads well up they dashed over the prairie; ranging in perfect accord with each other, yet entirely independent, they cast furtive and anxious glances in Fan's direction, evidently fearful lest she should secure a "point" before them or they lose an opportunity to "back."

Now Fan is slackening her pace, and is investigating a narrow strip of corn, which from neglect has become lodged. E——'s quick eye has detected the presence of game by the change in Fan's pace and manner. The two setters are down wind from her about forty yards distant, and are evidently scenting the same birds, for they come trotting up with their black noses high in the air, and with the peculiar elastic step seen only under these circumstances. Fan, in the meantime, proceeds with more caution, the scent becoming stronger; a moment or two of suspense on our part, and the little beauty comes to a stand. We prepare to jump out, guns in hand, but desist as she makes a few steps in advance, every motion indicating her intense and increasing excitement. Presently she is rigid! The setters

have approached within a few yards, and the instant she makes her final stand become rigid also, backing her point stanchly. The trio form a picture no sportsman could fail to regard with pleasure: Fan is erect, yet exhibiting the characteristic point looked for in her species (not much does it resemble in its intensity of action the vacillation of a "puppy point"); her two companions, who seem to have attained an unnatural length, appear to be crouching for a spring, their usually kind faces showing lines and wrinkles indicative of strong excitement. "Are you all ready?" is B's question when we have ranged ourselves in position back of the dogs. Even as he speaks he makes one step forward, and

A SIDE SHOT.

a cock grouse flushes before him. He throws his gun quickly to his face; with the sharp report the bird drops into the corn, and a long stream of feathers drifts down the wind, their number showing his perfect aim. Fan drops to "wing," instantly followed by Fuller and his mate. A step forward by our party and a pair flushing before W—— gives him an opportunity for a right-and-left, which he fully improves. Still the dogs maintain their recumbent attitudes, though it is easy to see their growing impatience. Another pair has bit the dust in response to a quick double from my gun, and poor J——, who seems to be fated, for so far not a bird has flushed to him, is becoming tired of the monotony of the thing. Then B—— and W—— each bring down another bird.

At the word "Fetch!" the eager dogs "seek dead," and in a twinkling come trotting proudly back each with a bird, on being relieved of which they are again sent in with a like result. Not much do these birds resemble the puny little ones bagged on the fifteenth of August, for they are full grown, hardy and strong, and very swift of wing. Number seven shot backed by a good charge of powder has done the work. September grouse seldom lie so close as did this brood, every one of which lay safely bagged before us.

The three dogs, having had barely a taste of sport, show much unwillingness to take up again their position back of the wagon; but it is now the duck retrievers' turn, for we are about to enter a section of country thickly interspersed with small lakes or ponds, here called sloughs (pronounced *slews*). Turk and Prince, having work before them, are set free and soon testify their appreciation by eccentric gambols. The two setters and Fan would delight in retrieving ducks, but are not very often indulged; the example of the average "duck dog," as he dashes in at the crack of the gun, is apt to have a demoralizing effect upon the steadiest of pointers and setters, and they are tempted to "break shot" at all times, which would be disastrous on almost any game other than ducks.

Mallards, widgeons and sprig-tails delight in those small grassy ponds, which are generally thickly grown with wild rice, reeds and rushes. A musk-rat house here and there furnishes sunning opportunities,

A "BOND" IN WET WEATHER.

and also enables them to mount guard. While Bill is securing his team to a convenient fence, we are planning an assault on one of these sloughs which the little prairie-knoll ahead of us hides from our view. We employ the usual tactics, by surrounding it, each one approaching it from a different direction in deep silence, though we are not able from the shore to discover a feather. When every one is posted in as good cover as possible, Bill, according to previous arrangement, fires a random shot from his "pin-fire" over the water. In an instant, with a quacking and a terrible fluttering, the well-concealed ducks spring into the air, and make a break in the direction of one of the large lakes. This will bring them over J——, and I watch them nearing the fatal stand. Now the barrel of his gun points upward from the clump of reeds in which he is concealed, and two birds topple over almost before the double report of his piece has drifted across the puddle. This reception has startled the flock, and in considerable disorder they turn only to be met by a similar reception from W——. Again are they repulsed and seek a new direction, which brings them over my stand, but such a height have they attained that only one drops dead to my gun. But Bill is the champion, for he stops three ducks with one barrel of his gun, having had time to exchange his finer shot for "number one," which tells with good effect at such long range. B —— alone has not soiled his gun, but by working the dogs has succeeded in bagging most of the ducks killed. Fuller and Occie are sent over the hill after those knocked down by Wilcox, and we are once more on our way.

To me there is not much real sport in this style of shooting, though the game is

A MISHAP.

large and fine; it lacks the excitement of the "pass" shooting, and many birds are lost by falling into the matted reeds and grass where the dogs have great trouble finding them; the incessant popping of the guns also has a tendency to divert their attention from

BOND(ED) GOODS IN TRANSIT.

the careful search necessary to find skulking wounded ducks. These sloughs or ponds occur very frequently upon the St. Paul and Pacific and Sioux City and St. Paul railroads, and under proper guidance a party of four or five will take heavy tribute from each as they go along. For this kind of shooting a Bond boat offers superior advantages: composed of sheet-iron sides and a wooden bottom, it is made in two water-tight compartments, besides an air-chamber, to prevent sinking in case of an upset; it is of trifling weight and easily transported. Two sportsmen, by each shouldering one half of the boat, can make portage after portage, shooting out one pond and then carrying to another, no great distance ever intervening. These boats in transit upon a hunter's back have a most ludicrous aspect, and dull indeed must he be who cannot extract much humor out of the novel spectacle. Should a rain-storm arise, one of the compartments of the boat set up on end makes a very good shelter. The inadvertent kicking away of the supporting paddle to your novel roof will certainly justify the laugh sure to be indulged in by your more careful companion; but unlike the turtle which you so closely resemble as you look out from under your temporary shell, you *can* crawl out of it.

It was quite late, with frequent stopping on our route from one cause or another, when our destination was reached. We were well used to camping-out, and our tent was very soon in position and in readiness for the straw bedding hauled from a neighboring stack. This was at once stuffed into a wide empty tick brought along for that purpose, and we had a bed fit for a king, and one on which no tired hunter can long remain awake.

It devolved upon our good-natured senior, W——, to prepare the supper, which in this case, on account of the lateness of the hour, was to consist only of tea, bread and butter, and a mutton chop. The latter delicacy our thoughtful hostess at Swede Grove had kindly sent along for the first day out. After placing a well-filled teakettle upon the roaring camp-stove, W——, followed by his constant and faithful attendant, Prince, sought a convenient spot to carve the mutton. This he soon discovered in a short log, which he immediately bestrode. Finding it impossible to place both the frying-pan and the meat in front of him, the former was carefully balanced behind him and he proceeded with his carving in a very deliberate manner. His dog had made at least thirty miles that day on a slim breakfast of Spratt's biscuit and skim-milk, and was in just the condition to allow his feelings to get the better of his judgment. So when his master dropped a slice of meat into the pan behind his back, Prince gulped it down immediately. Again and again was the poor dog tempted, and as often did he yield. My companions and myself were witnesses of this, and, though very well

HOW PRINCE GOT HIS BREAKFAST.

aware that our supply of mutton was limited to the piece our friend was carving, we enjoyed the joke too well to spoil the fun by warning him. "Let's see, boys," presently said W——, whose back was toward us; "we are just five, and I have cut six pieces of mutton; five will be enough for supper, and if you have no objections I would like to give the piece I have left to poor Prince, who seems very tired and hungry." With difficulty retaining our composure, we assured him that we had no objections; he then called up the dog in the most endearing manner and gave him the bit of meat, meanwhile assuring him that "he was a good dog, y-e-s he was!" Still unaware of his loss, he very deliberately wiped the blade of his knife on the grass, turned and took up the pan!—a startled glance at the empty utensil, another at us now convulsed in laughter, and a third at Prince, who gulped down the last piece and stood regarding his kind master with *such* a thankful look,—and W—— took in the situation immediately. And then——but perhaps it would not be fair to tell how the secretary of a State Historical Society behaves under such provocation. I will only say that it was some time before we got the dog-hairs out of the frying-pan and restored it to its former shape; a torch enabled us to find the boots, paddles and valises that chased the dog when fleeing from his master's indignation.

A coach candle in an improvised socket, fastened to the inside of the tent-pole, sufficiently illuminated the interior, and enabled us to get in readiness for the morning's work. "Chicken shells" were taken out, and suitable ones for duck-shooting substituted; no one forgetting to place a few loaded with

"dbl. B" shot in a certain pocket of the Holabird shooting-coat; these last for a stray goose or two which has been known to fly over this pass more than once, in the memory of our mess.

Such an inviting bed as we had before us could not long remain untried, and one by one our party turned in. The full moon flooded our tent with a subdued light, and brightly illuminated our surroundings. Through the tent-opening could be seen one arm of Little Kandiyohi and the two peninsulas, joined by a rickety bridge of hewn timber, which formed this well-known pass, and over which

A COLD MORNING.

we are to have a "flight" in the morning twilight.

I am quite certain that I have not been unconscious for more than fifteen minutes, when I am rudely awakened by a severe thump in the side, which I am half inclined to return with interest, until I see that my friends are up and dressed. The candle is burning, and a bright fire roars and crackles in the stove, diffusing an agreeable warmth throughout the tent. The steaming coffee-pot sends forth an aroma that is decidedly fragrant, and somewhat suggestive of the Vienna Bakery; though, with a tin cupful of the hot nectar in one hand and a well-buttered biscuit in the other, as we form a circle about the stove, the resemblance to a party of Centennial tourists is not very striking.

All of us are decidedly sleepy, and we should perhaps be still in bed, were our inclinations strictly followed, and we show less impatience to face the keen morning air than do our dogs, whom Bill has set free on his way to feed the team. The moon has long since disappeared and inky darkness has succeeded, and we feel our way along as we go down to our stands upon the peninsula. The air, for a September morning, is quite chilly, and in spite of the cup of hot coffee and plenty of wrappings, I am soon all of a tremble, and cannot help contrasting this with the warm and cozy bed out of which we had lately crept. I feel much pity for my two faithful dogs, who are lying crouched at my feet, impatient for the word to plunge into the dark and chilly current for a duck. Some are already passing over, as we know by the sound of wings swiftly cutting the air. By rubbing the phosphorus of a match the dial of my watch is rendered visible, and it is some satisfaction to know that it is nearly five o'clock, and dawn is at hand. In a few minutes we shall be able to discern objects overhead, and by exercising skill and judgment, or "bull-head luck," as an old veteran of the pass calls it, a little execution may be done.

I now proceed to take off my gloves and my "gum coat," which had been donned for warmth, and to fill the pockets of my "Holabird" with shells which are in this instance loaded with five drams of Dupont's ducking powder, and one and a quarter ounces of number six shot, for the early flight. Shells loaded with numbers four and five shot are used later in the day when the ducks begin to "climb" as they cross. The icy-cold gun-barrels strike a chill to my bare hands, but my pulse has gained a number of beats in the last few minutes, a pleasant thrill of excitement pervades me, and I am fast warming up to the work. Standing in a regular skirmish line about thirty yards apart, in the position of "ready," with guns in hand, and both the hammers raised, we strain our eyes to catch a glimpse of the game that is streaming over, but the veil of darkness prevents our seeing. Who will draw first blood? More than once have our guns been quickly thrown to our faces, and our fingers rested on the triggers, but none of us has acquired the art of shooting "by ear," and slowly and reluctantly we lower them again. But now from our junior's stand a blinding flash shoots up into the air at an acute angle, accompanied by a deafening crash, which rolls like a burst of thunder along the surface of the lake, until it is echoed

back by the heavy belt of timber in a faint but perfect imitation. The sound that interests us most, however, is the plunge of the retrievers into the lake, and the splashing in front of my friend's blind as one or more victims flutter upon the surface of the water.

A bunch of four or five swiftly moving, shadowy objects now draw my fire, and before the echo of my double shot has fairly died away, J—— and W——have each made their first shots of the morning and with good effect. Prince is now climbing the bank close by with a fine drake canvas-back, one of the two killed by the first gun of the morning. My two setters are swimming a race neck and neck for first choice on a pair that fell to my fire. As for Turk, he is absolutely diving for a wounded duck which has so far managed to elude his gaping jaws. At each fresh failure to secure it, Turk gives a yelp of rage, but finally manages to seize the duck by one wing and makes for the shore. The slight hold he has obtained allows the duck to flutter vigorously, filling its captor's eyes with water, much to his disgust.

But the sport in the air eclipses in interest that in the lake, and at W——'s sharp "Mark! east!!" every one goes down behind his blind, out of sight of an approaching flock of red-heads. They come on, unconscious of impending trouble, not over two yards above the surface of the water. Their first hint of danger is taken from seeing the dogs which are swimming for shore, and they make an extraordinary effort to mount high in the air. This gives us a splendid opportunity, for from our point of sight they appear to stand still, and a volley at this instant gives the dogs more work to do. Our second barrels are put in with telling effect, and the badly demoralized flock now presents a far different appearance from that of a few moments before. The Bond boat is now used to recover the birds that fell on the west side of the peninsula and that would drift away before the dogs could attend to them.

A momentary lull in the flight gives an opportunity to look about us and count our spoils. My friends have seventeen ducks between them, while my own string shows six—three canvas-backs, all drakes but one, two red-heads, and a widgeon—not very bad luck, certainly, and the flight is not half over.

The canvas-backs are handled with a degree of satisfaction that even the green-head and more gaudy mallard fail to inspire. To use the words of the lamented "Frank Forrester": "This is the royalty of ducks. No other water-fowl to him is equal, or second, or in any way comparable." While it is not unusual for a novice to mistake the red-head for the canvas-back, which it is true they resemble, the difference is yet quite marked. The attention once carefully drawn to the head of the latter, no red-head can ever again be mistaken for it. Aside from the color of the bill, which in the case of the latter is light blue and in the other black, the length and shape of both head and bill differ greatly, as may be seen in the sketch (page 833).

But what has become of my ducks? The two I had been fondling a minute before are gone! A search about the stand fails to discover them, and I give it up for the present, for my attention is drawn to the west, where there is some disturbance among the water-fowl, and a number are circling in the air that may possibly be tempted to cross. A sharp growl from Occie causes me to look around, and lo, the culprit! Prince, the rascal, is marching off with one of my ducks in his mouth, which he deposits on his master's pile of game, while the latter is seemingly in the very best of humor over my loss and his gain. I do not wish to imply for a moment that this little diversion of Prince's is the result of special training. No, indeed. W——'s character is above reproach, and, besides, he shoots too well to be compelled to resort to strategy for increasing his string. Evidently the dog and he are friends again, and the little "crookedness" was an effort on the dog's part to touch his master's heart. Whether the latter would have meted out punishment to Prince had he been allowed the time will never be known, for an incident happened which suddenly claimed our undivided attention.

This is nothing more nor less than the steady honking of an approaching flock of wild geese, which have left Kandiyohi Lake and are flying up the narrows toward us on their way to the fields. A bird's-eye view of our party at this moment would have been most amusing, for every one of us seemed struck with a sudden and ardent desire to lay hands on something, and that in a most incredibly short space of time. Each of us had in one or more of the numerous pockets of one or more of our shooting-coats one or more shells placed

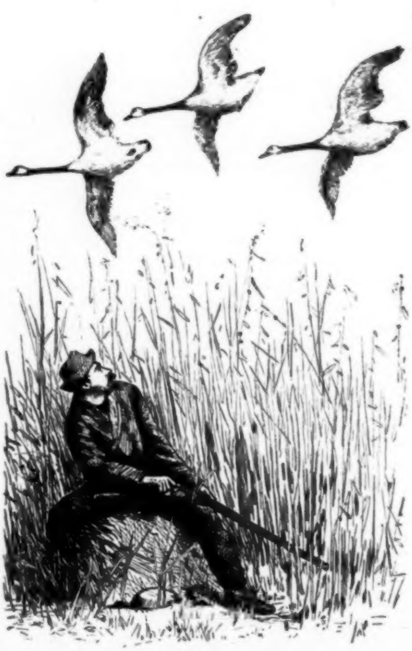
THE BRIDGE STAND.

off in the direction of my comrades. My two expectant setters are already crouching for a spring, when the shell which I have with some difficulty found, and which I am placing with some nervous trepidation into the opened breech of my gun, begins to stick; in the haste and excitement, I bear hard upon it, but it does not budge a particle. I then attempt to extract the shell; but no, it sticks as if it had always been there. Though I struggle like a madman in my efforts to dislodge it I can make no impression, and have the mortification of beholding the geese sail over a rod or two above me, near enough, in fact, to have used even my No. 6 shot with deadly effect. "Bang! bang!" comes a volley from my right, and two of the "old honkers" tumble headlong into the lake, displacing at least a barrel of water as they strike the surface.

The main flight having passed over, and out of which we have taken fair toll, we are favored with more "singles" than flocks; the shooting is consequently more interesting, because more difficult. Clean misses at these swift-flying birds are frequent. It seems at times next to an impossibility to swing the gun rapidly enough to cover and

there for just such an emergency as the present. To find and substitute these shells quickly and without alarming the rapidly approaching geese is the occasion of our frantic efforts. Meanwhile, all unsuspectingly, they are rapidly nearing us, the increasing loudness of their honking alone indicating the fact, for we have no time to waste looking in their direction. Those of us who had started out that cool morning enveloped in at least three coats apiece, and had laid them aside from time to time in as many different places, were in trouble indeed. W—— had left his goose ammunition in his shell-pouch by the blind, but having walked away a few rods while his dog was pilfering my ducks, he was now making for the coveted shells on all fours, so as not to be visible, with a celerity that would have astonished the many friends of this usually dignified gentleman. B——, who had in vain searched his numerous pockets, was calling appealingly to his neighbor J——, the only one ready, to throw him a "double B shell, for goodness sake! quick!"

Three of the huge birds are now heading for my blind, and the rest of the flock veer



A TIGHT SHELL.

avoid shooting behind. Shooting into flocks "for general results," without singling out a bird, may be excusable in a Sunday "pot-hunter," or in a novice anxious to give a new Scott, Purdy or Parker a good airing; but in a true sportsman—never. High or long shots should seldom be attempted here, as misses beyond fifty or sixty yards are common, and scores of birds are struck whose wounds prove fatal only after long suffering. Side shots are most deadly; but proper allowance must be made for distance and speed of flight. Opportunities for double shots occur continually, and to make them it is often necessary to use the first barrel of the gun on an incoming bird, and the second will then, in all probability, be a side or quartering shot.

To stop an "incomer," raise the gun carefully in the line of his flight; move quickly ahead of the duck, when you judge him to be in range; and, when you lose sight of head and bill over your gun, pull instantly. The flight of a duck is ordinarily at the rate of about sixty miles an hour; but when accelerated by fear, or a brisk wind, or both, it is nearly double, and must be experimented upon to be fully appreciated. To become a good "pass shot," some of the requisites are: to be able to judge distances quickly and accurately; to be able to cover well the moving bird, and not to check the motion of the gun at the moment of discharge. Because it is necessary for most men to hold some distance ahead of swiftly flying game in close range, it does not follow that this is the best thing to do; it shows, rather, that such a one is in the habit of checking or arresting entirely the motion of his piece as his finger presses the trigger. Most sportsmen flinch at that supreme moment, and unless the habit is entirely overcome, they cannot expect ever to become good wing shots. The "choke boring" of guns, in limited use long ago, has only very recently come into favor and rather more general use. Upon the pass or elsewhere, it adds at least one-fourth more distance to the killing range of the gun. This is done by the effect it has upon the "pattern" made by the shot, causing the gun to throw a greater number of shot pellets into a given circle than can be done by the cylinder, or straight bore. One barrel of the duck-hunter's gun should surely be bored in this manner.

The old tree in the rear of our tent fairly groaned as it bent under the load of game, the total bag of that morning's sport; and the honest Swede farmers, whose teams were in the habit of passing over the little bridge, must have thought it bore strange fruit.

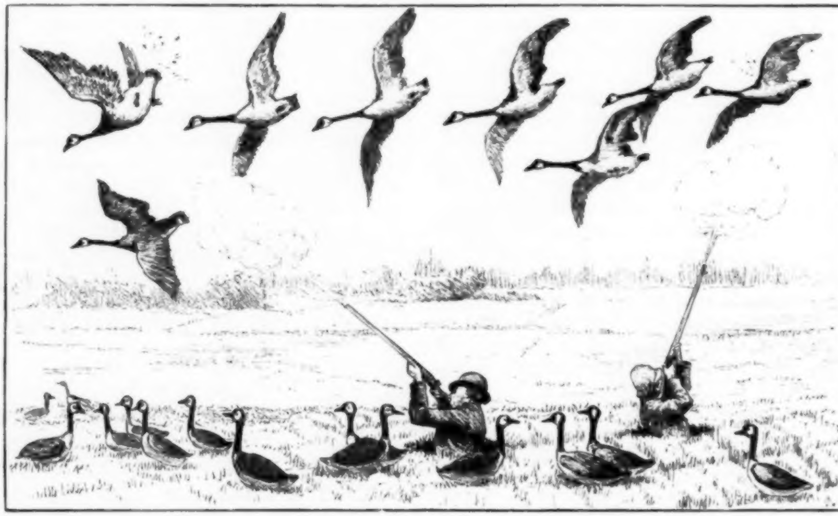
Kandiyohi was once famous for its black-duck flights; but of late they seem to have abandoned it, and more mallards, red-heads and canvas-backs are found here. Vallisneria, often miscalled wild celery (I say miscalled because it bears no resemblance in taste to the common celery), is beginning to grow thickly in places, in addition to the wild rice, and may account for this fact.

It was in this vicinity that the pair of canvas-backs were killed by that veteran sportsman, General H. H. Sibley,—well known to the readers of the old "Spirit of the Times"

STOPPING AN INCOMER.

under the *nom de plume* of "Hal-a-Dakotah,"—and by him sent to his friend "Frank Forrester," thereby settling a controversy between the two gentlemen, and proving conclusively—what Forrester had before denied—that the true *Vallisneria* is found away from the sea-coast.

To have any thing like sport in the pur-



GOOSE-SHOOTING FROM STUBBLE.

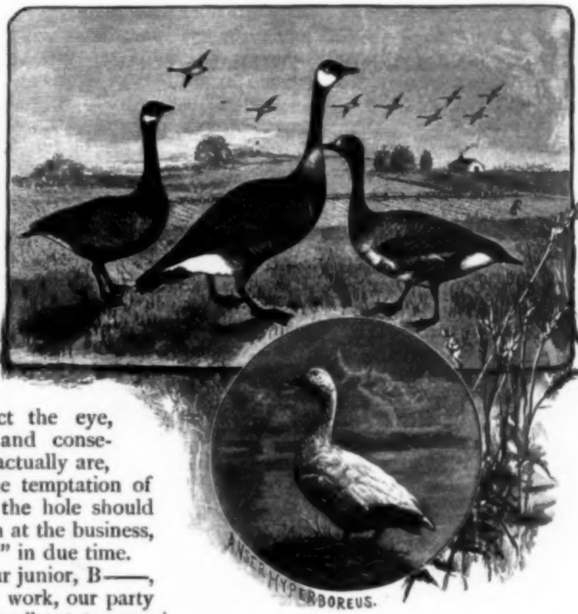
suit of the common wild goose *(Bernicla Canadensis)*, the ordinary methods of hunting water-fowl hardly answer here; besides, the lakes they frequent are not large enough to justify the use of the bay-shooting tactics from sink-boats, and from blinds near the water. These birds are exceedingly wary when upon the fields, and are very seldom bagged by stalking. In their watchfulness they have but one rival, and he an effective ally, in the sand-hill crane, which often feeds in their midst, thus adding to the difficulty of approach within effective range. The difficult problem of their successful capture was at last solved for us by Colonel Sam Doughty, of Lake City, Minn., who introduced shooting over decoys from pits dug in the stubble or new breaking, where it has been ascertained geese are in the habit of feeding. The decoys are of the simplest construction and greatest portability, being merely flat forms in good outline painted in imitation of the wild goose; these when seen at right angles to their flat surfaces, at ordinary shot-gun range and beyond, are well calculated to deceive not alone his gooseship but even amateur sportsmen.*

Two flights a day are made by the geese from the large lakes in search of food; one taking place at day-break in the morning and lasting perhaps an hour, and the other at four o'clock in the afternoon, occupying about the same length of time. On these flights they are often accompanied by the snow-goose *(Anser hyperboreus)* and the white-fronted goose *(Anser Gambelii)*, which are here called respectively white and black brant, though they do not much resemble the true brant of the sea-coast *(Branta hemida)*, which may be found occasionally in the midst of flocks of the other kinds, yet are by no means common.

From about the latitude of Kandiyohi County to the Red River of the north, the different species of the wild goose hold high revel and, upon the approach of the cold weather, may be seen in countless thousands massing for the southern flight. An early morning drive along the wheat-fields which they frequent will disclose them feeding either upon stubble or breaking. They must be allowed to depart not only unmolested, but of their own accord, when an examination of the feeding-ground is carefully made, and the pits may then at once be sunk. If there are two shooters, as many pits are necessary, and they are best circular in form, about thirty inches in diameter and forty inches in depth. The earth of the excavation may be partially utilized in constructing a slight embankment around the edges of the pit. The surface of the soil

* Ex-Governor A—— will never forget how natural was the look of Major C——'s decoys on that memorable day near Kirkhoven, when, after crawling a long distance, he emptied his gun in riddling them. They had been left after the early morning flight by their owner, who witnessed the incident from afar.

about the pit-openings must be manipulated until it accords in appearance with the natural surroundings. The pits may be near enough to permit of a whispered conversation between the occupants when the game is approaching. The decoys, to the number of a dozen or more, being flat, must be placed at such angles that when viewed from any point of the compass a few apparently solid geese are seen.



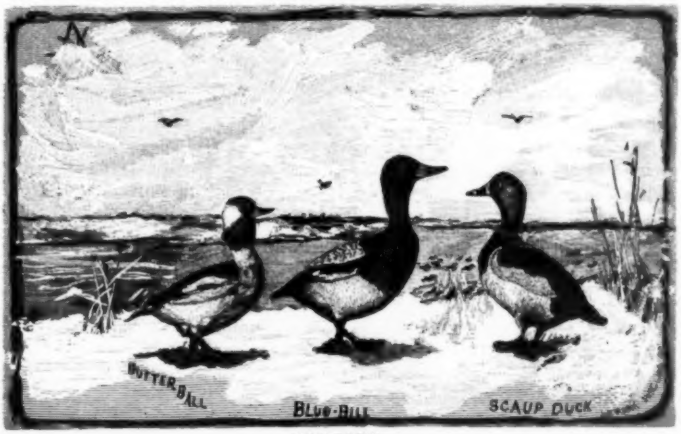
WILD GEESE (1, HUTCHINS GOOSE; 2, CANADENSIS; 3, WHITE-FRONTED; 4, HYPERBOREUS, OR SNOW GOOSE).

In the air, with no intervening object to correct the eye, geese appear very large, and consequently nearer than they actually are, and one is exposed to the temptation of firing too soon; therefore the hole should be "worked" by a veteran at the business, who will command "Fire!" in due time.

Under the guidance of our junior, B——, an old hand at this kind of work, our party bagged, in four times "setting" out, twenty-one Canada, four white-fronted and three snow geese.

The decoy ducks were put to good use in the lakes about our camp, and as the best of decoy shooting begins here after eight o'clock in the morning, and ends near three in the afternoon, no time is lost that could be better employed on the pass or on the stubble. There is a satisfaction in shooting over decoys that is not found in any other style of shooting, since by the exercise of judgment in placing the decoys and boat, the ducks may be forced to present whatever kind of shots you most desire.

Our bag for the week's trip was: Geese, thirty-one; cranes, five; pinnated grouse, fourteen; canvas-backs, seventeen; mallards and other ducks, one hundred and ten; Wilson snipe and golden plover, twenty-eight.



WILD DUCKS.

EDISON'S SYSTEM OF FAST TELEGRAPHY.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON. (DRAWN BY FRANCIS LATHROP; ENGRAVED BY F. JUENGLING.)

WITH a view to obtain a system of electric telegraphy that should combine the advantages of a greater speed with less expense than had been attained by the systems then in operation, Mr. Edison in 1869 began a series of experiments which culminated after four years' labor in his automatic telegraph, by which was made feasible the transmission over a single wire of several thousand words per minute at a cost not much greater than that previously entailed by the transmission of a single short message. This increase of speed over the Morse system, which at its best transmits, on an average, not more than twenty-five words per minute, promised a speedy supremacy for the new system, which was quickly inaugurated on a line between New York and Washington. During the first year it transmitted more than three millions of messages; but at the end of that time, owing to litigation and complications between the rival telegraph companies, its use was suspended. Since then it has not been employed, and probably it will not be until after the courts have passed upon the various questions involved. We believe no detailed description of the invention as a whole or as improved by Mr. Edison has ever been published.

The subject of fast telegraphy by auto-

matic means is one that has occupied the attention of inventors ever since the inception of the electric telegraph. The first automatic system was devised as early as 1846. Its inventor was Alexander G. Bain, of Edinburgh, Scotland, and the main principle of his invention underlies all that have since been made. Since the invention of Bain, numerous automatic systems have been tried; but, up to the one devised by Mr. Edison, none had attained such perfection as to offer serious rivalry to the Morse system. And it is little wonder, when we consider the many difficulties in the way; for among the requirements for perfecting an automatic system are: 1st. Some mechanism which shall be able, without liability to derangement, to perforate paper rapidly; 2d. Means to neutralize or obviate the retarding effects of the electricity held in the wire known as the static charge, and common to all telegraph lines. 3d. A chemical solution, appropriately sensitive to the electric current, at the receiving end of the line. There are also minor incidental difficulties.

Before entering into the details of Mr. Edison's work in overcoming these difficulties, let us consider the main principle, common to all automatic systems of electric telegraphy, viz.: the transmission of signals by groups of holes punched in paper, and their reproduction at the distant end of the line on chemically prepared paper. In Fig. 2, at the transmitting end of a telegraph line is a strip of paper, A, having holes punched through it to represent telegraphic characters of dots and dashes. The paper is interpolated between the metal rollers, C, Fig. 2, connected with the line, and a metal cylinder connected with the battery, B. Being a non-conductor of electricity, the paper, when thus interpolated, breaks the circuit, and no electricity passes over the line. If, now, we move the paper forward between the metal rollers and the cylinder, by hand or clock-work, as the case may be, the rollers and cylinder will touch each other through such holes in the paper as present themselves. Thus the circuit is closed at each hole, and a current of electricity is sent over the line. At the receiving end of the line we have simply a strip of paper prepared with certain chemicals that are sensitive to electricity, the paper forming a part of the electric circuit. The current of electricity passing through such chemically prepared paper decomposes the chemicals and produces marks on the paper. In D, Fig. 3, is

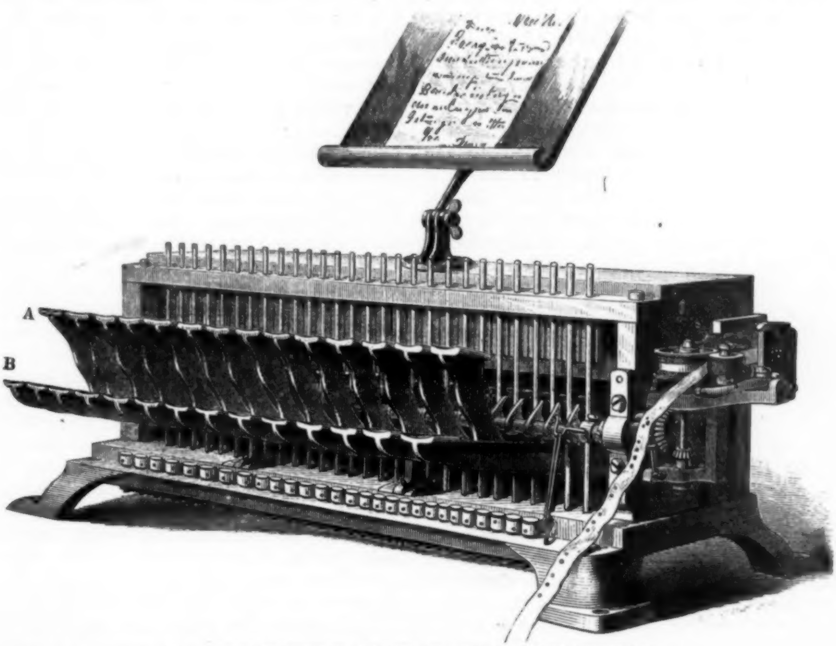


FIG. 1.—THE PERFORATING MACHINE OF THE AUTOMATIC TELEGRAPH.

shown more clearly the perforated holes in the transmitting paper, and in E, the corresponding records made on the receiving paper.

Devoting first his attention to the apparatus for perforating the telegraphic charac-

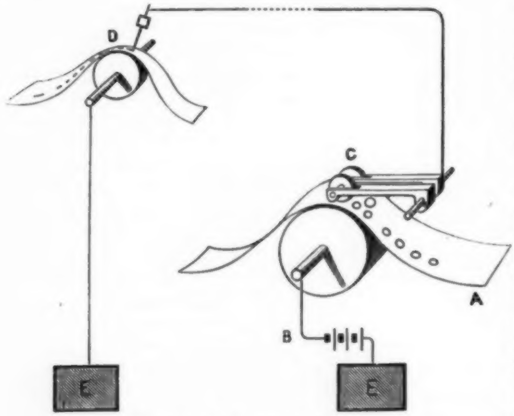


FIG. 2.—PRINCIPLE OF AUTOMATIC TELEGRAPHY.

ters, Mr. Edison constructed several machines for the purpose, as none of those previously invented came up to his requirement for speed and reliability. But his labors had not progressed far before he became aware of the practical impossibility of obtaining mechanism that would properly punch the holes to represent dashes. He therefore substituted for a dash three holes arranged thus $\overset{\circ}{\circ\circ}$. The electricity first entered the dot hole to the left, continued to the large hole above, and thence to the little hole to the right, thus making a continuous current. By this method the letter A, composed of a dot and a dash, instead of being punched o ▭ was made $\circ\ \overset{\circ}{\circ\circ}$, the letter B, composed of a dash and three dots, was punched $\overset{\circ}{\circ\circ}\ \circ\circ\circ$, and so on. At the receiv-

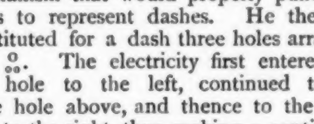


FIG. 3.—AUTOMATIC AND MORSE CHARACTERS FOR THE WORD "THIS."

ing end of the line, the marks would be for A, · — for B, — · · · A perspective view of the perforating machine, as finally developed by Mr. Edison, is shown in Fig. 1. It consists of various well-known mechanical devices, by which keys are connected with punches in such a manner that a depression of the key forces the punch through paper appropriately placed. For instance, a depression of the A key would perforate the characters $\circ\ \overset{\circ}{\circ\circ}$, and so on. It would exceed the limits of this article to describe the mechanical devices making up the perforating machine, but the cut conveys the general idea. A and B are the banks of keys corresponding with the letters of the alphabet and connected with punches made to perforate dots and dashes.

The paper found best adapted for perforation was thick wood-paper with very short fiber, as it left no fiber projecting from the holes to interfere with the contacts. The paper is unrolled loosely in a large box from which it is taken up by the machine. The speed with which characters are punched by the machine averages about thirty or thirty-five words per minute, depending upon the skill of the person perforating. In one instance the incredible speed of one hundred and ten words averaging five letters each was attained in one minute by an exceptionally skilled operator.

Having obtained a satisfactory perforator, Mr. Edison directed his attention to a difficulty which had baffled all previous experimenters. Practically the difficulty—a phenomenon known as "static discharge"—was this: a message sent over a few miles of wire in the laboratory, at a speed of one hundred words a minute, gave a perfectly decipherable record, each dot and dash distinct; the same message, sent over a great length of wire, or at a greater speed, recorded itself at the receiver as a single straight line (Fig. 4). The explanation of this phenomenon may be made clear by an analogy.

Let us suppose a system of telegraphy, in which the signals are made by means of water passing through an inclined pipe. A vessel containing water will constitute the sending instrument, while a strip of cloth moved under the lower end of the pipe will serve as the receiver. Water here takes the place of electricity, and the pipe the place of the wire. The moving strip of cloth is exactly analogous to the chemically prepared strip of paper upon which the electric current leaves its mark.

With a short pipe, such a system, however clumsy, might be used, but with a great length, since the pipe must be filled and emptied for each signal, it would be utterly

impracticable. It will readily be seen that if the signals follow each other too rapidly, the result will be a continuous stream from the lower orifice of the pipe. So long as the sender is pouring water into the tube, the flow at the receiving end will be of a uniform or increasing rate of velocity. When he stops, the flow will continue to diminish till it ceases. If, at the moment it begins to dribble, a sponge, large and porous enough to absorb all the water remaining in the pipe, were applied, the pipe would at once be portion of the main wire containing the receiver, C, while the remainder escapes to the earth. It will be seen by looking at the figure that through the line in which the prepared paper, C, is placed, the two currents flow in opposite directions. The moment the flow of electricity decreases, in consequence of the completion of the signal, this antagonistic magnetic discharge begins and neutralizes the static discharge through the prepared paper. The magnet thus serves to take all the electricity out of the line and send it to

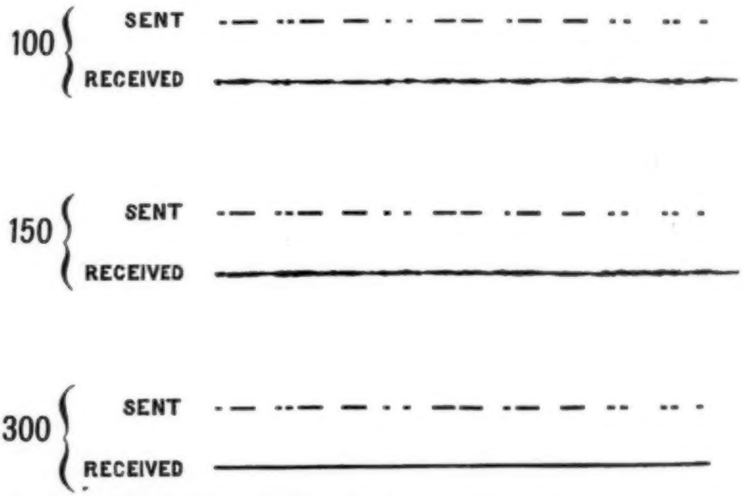


FIG. 4.—THE EFFECT OF STATIC DISCHARGE UPON SIGNALS AT DIFFERENT RATES OF SPEED PER MINUTE.

emptied and ready for another signal. This is the sort of remedy used by Mr. Edison to empty his wire of the surplus or static electricity remaining in it after the recorded signal is complete.

Fig. 5 represents the apparatus. C is the receiving-paper, E the earth, A the magnet, which is introduced into the circuit by a branch wire or shunt, and which is to act as the sponge. The direction of the electrical current, and, of course, the static current as well, is represented by the unfeathered arrow at B: where it reaches the branch wire, this current divides, one portion passing through the chemically prepared paper at C to the earth. The other portion passes around the magnet, A. When the current which passes around the magnet weakens in the least degree, a current is generated by the magnet, a part of which, represented by the feathered arrows, tends to flow around the small circuit formed by the shunt, and the the earth and answers as the sponge which soaks up the surplus water.

By altering the supposed water-telegraph, another method may be used for overcoming the difficulty due to the static discharge. Let us suppose the pipe, A C, in Fig. 6, to be perfectly level. Signals may be transmitted by forcing water into the pipe. The moment the pressure, by which the water is injected into the pipe, is removed, let us suppose that both ends of the pipe are opened wide, and the remaining water allowed to flow from both alike. Since the water flows toward either end as soon as the pressure ceases,—as is shown by the lower feathered arrows,—there must be one point, B, in the pipe where there is no flow. At the corresponding neutral point in a telegraphic wire the static discharge is null; and if at this point the receiving instrument be placed, an almost incredible speed may be obtained. The recording instrument, be it remembered,

is sensitive only to the passage of electricity, and not to its mere presence. In order to secure a neutral point wherever he pleases, Mr. Edison constructs an artificial line, which resembles, for all practical purposes, miles of ordinary suspended telegraphic wire. He thus imitates, by proper devices under the table on which his instruments

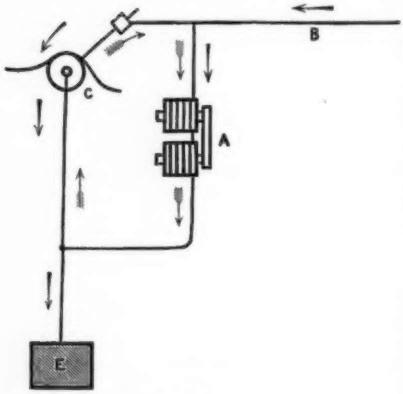


FIG. 5.—DIAGRAM SHOWING OPERATION OF CURRENTS AT RECEIVING END OF LINE.

are placed, a line of any desired number of miles. New York has thus been made the neutral point from Washington, and a speed of three thousand words per minute obtained. Mr. Edison claims that with sufficient expenditure for artificial line he could make either end of the Atlantic cable the neutral point, and enormously increase its speed.

With such enormous speed a new difficulty presented itself. The trouble now was to find a chemical solution sensitive enough to record clearly and quickly the signals sent.

The principle of chemical recording by electricity is this: If a current be passed from an iron wire through a piece of paper moistened with water (which moistening makes the paper a conductor), the water is decomposed into its constituent elements of oxygen and hydrogen. The oxygen thus set free instantly attacks the metal point resting on the paper and forms an oxide on such point; in other words, rusts it. This minute rusting or oxidization can be detected by certain chemicals. For instance, if the chemical ferro-cyanide of potassium be mixed with the water, and the metal conveying the electricity to the paper be iron, the ferro-cyanide of potassium will unite with the particle of rust on the iron and form Prussian blue. If the conducting metal be tin, another chemical is employed and another color results from the combination. Previous experimenters had given solutions based only on empirical rules. Mr. Edison found the law, by means of which he was enabled to make many hundreds of working solutions. In all cases it is the proto-salt of the metal which is formed, that is, the salt with the least oxygen in its composition. Knowing this, one has only to moisten the paper with a chemical that gives a coloration with this oxide, and called its re-agent. The extreme rapidity of this chemical combination may be inferred from the fact that in order to obtain a record of 3,000 words per minute,—each word averaging five letters, and each letter three electrical impulses,—the metal point must rust 45,000 times and the rust be taken off and enter into a new combination 45,000 times in the space of one minute.

When three thousand words a minute are mentioned, one hardly realizes what is meant. A few comparisons may help us; a fast telegraph operator can only write forty words a minute, so that by this means one wire can carry as many words as eighty skilled men could copy. A man talks at a rate of about one hundred and sixty words a minute, therefore the wire would take every word that twenty men could say, all speaking at once.

In all the solutions where the metal point takes part in the chemical combination, considerable pressure is necessary in order that the new compound may be deposited upon the paper, as well as to prevent a mechanical dragging-out of the telegraphic characters.

The necessity for a uniform yet delicate adjustment of this pressure presented another barrier. When the metal used does not take part in the chemical combination, as is the case when the metal is platinum, and the chemical is iodide of potassium, this heavy and uniform pressure is not necessary, but there are attending drawbacks to the employment of this combination. Many

FIG. 6.—ILLUSTRATION OF THE PRINCIPLE OF THE NEUTRAL POINT.

months were spent by Mr. Edison in the search for both the proper metal and chemical. Such combination was finally found by him in the metal tellurium used on paper moistened with salt water, but the discovery involved another change of front. Previously, it was the oxygen set free by the electricity that acted upon the

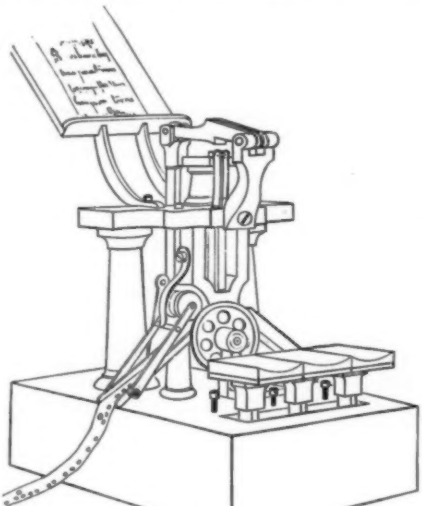


FIG. 7.—SMALL PERFORATING MACHINE FOR GENERAL USE.

metal. In the use of tellurium the hydrogen was the active agent. The union was productive of the most happy results; the signals made were perfect in every respect. Tellurium also has the property of cutting the signals off very sharply. This serves as another device for overcoming the static discharge from the line. A curious scientific measurement occurs in connection with this. The hydrogen set free by the current forms with the tellurium a yellow compound, which on exposure to air blackens very quickly. If the paper be passed very rapidly under the tellurium a yellow mark can be seen near the point of contact, which in a short distance turns black. If this distance is measured and the speed of the paper be known, one can easily reckon how much time it requires for telluretted hydrogen to oxidize. In the small space of an inch, the inventor more than once succeeded in recording the Lord's prayer in telegraphic characters, all of which were perfectly distinct under the microscope. The paper found to give the clearest and sharpest signals was thick, well-washed bibulous cotton-paper, moistened with water, in which a little salt had been dissolved,—the purpose of the salt being to make the moist paper a better conductor of the electricity, thereby augmenting the amount of decomposition.

The new system had been in practical operation some three months, when Mr. Edison conceived the idea of so transmitting messages that they should appear on the distant strip of paper in the form of Roman letters. The accomplishment of such a result would render the employment of skilled persons at the receiving end of the line entirely unnecessary, thus effecting not only a great saving of money, but what is more valuable in telegraphy, a great saving of time, in that the messages could be taken direct from the wire and delivered at once to the person addressed.

To effect this, many radical changes were necessary. The perforating machine, especially, had to be completely altered. In the new perforator, Mr. Edison dispensed entirely with the dash holes previously explained, employing only the small dot holes, which were so arranged as to form the Roman letters. For instance, instead of the A punch perforating the holes thus ∘°∘∘ as in the old machine, he constructed it to perforate holes forming that letter so ⁘ and at the distant end the signals would appear in little dots appropriately grouped. A would appear on the chemical receiving paper thus ∴ and so through the alphabet. All this seemed to promise very well, but when signals were sent with great rapidity, the characters on the receiving paper came out, it is true, in the manner explained, but with them came numerous other characters which completely obscured them. To get rid of these unnecessary records, Mr. Edison, after many experiments, arranged an apparatus so constructed that it would blot out all signals between the true letters. The only drawback to this system was a reduction in the speed of transmission, as in practice it was found difficult to send at a higher rate than two hundred and fifty words per minute on a line three hundred miles long, and proportionally less as the length of the line increased. On account of litigation and from lack of funds this portion of the invention was never perfected.

A novel idea, and one that bade fair at the time to reduce very greatly the cost of telegraphing, was just about to be inaugu-

rated when the litigation before mentioned put a stop to the entire system. It was as follows: A small perforating machine (a perspective view of which is shown in Fig. 7), having three keys, could be purchased from the company at a small cost. With this instrument any person might, after a few hours' practice, punch the dots and dashes of his message in a strip of paper. When thus perforated he could send the paper to the telegraph office for transmission. At the telegraph office the strip would merely have to run between the contact rollers of the wire, and in a twinkling the message was at the distant end of the line. For thus transmitting, the company proposed to charge not as is now the custom, so much per word, but so much per yard, the sender being at liberty to crowd a volume, if he could, within that space.

Whether this new system of telegraphy will supplant the old or not, time alone can tell. During the brief period of its practical operation it gained many warm advocates, not the least among whom was the then postmaster-general, who strongly urged its adoption by Congress as a national system of telegraphy. Sir William Thomson called the attention of the British Association, in words of high praise, to the system as one of the wonders of the Centennial Exhibition.

JOURNALISM AS EXEMPLIFIED BY THE LATE MR. BAGEHOT.

I HAVE recently read the "Literary Studies" of Mr. Walter Bagehot, published since his death. I was curious to see this book, not so much on account of what I should learn about the subjects which it discusses, as of what I should learn about the author. One is interested to observe the steps by which a man, attracted by many and diverse subjects, at last finds his way to the kind of work which he can do best. The essays are pleasant and amusing reading, but somewhat disappointing. The fault of them is that they are too theoretical and not sufficiently immediate. Instead of looking directly at his subject and describing it as he perceives it to be, he argues, infers, etc. The true critic, having looked intently at the matter, asserts that the poet A possesses the quality *x*. Mr. Bagehot's way is to prove the truth of this proposition by showing that all persons of the class A possess the quality *x*; he is thus compelled to start backward and devote three or four pages to analogies. But he is not always theoretical; the best things which occur in his far more valuable political works and his writings in the "Economist" are the results of a profound and subtle intuition. He had a singularly exact apprehension of sentiments shared by masses of men. In his books on the British Constitution, he makes this remark, that the reason why the press in the United States at ordinary times is able to attack the government with so little effect is that the government must be in power till the end of its term of four years, and cannot at any time be turned out, as in England. This remark shows how clearly he had the state of our public sentiment before his eyes. The fact that Mr. Bagehot had never been in this country makes all the more remarkable his direct apprehension of our ways of thinking.

But it is as a journalist that Mr. Bagehot seems to me to have been particularly admirable and worthy of imitation. Among the admirable qualities of his writings in the "Economist" that which ought especially to be imitated was his respect for business and public action. He seemed always to be saying with reference to any great public question, "What should I myself do, had I the matter to decide?" His manner was that of a man who sits down among a number of friends, as honorable and intelligent as himself, to discuss *things* and not to make a vain and ineffectual display of *words*. His especial title to praise and imitation is that he looked upon journalism as action rather than literature, and upon himself as a partaker in the public business of the day, rather than as a man of letters.

Literature and journalism are not only very distinct, they are very far apart; they are in some particulars almost irreconcilable. The one point which they have in common is that the professors of both express ideas by means of alphabetic writing. Authors usually write short articles before they write books, and these are printed in newspapers. It thus happens that there are few men of letters, particularly in this country, who

have not written in newspapers. This is about the sum of the connections between the two pursuits. In almost all respects they are separate. The success of a man of letters depends upon the high excellence of his few productions. The success of the journalist depends upon the average excellence of his many writings. One, or ten, or a hundred good articles no more make a good journalist than one swallow makes a summer. In the next place literature is written to last. But in writing for newspapers it should never be forgotten that that which is written to-day must be printed to-morrow, and will have been turned into wrapping paper by the day following. The truth is that very fine writing is out of place in newspapers. The capacity for doing and writing is rather a disadvantage than an advantage for the journalist. The journalists who possess this ability succeed rather in spite of it than on account of it. A strong desire to say things perfectly is a hindrance to a newspaper writer. There is not apt to be more than one perfect expression of a thought, and a writer who has, or who thinks he has, achieved this does not care to express it in another and a cheaper way. Now if there is one thing in which a journalist must excel it is in the capacity for incessant and infinitely varied repetition. The journalist should not, therefore, think of himself as a literary man. But he should think of himself as a man of affairs. He should write as if he were counseling the public as to what they should do in the business of the day, and he should give to that council the best reflection which the well-known and understood limitations of his business will allow. A newspaper writer should not make the writing of pleasing articles the object of his life. The sole aim of the literary artist, like other artists, is, very properly, to please. But it will not do for the journalist to make a pursuit of tickling men's ears; he must seek to *effect things.* If the journalist's object is merely to write pleasing articles, his is one of the poorest businesses in the world. This is almost the only trade in which the worker does not improve as he grows older. The writer of pleasing articles is no better at fifty than at thirty; indeed he is not so good, for at fifty he has lost the zest in ink and paper and a fresh proof which he had at thirty. In almost all callings the mind is constantly getting new thoughts, which instruct it for the future, and the judgment is undergoing, from day to day, a process of education which never pauses. "Shall I do this or that?" the worker asks himself almost hourly, and in his own mind argues the "pros" and "cons" of the case with thoughts which are scarcely ever turned into language; which, indeed, most men would be incapable of turning into language. It is only the journalist who takes the right view of his business who gains with years this education of the judgment. His facts increase rapidly; his studiously formed ideas have been corrected and re-corrected by the observation of events which have taken place under his own eyes; his opinion, therefore, is worth more at fifty than at thirty; his judgment is stronger and he is an abler man. Not only will his writing be more profiting and instructing to the reader: to serious readers it will even be more pleasing.

There is one change which must take place before subordinate contributors to newspapers can write as freely and seriously as Mr. Bagehot wrote: they must cease to write anonymously. How this change is to be brought about, or whether it can be brought about at all, I do not now stop to ask. I am sure, however, that the change must take place before newspapers can be so written. Such writing must be perfectly candid and, as between writer and reader, intimate; must state the "cons" as well as the "pros," and must "give the devil his due." It is impossible to write thus if the contributor must be on the lookout to suppress opinions which may conflict with those of his associates. He is writing for the information of a reader who wants to meet with the exactly true opinion, and who cares nothing about the agreement of the contributor's opinions with those of other persons.

There is no doubting the advantages of the anonymous method. The unity and positiveness of expression which characterize anonymous journals produce on the minds of readers a notion of strength which is satisfactory and agreeable. The positive way of writing appears to have been suited to the peculiar nature of our political history. Our questions have been simpler than those which the English have had to consider. The subjects which Mr. Bagehot has had to discuss, such as those which relate to the Eastern question and to the internal affairs of England, were complex and recondite, and it was natural to treat of them in a cautious, scrutinizing and somewhat hesitating manner. In our own re-

cent history, however, there has been little to divide the opinions of educated men. The better things have been sufficiently known and agreed upon; our misfortune is that the worse have been followed. A decided and even violent manner of writing was, therefore, to be expected in this country and it has not been without its uses. So accustomed had we become to the sight of successful corruption and vulgarity that it was something to have them called by their right names. In the future, let us hope that our politics may get without the region of the minor moralities and become concerned with experiments and enterprises which will demand the most respectful study. This new character of our political life may call for a nicer and more critical consideration of public questions from newspaper writers.

There is little doubt that the opinion of a great newspaper must have more weight than that of an individual. But it may be that an error is often made in attributing to the newspaper a weight which really belongs to the opinion itself. The utterance has weight, not because it is an opinion of the newspaper, but because it is the sentiment of a large mass of a community. If the paper is a party paper, it is the sentiment of the party which is expressed; if the paper is an independent paper, it is often the dominant sentiment of the hour which is expressed. Then, if there is an undoubted advantage in anonymous writing, there is also an advantage in personal writing. Great popular journalists, like Cobbett and Greeley, have succeeded, mainly because they were able to make themselves known to many men. The power of making themselves known has also been possessed by certain writers who, like Mr. Bagehot, have addressed a small number of readers. There must be many thousands of people in any great community who desire to form correct opinions upon political subjects, and who would read studiously the writing of a man who had zealously sought to form those opinions. So few people have the time or the ability to gain definite and thorough views upon current public questions, that one who has such opinions will have only too much influence with his fellows. And why should not a journalist have, like other men of business, the advantage of his reputation? The reader will say, "I have often tried this writer; he seems to labor to form a true idea of things, and to point out the proper course; I should like to see what he has to say now." Such a writer would, no doubt, stimulate curiosity and active thinking in the minds of his readers. It seems to me that all the considerations of improvement to the writer, and profit to the reader, and of inherent value in the things written, favor the plan of signed articles. There are, no doubt, grave reasons why it will not seem possible to adopt it, but I believe that the most that may be said is that no great newspaper with signed editorials has yet appeared. We have seen the once prized and lauded anonymous method abandoned by reviews and magazines; it is not impossible that the same change may come to pass with newspapers.

Mr. Bagehot's style was very conversational and cautious and was, therefore, well suited to express the thoughts of one who was first of all an inquirer, who was rather a judge than an advocate, though he was capable of advocating effectively views which he had accepted with circumspection. It is a style suited to the discussion of complex and delicate subjects and is one which should be more widely practiced. But style, as has often been said, is a matter of character. The *pace* of some minds is swifter than that of others; the pace of the style which expresses them is, therefore, swift. Mr. Bagehot's style moves with the caution of his thoughts. His mind scrutinizes the subject and from its careful way of proceeding adopts a language which is cautious and has but little motion. There are other minds, however, to whom it is natural to express thoughts formed with the greatest deliberation with rapidity and rhythm. Both styles are true, but of the two, the first is the less liable to exaggeration and affected imitation. A deep respect for, and a solicitude about, public action is as necessary to the rapid and eloquent writers as to the cautious and conversational ones. The vigorous writers are also to be men of action, rather than men of letters. To them applies the answer of Demosthenes when asked what were the conditions of eloquence, that the first was action and the second was action and the third was action. Demosthenes meant that an orator should be very reluctant to make a speech the sole object of which was the display of his own powers; but were anything about to be done by some great assembly upon the issue of which the orator's words would have effect, he might then speak with eloquence.

CONFIDENCE.

BY HENRY JAMES, JR.,

Author of "The American," "The Europeans," "Daisy Miller," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

For the three or four days that followed Gordon Wright's departure, Bernard saw nothing of the ladies who had been committed to his charge. They chose to remain in seclusion, and he was at liberty to interpret this fact as an expression of regret at the loss of Gordon's good offices. He knew other people at Baden, and he went to see them and endeavored, by cultivating their society, to await in patience the re-appearance of Mrs. Vivian and her companions. But on the fourth day he became conscious that other people were much less interesting than the trio of American ladies who had lodgings above the confectioner's, and he made bold to go and knock at their door. He had been asked to take care of them, and this function presupposed contact. He had met Captain Lovelock the day before, wandering about with a rather crest-fallen aspect, and the young Englishman had questioned him eagerly as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Vivian.

"Gad, I believe they've left the place—left the place without giving a fellow warning!" cried Lovelock.

"Oh no, I think they are here still," said Bernard. "My friend Wright has gone away for a week or two, but I suspect the ladies are simply staying at home."

"Gad, I was afraid your friend Wright had taken them away with him; he seems to keep them all in his pocket. I was afraid he had given them marching orders; they'd have been sure to go—they're so awfully fond of his pocket! I went to look them up yesterday—upon my word I did. They live at a baker's in a little back-street; people do live in rum places when they come abroad! But I assure you, when I got there, I'm damned if I could make out whether they were there or not. I don't speak a word of German, and there was no one there but the baker's wife. She was a low brute of a woman—she couldn't understand a word I said, though she gave me plenty of her own tongue. I had to give it up. They were not at home, but whether they had left Baden or not—that was too knotty a point. If they are here, why the deuce don't they show? Fancy coming to Baden-Baden to sit moping at a pastry-cook's!"

Captain Lovelock was evidently irritated, and it was Bernard's impression that the turn of luck over yonder where the gold-pieces were chinking had something to do with the state of his temper. But more fortunate himself, he ascertained from the baker's wife that though Mrs. Vivian and her daughter had gone out, their companion, "the youngest lady—the little young lady,"—was above in the sitting-room.

Blanche Evers was sitting at the window with a book, but she relinquished the volume with an alacrity that showed it had not been absorbing, and began to chatter with her customary frankness.

"Well, I must say I am glad to see *some one!*" cried the young girl, passing before the mirror and giving a touch to her charming tresses.

"Even if it's only me," Bernard exclaimed, laughing.

"I didn't mean that. I am sure I am very glad to see you—I should think you would have found out that by this time. I mean I'm glad to see any one—especially a man. I suppose it's improper for me to say that—especially to you! There—you see I do think more of you than of some gentlemen. Why especially to you? Well, because you always seem to me to want to take advantage. I didn't say a base advantage; I didn't accuse you of anything dreadful. I'm sure I want to take advantage, too—I take it whenever I can. You see I take advantage of your being here—I've got so many things to say. I haven't spoken a word in three days, and I'm sure it is a pleasant change—a gentleman's visit. All of a sudden we have gone into mourning; I'm sure I don't know who's dead. Is it Mr. Gordon Wright? It's some idea of Mrs. Vivian's—I'm sure it isn't mine. She thinks we have been often enough to the Kursaal. I don't know whether she thinks it's wicked, or what. If it's wicked the harm's already done; I can't be any worse than I am now. I have seen all the improper people and I have learnt all their names; Captain Lovelock has told me their names, plenty of times. I don't see what

good it does me to be shut up here with all those names running in my ears. I must say I do prefer society. We haven't been to the Kursaal for four days—we have only gone out for a drive. We have taken the most interminable drives. I do believe we have seen every old ruin in the whole country. Mrs. Vivian and Angela are so awfully fond of scenery—they talk about it by the half-hour. They talk about the mountains and trees as if they were people they knew—as if they were gentlemen! I mean as if the mountains and trees were gentlemen. Of course scenery's lovely, but you can't walk about with a tree. At any rate, that has been all our society—foliage! Foliage and women; but I suppose women are a sort of foliage. They are always rustling about and dropping off. That's why I couldn't make up my mind to go out with them this afternoon. They've gone to see the Waterworths—the Waterworths arrived yesterday and are staying at some hotel. Five daughters—all unmarried! I don't know what kind of foliage they are; some peculiar kind—they don't drop off. I thought I had had about enough ladies' society—three women all sticking together! I don't think it's good for a young girl to have nothing but ladies' society—it's so awfully limited. I suppose I ought to stand up for my own sex and tell you that when we are alone together we want for nothing. But we want for everything, as it happens! Women's talk *is* limited—every one knows that. That's just what mamma didn't want when she asked Mrs. Vivian to take charge of me. Now, Mr. Longueville, what are you laughing at?—you are always laughing at me. She wanted me to be unlimited—is that what you say? Well, she didn't want me to be narrowed down; she wanted me to have plenty of conversation. She wanted me to be fitted for society—that's what mamma wanted. She wanted me to have ease of manner; she thinks that if you don't acquire it when you are young you never have it at all. She was so happy to think I should come to Baden-Baden; but she wouldn't approve of the life I've been leading the last four days. That's no way to acquire ease of manner—sitting all day in a small parlor with two persons of one's own sex! Of course Mrs. Vivian's influence—that's the great thing. Mamma said it was like the odor of a flower. But you don't want to keep smelling a flower all day, even the sweetest; that's the shortest way to get a headache. Apropos of flowers, do you happen to have heard whether Captain Lovelock is alive or dead? Do I call him a flower? No; I call him a flower-pot. He always has some fine young plant in his button-hole. He hasn't been near me these ten years—I never heard of anything so rude!"

Captain Lovelock came on the morrow, Bernard finding him in Mrs. Vivian's little sitting-room on paying a second visit. On this occasion the two other ladies were at home and Bernard was not exclusively indebted to Miss Evers for entertainment. It was to this source of hospitality, however, that Lovelock mainly appealed, following the young girl out upon the little balcony that was suspended above the confectioner's window. Mrs. Vivian sat writing at one of the windows of the sitting-room, and Bernard addressed his conversation to Angela.

"Wright requested me to keep an eye on you," he said; "but you seem very much inclined to keep out of my jurisdiction."

"I supposed you had gone away," she answered—"now that your friend is gone."

"By no means. Wright is a charming fellow, but he is by no means the only attraction of Baden. Besides, I have promised him to look after you—to take care of you."

The girl looked at him a moment in silence—a little askance.

"I thought you had probably undertaken something of that sort," she presently said.

"It was of course a very natural request for Gordon to make."

Angela got up and turned away; she wandered about the room and went and stood at one of the windows. Bernard found the movement abrupt and not particularly gracious; but the young man was not easy to snub. He followed her, and they stood at the second window—the long window that opened upon the balcony. Miss Evers and Captain Lovelock were leaning on the railing, looking into the street and apparently amusing themselves highly with what they saw.

"I am not sure it was a natural request for him to make," said Angela.

"What could have been more so—devoted as he is to you?"

She hesitated a moment; then with a little laugh:

"He ought to have locked us up and said nothing about it."

"It's not so easy to lock you up," said Bernard. "I know Wright has great in-

fluence with you, but you are after all independent beings."

"I am not an independent being. If my mother and Mr. Wright were to agree together to put me out of harm's way they could easily manage it."

"You seem to have been trying something of that sort," said Bernard. "You have been so terribly invisible."

"It was because I thought you had designs upon us; that you were watching for us—to take care of us."

"You contradict yourself! You said just now that you believed I had left Baden."

"That was an artificial—a conventional speech. Isn't a lady always supposed to say something of that sort to a visitor by way of pretending to have noticed that she has not seen him?"

"You know I would never have left Baden without coming to bid you good-bye," said Bernard.

The girl made no rejoinder; she stood looking out at the little sunny, slanting, rough-paved German street.

"Are you taking care of us now?" she asked in a moment. "Has the operation begun? Have you heard the news, mamma?" she went on. "Do you know that Mr. Wright has made us over to Mr. Longueville to be kept till called for? Suppose Mr. Wright should never call for us!"

Mrs. Vivian left her writing-table and came toward Bernard, smiling at him and pressing her hands together.

"There is no fear of that, I think," she said. "I'm sure I'm very glad we have a gentleman near us. I think you will be a very good care-taker, Mr. Longueville, and I recommend my daughter to put great faith in your judgment." And Mrs. Vivian gave him an intense—a pleading, almost affecting—little smile.

"I am greatly touched by your confidence and I shall do everything I can think of to merit it," said the young man.

"Ah, mamma's confidence is wonderful!" Angela exclaimed. "There was never anything like mamma's confidence. I'm very different; I have no confidence. And then I don't like being deposited, like a parcel, or being watched, like a curious animal. I am too fond of my liberty."

"That is the second time you have contradicted yourself," said Bernard. "You said just now that you were not an independent being."

Angela turned toward him quickly, smiling and frowning at once.

"You *do* watch one, certainly! I see it has already begun." Mrs. Vivian laid her hand upon her daughter's with a little murmur of tender deprecation, and the girl bent over and kissed her. "Mamma will tell you it's the effect of agitation," she said,—"that I am nervous, and don't know what I say. I am supposed to be agitated by Mr. Wright's departure; isn't that it, mamma?"

Mrs. Vivian turned away, with a certain soft severity.

"I don't know, my daughter. I don't understand you."

A charming pink flush had come into Angela's cheek and a noticeable light into her eye. She looked admirably handsome, and Bernard frankly gazed at her. She met his gaze an instant, and then she went on:

"Mr. Longueville doesn't understand me either. You must know that I *am* agitated," she continued. "Every now and then I have moments of talking nonsense. It's the air of Baden, I think; it's too exciting. It's only lately I have been so. When you go away I shall be horribly ashamed."

"If the air of Baden has such an effect upon you," said Bernard, "it is only a proof the more that you need the solicitous attention of your friends."

"That may be; but, as I told you just now, I have no confidence—none whatever, in any one or anything. Therefore, for the present, I shall withdraw from the world—I shall seclude myself. Let us go on being quiet, mamma. Three or four days of it have been so charming. Let the parcel lie till it's called for. It is much safer it shouldn't be touched at all. I shall assume that, metaphorically speaking, Mr. Wright, who, as you have intimated, disposes of our destiny, has turned the key upon us. I'm locked up. I sha'n't go out, except upon the balcony!" And with this, Angela stepped out of the long window and went and stood beside Miss Evers.

Bernard was extremely amused, but he was also a good deal puzzled, and it came over him that it was not a wonder that poor Wright should not have found this young lady's disposition a perfectly decipherable page. He remained in the room with Mrs. Vivian,—he stood there looking at her with his agreeably mystified smile. She had turned away, but on perceiving

that her daughter had gone outside she came toward Bernard again, with her habitual little air of eagerness mitigated by discretion. There instantly rose before his mind the vision of that moment when he had stood face to face with this same apologetic mamma, after Angela had turned her back, on the grass-grown terrace at Siena. To make the vision complete, Mrs. Vivian took it into her head to utter the same words.

"I'm sure you think she is a strange girl."

Bernard recognized them, and he gave a light laugh.

"You told me that the first time you ever saw me—in that quiet little corner of an Italian town."

Mrs. Vivian gave a little faded, elderly blush.

"Don't speak of that," she murmured, glancing at the open window. "It was a little accident of travel."

"I'm dying to speak of it," said Bernard. "It was such a charming accident for me! Tell me this, at least—have you kept my sketch?"

Mrs. Vivian colored more deeply and glanced at the window again.

"No," she just whispered.

Bernard looked out of the window too. Angela was leaning against the railing of the balcony, in profile, just as she had stood while he painted her, against the polished parapet at Siena. The young man's eyes rested on her a moment, then, as he glanced back at her mother:

"Has *she* kept it?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Vivian, with decision.

The decision was excessive—it expressed the poor lady's distress at having her veracity tested. "Dear little daughter of the Puritans! She can't tell a fib!" Bernard exclaimed to himself. And with this flattering conclusion he took leave of her.

It was affirmed at an early stage of this narrative that Bernard Longueville was a young man of a contemplative and speculative turn, and he had perhaps never been more true to his character than during an hour or two that evening as he sat by himself on the terrace of the Conversation-house, surrounded by the crowd of its frequenters but lost in his meditations. The place was full of movement and sound, but he had tilted back his chair against the great green box of an orange-tree, and in this easy attitude, vaguely and agreeably conscious of the music, he directed his gaze to the star-sprinkled vault of the night. There were people coming and going whom he knew, but he said nothing to any one—he preferred to be alone; he found his own company quite absorbing. He felt very happy, very much amused, very curiously preoccupied. The feeling was a singular one. It partook of the nature of intellectual excitement. He had a sense of having received *carte blanche* for the expenditure of his wits. Bernard liked to feel his intelligence at play; this is, perhaps, the luxury of a clever man. It played at present over the whole field of Angela Vivian's oddities of conduct—for, since his visit in the afternoon, Bernard had felt that the spectacle was considerably enlarged. He had come to feel, also, that poor Wright's predicament was by no means an unnatural one. Longueville had begun to take his friend's dilemma very seriously indeed. The girl was certainly a curious study.

The evening drew to a close and the crowd of Bernard's fellow-loungers dispersed. The lighted windows of the Kursaal still glittered in the bosky darkness, and the lamps along the terrace had not been extinguished; but the great promenade was almost deserted; here and there only a lingering couple—the red tip of a cigar and the vague radiance of a light dress—gave animation to the place. But Bernard sat there still in his tilted chair, beneath his orange-tree; his imagination had wandered very far and he was awaiting its return to the fold. He was on the point of rising, however, when he saw three figures come down the empty vista of the terrace—figures which even at a distance had a familiar air. He immediately left his seat and, taking a dozen steps, recognized Angela Vivian, Blanche Evers and Captain Lovelock. In a moment he met them in the middle of the terrace.

Miss Evers immediately announced that they had come for a midnight walk.

"And if you think it's improper," she exclaimed, "it's not my invention—it's Miss Vivian's."

"I beg pardon—it's mine," said Captain Lovelock. "I desire the credit of it. I started the idea; you never would have come without me."

"I think it would have been more proper to come without you than with you," Blanche declared. "You know you're a dreadful character."

"I'm much worse when I'm away from

you than when I'm with you," said Lovelock. "You keep me in order."

The young girl gave a little cry.

"I don't know what you call order! You can't be worse than you have been tonight."

Angela was not listening to this; she turned away a little, looking about at the empty garden.

"This is the third time to-day that you have contradicted yourself," he said. Though he spoke softly he went nearer to her; but she appeared not to hear him —she looked away.

"You ought to have been there, Mr. Longueville," Blanche went on. "We have had a most lovely night; we sat all the evening on Mrs. Vivian's balcony, eating ices. To sit on a balcony, eating ices— that's my idea of heaven."

"With an angel by your side," said Captain Lovelock.

"You are not my idea of an angel," retorted Blanche.

"I'm afraid you'll never learn what the angels are really like," said the Captain. "That's why Miss Evers got Mrs. Vivian to take rooms over the baker's—so that she could have ices sent up several times a day. Well, I'm bound to say the baker's ices are not bad."

"Considering that they have been baked. But they affect the mind," Blanche went on. "They would have affected Captain Lovelock's—only he hasn't any. They certainly affected Miss Vivian's—putting it into her head, at eleven o'clock, to come out to walk."

Angela did nothing whatever to defend herself against this ingenious sally; she simply stood there in graceful abstraction. Bernard was vaguely vexed at her neither looking at him nor speaking to him; her indifference seemed a contravention of that right of criticism which Gordon had bequeathed to him.

"I supposed people went to bed at eleven o'clock," he said.

Angela glanced about her, without meeting his eye.

"They seem to have gone."

Miss Evers strolled on, and her Captain of course kept pace with her; so that Bernard and Miss Vivian were left standing together. He looked at her a moment in silence, but her eye still avoided his own.

"You are remarkably inconsistent," Bernard presently said. "You took a solemn vow of seclusion this afternoon, and no sooner have you taken it than you proceed to break it in this outrageous manner."

She looked at him now—a long time— longer than she had ever done before.

"This is part of the examination, I suppose," she said.

Bernard hesitated an instant.

"What examination?"

"The one you have undertaken—on Mr. Wright's behalf."

"What do you know about that?"

"Ah, you admit it then?" the girl exclaimed, with an eager laugh.

"I don't in the least admit it," said Bernard, conscious only for the moment of the duty of loyalty to his friend and feeling that negation here was simply a point of honor.

"I trust more to my own conviction than to your denial. You have engaged to bring your superior wisdom and your immense experience to bear upon me! That's the understanding."

"You must think us a pretty pair of wiseacres," said Bernard.

"There it is—you already begin to answer for what I think. When Mr. Wright comes back you will be able to tell him that I am 'outrageous'!" And she turned away and walked on, slowly following her companions.

"What do you care what I tell him?" Bernard asked. "You don't care a straw."

She said nothing for a moment, then, suddenly, she stopped again, dropping her eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she said, very gently; "I care a great deal. It's as well that you should know that."

Bernard stood looking at her; her eyes were still lowered.

"Do you know what I shall tell him? I shall tell him that about eleven o'clock at night you become peculiarly attractive."

She went on again a few steps; Miss Evers and Captain Lovelock had turned round and were coming toward her.

"It is very true that I am outrageous," she said; "it was extremely silly and in very bad taste to come out at this hour. Mamma was not at all pleased, and I was very unkind to her. I only wanted to take a turn, and now we will go back." On the others coming up she announced this resolution, and though Captain Lovelock and his companion made a great outcry, she carried her point. Bernard offered no opposition. He contented himself with walking back to her mother's lodging with her almost in silence. The little winding streets

were still and empty; there was no sound but the chatter and laughter of Blanche and her attendant swain. Angela said nothing.

This incident presented itself at first to Bernard's mind as a sort of declaration of war. The girl had guessed that she was to be made a subject of speculative scrutiny. The idea was not agreeable to her independent spirit, and she placed herself boldly on the defensive. She took her stand upon her right to defeat his purpose by every possible means—to perplex, elude, deceive him—in plain English, to make a fool of him. This was the construction which for several days Bernard put upon her deportment, at the same time that he thought it immensely clever of her to have guessed what had been going on in his mind. She made him feel very much ashamed of his critical attitude, and he did everything he could think of to put her off her guard and persuade her that for the moment he had ceased to be an observer. His position at moments seemed to him an odious one, for he was firmly resolved that between him and the woman to whom his friend had proposed there should be nothing in the way of a vulgar flirtation. Under the circumstances, it savored both of flirtation and of vulgarity that they should even fall out with each other—a consummation which appeared to be more or less definitely impending. Bernard remarked to himself that his own only reasonable line of conduct would be instantly to leave Baden, but I am almost ashamed to mention the fact which led him to modify this decision. It was simply that he was induced to make the reflection that he had really succeeded in putting Miss Vivian off her guard. How he had done so he would have found it difficult to explain, inasmuch as in one way or another, for a week, he had spent several hours in talk with her. The most effective way of putting her off her guard would have been to leave her alone, to forswear the privilege of conversation with her, to pass the days in other society. This course would have had the drawback of not enabling him to measure the operation of so ingenious a policy, and Bernard liked, of all the things in the world, to know when he was successful. He believed, at all events, that he was successful now, and that the virtue of his conversation itself had persuaded this keen and brilliant girl that he was thinking of anything in the world but herself. He flattered himself that the civil indifference of his manner, the abstract character of the topics he selected, the irrelevancy of his allusions and the laxity of his attention, all contributed to this result.

Such a result was certainly a remarkable one, for it is almost superfluous to intimate that Miss Vivian was, in fact, perpetually in his thoughts. He made it a point of conscience not to think of her, but he was thinking of her most when his conscience was most lively. Bernard had a conscience—a conscience which, though a little irregular in its motions, gave itself in the long run a great deal of exercise; but nothing could have been more natural than that, curious, imaginative, audacious as he was, and delighting, as I have said, in the play of his singularly nimble intelligence, he should have given himself up to a sort of unconscious experimentation. "I will leave her alone—I will be hanged if I attempt to draw her out!" he said to himself; and meanwhile he was roaming afield and plucking personal impressions in great, fragrant handfuls. All this, as I say, was natural, given the man and the situation; the only oddity is that he should have fancied himself able to persuade the person most interested that he had renounced his advantage.

He remembered her telling him that she cared very much what he should say of her on Gordon Wright's return, and he felt that this declaration had a particular significance. After this, of her own movement, she never spoke of Gordon, and Bernard made up his mind that she had promised her mother to accept him if he should repeat his proposal and that as her heart was not in the matter she preferred to drop a veil over the prospect. "She is going to marry him for his money," he said, "because her mother has brought out the advantages of the thing. Mrs. Vivian's persuasive powers have carried the day, and the girl has made herself believe that it doesn't matter that she doesn't love him. Perhaps it doesn't—to her; it's hard, in such a case, to put one's self in the woman's point of view. But I should think it would matter, some day or other, to poor Gordon. She herself can't help suspecting it may make a difference in his happiness, and she therefore doesn't wish to seem any worse to him than is necessary. She wants me to speak well of her; if she intends to deceive him she expects me to back her up. The wish is doubtless natural, but for a proud girl it is rather an odd favor to ask. Oh yes, she's a proud girl, even though she has been able to arrange it with her

conscience to make a mercenary marriage. To expect me to help her is perhaps to treat me as a friend; but she ought to remember—or at least I ought to remember—that Wright is an older friend than she. Inviting me to help her as against my oldest friend—isn't there a grain of impudence in that?"

It will be gathered that Bernard's meditations were not on the whole favorable to this young lady, and it must be affirmed that he was forcibly struck with an element of cynicism in her conduct. On the evening of her so-called midnight visit to the Kursaal she had suddenly sounded a note of sweet submissiveness which re-appeared again at frequent intervals. She was gentle, accessible, tenderly gracious, expressive, demonstrative, almost flattering. From his own personal point of view Bernard had no complaint to make of this maidenly urbanity, but he kept reminding himself that *he* was not in question and that everything must be looked at in the light of Gordon's requirements. There was all this time an absurd logical twist in his view of things. In the first place he was not to judge at all; and in the second he was to judge strictly on Gordon's behalf. This latter clause always served as a justification when the former had failed to serve as a deterrent. When Bernard reproached himself for thinking too much of the girl, he drew comfort from the reflection that he was not thinking well. To let it gradually filter into one's mind, through a superficial complexity of more reverent preconceptions, that she was an extremely clever coquette—*this*, surely, was not to think well! Bernard had luminous glimpses of another situation, in which Angela Vivian's coquetry should meet with a different appreciation; but just now it was not an item to be entered on the credit side of Wright's account. Bernard wiped his pen, mentally speaking, as he made this reflection, and felt like a grizzled old book-keeper of incorruptible probity. He saw her, as I have said, very often; she continued to break her vow of shutting herself up, and at the end of a fortnight she had reduced it to imperceptible particles. On four different occasions, presenting himself at Mrs. Vivian's lodgings, Bernard found Angela there alone. She made him welcome, receiving him as an American girl, in such circumstances, is free to receive the most gallant of visitors. She smiled and talked and gave herself up to charming gayety, so that there was nothing for Bernard to say but that now at least she was off her guard with a vengeance. Happily he was on his own! He flattered himself that he remained so on occasions that were even more insidiously relaxing—when, in the evening, she strolled away with him to parts of the grounds of the Conversation-house, where the music sank to sweeter softness and the murmur of the tree-tops of the Black Forest, stirred by the warm night-air, became almost audible; or when, in the long afternoons, they wandered in the woods apart from the others—from Mrs. Vivian and the amiable object of her more avowed solicitude, the object of the sportive adoration of the irrepressible, the ever-present Lovelock. They were constantly having parties in the woods at this time—driving over the hills to points of interest which Bernard had looked out in the guide-book. Bernard, in such matters, was extremely alert and considerate; he developed an unexpected talent for arranging excursions, and he had taken regularly into his service the red-waistcoated proprietor of a big Teutonic landau, which had a courier's seat behind and was always at the service of the ladies. The functionary in the red waistcoat was a capital charioteer; he was constantly proposing new drives, and he introduced our little party to treasures of romantic scenery.

More than a fortnight had elapsed, but Gordon Wright had not re-appeared, and Bernard suddenly decided that he would leave Baden. He found Mrs. Vivian and her daughter, very opportunely, in the garden of the pleasant, homely Schloss which forms the residence of the grand dukes of Baden during their visits to the scene of our narrative, and which, perched upon the hill-side directly above the little town, is surrounded with charming old boscages and terraces. To this garden a portion of the public is admitted, and Bernard, who liked the place, had been there more than once. One of the terraces had a high parapet, against which Angela was leaning, looking across the valley. Mrs. Vivian was not at first in sight, but Bernard presently perceived her seated under a tree with Victor Cousin in her hand. As Bernard approached the young girl, Angela, who had not seen him, turned round.

"Don't move," he said. "You were just in the position in which I painted your portrait at Siena."

"Don't speak of that," she answered.

"I have never understood," said Bernard,

"why you insist upon ignoring that charming incident."

She resumed for a moment her former position, and stood looking at the opposite hills.

"That's just how you were—in profile—with your head a little thrown back."

"It was an odious incident!" Angela exclaimed, rapidly changing her attitude.

Bernard was on the point of making a rejoinder, but he thought of Gordon Wright and held his tongue. He presently told her that he intended to leave Baden on the morrow.

They were walking toward her mother. She looked round at him quickly.

"Where are you going?"

"To Paris," he said, quite at hazard; for he had not in the least determined where to go.

"To Paris—in the month of August?" And she gave a little laugh. "What a happy inspiration!"

She gave a little laugh, but she said nothing more, and Bernard gave no further account of his plan. They went and sat down near Mrs. Vivian for ten minutes, and then they got up again and strolled to another part of the garden. They had it all to themselves, and it was filled with things that Bernard liked—inequalities of level, with mossy steps connecting them, rose-trees trained upon old brick walls, horizontal trellises arranged like Italian pergolas, and here and there a towering poplar, looking as if it had survived from some more primitive stage of culture, with its stiff boughs motionless and its leaves forever trembling. They made almost the whole circuit of the garden, and then Angela mentioned very quietly that she had heard that morning from Mr. Wright, and that he would not return for another week.

"You had better stay," she presently added, as if Gordon's continued absence were an added reason.

"I don't know," said Bernard. "It is sometimes difficult to say what one had better do."

I hesitate to bring against him that most inglorious of all charges, an accusation of masculine coquetry, of the disposition to invent obstacles to enjoyment so that he might have the pleasure of seeing a pretty girl attempt to remove them. But it must be admitted that if Bernard really thought at present that he had better leave Baden, the observation I have just quoted was not so much a sign of this conviction as of the hope that his companion would proceed to gainsay it. The hope was not disappointed, though I must add that no sooner had it been gratified than Bernard began to feel ashamed of it.

"This certainly is not one of those cases," said Angela. "The thing is surely very simple now."

"What makes it so simple?"

She hesitated a moment.

"The fact that I ask you to stay."

"You ask me?" he repeated, softly.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "one doesn't say those things twice!"

She turned away, and they went back to her mother, who gave Bernard a wonderful little look of half urgent, half remonstrant inquiry. As they left the garden he walked beside Mrs. Vivian, Angela going in front of them at a distance. The elder lady began immediately to talk to him of Gordon Wright.

"He's not coming back for another week, you know," she said. "I'm sorry he stays away so long."

"Ah yes," Bernard answered, "it seems very long indeed."

And it had, in fact, seemed to him very long.

"I suppose he is always likely to have business," said Mrs. Vivian.

"You may be very sure it is not for his pleasure that he stays away."

"I know he is faithful to old friends," said Mrs. Vivian. "I am sure he has not forgotten us."

"I certainly count upon that," Bernard exclaimed, "remembering him as we do."

Mrs. Vivian glanced at him gratefully.

"Oh yes, we remember him—we remember him daily, hourly. At least, I can speak for my daughter and myself. He has been so very kind to us." Bernard said nothing, and she went on: "And you have been so very kind to us, too, Mr. Longueville. I want so much to thank you."

"Oh no, don't!" said Bernard, frowning. "I would rather you wouldn't."

"Of course," Mrs. Vivian added, "I know it's all on his account; but that makes me wish to thank you all the more. Let me express my gratitude, in advance, for the rest of the time, till he comes back. That's more responsibility than you bargained for," she said, with a little nervous laugh.

"Yes, it's more than I bargained for. I am thinking of going away."

Mrs. Vivian almost gave a little jump, and then she paused on the Baden cobblestones, looking up at him.

"If you *must* go, Mr. Longueville—don't sacrifice yourself!"

The exclamation fell upon Bernard's ear with a certain softly mocking cadence which was sufficient, however, to make this organ tingle.

"Oh, after all, you know," he said, as they walked on,—"after all, you know, I'm not like Wright—I have no business."

He walked with the ladies to the door of their lodging. Angela kept always in front. She stood there, however, at the little confectioner's window until the others came up. She let her mother pass in, and then she said to Bernard, looking at him:

"Shall I see you again?"

"Some time, I hope."

"I mean—are you going away?"

Bernard looked for a moment at a little pink sugar cherub—a species of Cupid, with a gilded bow—which figured among the pastry cook's enticements. Then he said:

"I will come and tell you this evening."

And in the evening he went to tell her; she had mentioned during the walk in the garden of the Schloss that they should not go out. As he approached Mrs. Vivian's door he saw a figure in a light dress standing in the little balcony. He stopped and looked up, and then the person in the light dress, leaning her hands on the railing, with her shoulders a little raised, bent over and looked down at him. It was very dark, but even through the thick dusk he thought he perceived the finest brilliancy of Angela Vivian's smile.

"I shall not go away," he said, lifting his voice a little.

She made no answer; she only stood looking down at him through the warm dusk and smiling. He went into the house, and he remained at Baden-Baden till Gordon came back.

CHAPTER VI.

Gordon asked him no questions for twenty-four hours after his return, then suddenly he began:

"Well, haven't you something to say to me?"

It was at the hotel, in Gordon's apartment, late in the afternoon. A heavy thunder-storm had broken over the place an hour before, and Bernard had been standing at one of his friend's windows, rather idly, with his hands in his pockets, watching the rain-torrents dance upon the empty pavements. At last the deluge abated, the clouds began to break—there was a promise of a fine evening. Gordon Wright, while the storm was at its climax, sat down to write letters, and wrote half a dozen. It was after he had sealed, directed and affixed a postage-stamp to the last of the series that he addressed to his companion the question I have just quoted.

"Do you mean about Miss Vivian?" Bernard asked, without turning round from the window.

"About Miss Vivian, of course." Bernard said nothing and his companion went on. "Have you nothing to tell me about Miss Vivian?"

Bernard presently turned round looking at Gordon and smiling a little.

"She's a delightful creature!"

"That wont do—you've tried that before," said Gordon. "No," he added in a moment, "that wont do." Bernard turned back to the window, and Gordon continued, as he remained silent. "I shall have a right to consider your saying nothing a proof of an unfavorable judgment. You don't like her!"

Bernard faced quickly about again, and for an instant the two men looked at each other.

"Ah, my dear Gordon," Longueville murmured.

"*Do* you like her then?" asked Wright, getting up.

"No!" said Longueville.

"That's just what I wanted to know, and I'm much obliged to you for telling me."

"I am not obliged to you for asking me. I was in hopes you wouldn't."

"You dislike her very much then?" Gordon exclaimed, gravely.

"Wont disliking her, simply, do?" said Bernard.

"It will do very well. But it will do a little better if you will tell me why. Give me a reason or two."

"Well," said Bernard, "I tried to make love to her and she boxed my ears."

"The devil!" cried Gordon.

"I mean morally, you know."

Gordon stared; he seemed a little puzzled.

"You tried to make love to her morally?"

"She boxed my ears morally," said Bernard, laughing out.

"Why did you try to make love to her?"

This inquiry was made in a tone so expressive of an unbiased truth-seeking habit that Bernard's mirth was not immediately quenched. Nevertheless, he replied with sufficient gravity:

"To test her fidelity to you. Could you have expected anything else? You told me you were afraid she was a latent coquette. You gave me a chance, and I tried to ascertain."

"And you found she was not. Is that what you mean?"

"She's as firm as a rock. My dear Gordon, Miss Vivian is as firm as the firmest of your geological formations."

Gordon shook his head with a strange positive persistence.

"You are talking nonsense. You are not serious. You are not telling me the truth. I don't believe that you attempted to make love to her. You wouldn't have played such a game as that. It wouldn't have been honorable."

Bernard flushed a little; he was irritated.

"Oh come, don't make too much of a point of that! Didn't you tell me before that it was a great opportunity?"

"An opportunity to be wise—not to be foolish!"

"Ah, there is only one sort of opportunity," cried Bernard. "You exaggerate the reach of human wisdom."

"Suppose she had let you make love to her," said Gordon. "That would have been a beautiful result of your experiment."

"I should have seemed to you a rascal, perhaps, but I should have saved you from a latent coquette. You would owe some thanks for that."

"And now you haven't saved me," said Gordon, with a simple air of noting a fact.

"You assume—in spite of what I say—that she *is* a coquette!"

"I assume something because you evidently conceal something. I want the whole truth."

Bernard turned back to the window with increasing irritation.

"If he wants the whole truth he shall have it," he said to himself.

He stood a moment in thought and then he looked at his companion again.

"I think she would marry you—but I don't think she cares for you."

Gordon turned a little pale, but he clapped his hands together.

"Very good," he exclaimed. "That's exactly how I want you to speak."

"Her mother has taken a great fancy to your fortune and it has rubbed off on the girl, who has made up her mind that it would be a pleasant thing to have thirty thousand a year, and that her not caring for you is an unimportant detail."

"I see—I see," said Gordon, looking at his friend with an air of admiration for his frank and lucid way of putting things.

Now that he had begun to be frank and lucid, Bernard found a charm in it, and the impulse under which he had spoken urged him almost violently forward.

"The mother and daughter have agreed together to bag you, and Angela, I am sure, has made a vow to be as nice to you after marriage as possible. Mrs. Vivian has insisted upon the importance of that; Mrs. Vivian is a great moralist."

Gordon kept gazing at his friend; he seemed positively fascinated.

"Yes, I have noticed that in Mrs. Vivian," he said.

"Ah, she's a very nice woman!"

"It's not true, then," said Gordon, "that you tried to make love to Angela?"

Bernard hesitated a single instant.

"No, it isn't true. I calumniated myself, to save her reputation. You insisted on my giving you a reason for my not liking her—I gave you that one."

"And your real reason——"

"My real reason is that I believe she would do you what I can't help regarding as an injury."

"Of course!" and Gordon, dropping his interested eyes, stared for some moments at the carpet. "But it isn't true, then, that you discovered her to be a coquette?"

"Ah, that's another matter."

"You did discover it all the same?"

"Since you want the whole truth—I did!"

"How did you discover it?" Gordon asked, clinging to his right of interrogation.

Bernard hesitated.

"You must remember that I saw a great deal of her."

"You mean that she encouraged you?"

"If I had not been a very faithful friend I might have thought so."

Gordon laid his hand appreciatively, gratefully, on Bernard's shoulder.

"And even that didn't make you like her?"

"Confound it, you make me blush!" cried Bernard, blushing a little in fact. "I have said quite enough; excuse me from drawing the portrait of too insensible a man. It was my point of view; I kept thinking of you."

Gordon, with his hand still on his friend's arm, patted it an instant in response to this declaration; then he turned away.

"I am much obliged to you. That's my notion of friendship. You have spoken out like a man."

"Like a man, yes. Remember that. Not in the least like an oracle."

"I prefer an honest man to all the oracles," said Gordon.

"An honest man has his impressions! I have given you mine—they pretend to be nothing more. I hope they haven't offended you."

"Not in the least."

"Nor distressed, nor depressed, nor in any way discomposed you?"

"For what do you take me? I asked you a favor—a service; I imposed it on you. You have done the thing, and my part is simple gratitude."

"Thank you for nothing," said Bernard, smiling. "You have asked me a great many questions; there is one that in turn I have a right to ask you. What do you propose to do in consequence of what I have told you?"

"I propose to do nothing."

This declaration closed the colloquy, and the young men separated. Bernard saw Gordon no more that evening; he took for granted he had gone to Mrs. Vivian's. The burden of Longueville's confidences was a heavy load to carry there, but Bernard ventured to hope that he would deposit it at the door. He had given Gordon his impressions, and the latter might do with them what he chose—toss them out of the window, or let them grow stale with heedless keeping. So Bernard meditated, as he wandered about alone for the rest of the evening. It was useless to look for Mrs. Vivian's little circle, on the terrace of the Conversation-house, for the storm in the afternoon had made the place so damp that it was almost forsaken of its frequenters. Bernard spent the evening in the gaming-rooms, in the thick of the crowd that pressed about the tables, and by way of a change—he had hitherto been almost nothing of a gambler—he laid down a couple of pieces at roulette. He had played but two or three times, without winning a penny; but now he had the agreeable sensation of drawing in a small handful of gold. He continued to play, and he continued to win. His luck surprised and excited him—so much so that after it had repeated itself half a dozen times he left the place and walked about for half an hour in the outer darkness. He felt amused and exhilarated, but the feeling amounted almost to agitation. He, nevertheless, returned to the tables, where he again found success awaiting him. Again and again he put his money on a happy number, and so steady a run of luck began at last to attract attention. The rumor of it spread through the rooms, and the crowd about the roulette received a large contingent of spectators. Bernard felt that they were looking more or less eagerly for a turn of the tide; but he was in the humor for disappointing them, and he left the place, while his luck was still running high, with five thousand francs in his pocket. It was very late when he returned to the inn—so late that he forbore to knock at Gordon's door. But though he betook himself to his own quarters, he was far from finding, or even seeking, immediate rest. He knocked about, as he would have said, for half the night—not because he was delighted at having won five thousand francs, but rather because all of a sudden he found himself disgusted at the manner in which he had spent the evening. It was extremely characteristic of Bernard Longueville that his pleasure should suddenly transform itself into flatness. What he felt was not regret or repentance. He had it not in the least on his conscience that he had given countenance to the reprehensible practice of gaming. It was annoyance that he had passed out of his own control—that he had obeyed a force which he was unable to measure at the time. He had been drunk and he was turning sober. In spite of a great momentary appearance of frankness and a lively relish of any conjunction of agreeable circumstances exerting a pressure to which one could respond, Bernard had really little taste for giving himself up, and he never did so without very soon wishing to take himself back. He had now given himself to something that was not himself, and the fact that he had gained five thousand francs by it was an insufficient salve to an aching sense of having ceased to be his own master. He had not been playing—he had been played with. He had been the sport of a blind, brutal chance, and he felt humiliated by having been favored by so rudely operating a divinity. Good luck and bad luck? Bernard felt very scornful of the distinction, save that good luck seemed to him rather the more vulgar. As the night went on his disgust deepened, and at last the weariness

it brought with it sent him to sleep. He slept very late, and woke up to a disagreeable consciousness. At first, before collecting his thoughts, he could not imagine what he had on his mind—was it that he had spoken ill of Angela Vivian? It brought him extraordinary relief to remember that he had gone to bed in extreme ill-humor with his exploits at roulette. After he had dressed himself and just as he was leaving his room, a servant brought him a note superscribed in Gordon's hand—a note of which the following proved to be the contents:

"Seven o'clock, A. M.

"MY DEAR BERNARD: Circumstances have determined me to leave Baden immediately, and I shall take the train that starts an hour hence. I am told that you came in very late last night, so I wont disturb you for a painful parting at this unnatural hour. I came to this decision last evening, and I put up my things; so I have nothing to do but to take myself off. I shall go to Basel, but after that I don't know where, and in so comfortless an uncertainty I don't ask you to follow me. Perhaps I shall go to America; but in any case I shall see you sooner or later. Meanwhile, my dear Bernard, be as happy as your brilliant talents should properly make you, and believe me yours ever, G.W.

"P. S. It is perhaps as well that I should say that I am leaving in consequence of something that happened last evening, but not—by any traceable process—in consequence of the talk we had together. I may also add that I am in very good health and spirits."

Bernard lost no time in learning that his friend had in fact departed by the eight o'clock train,—the morning was now well advanced; and then, over his breakfast, he gave himself up to meditative surprise. What had happened during the evening—what had happened after their conversation in Gordon's room? He had gone to Mrs. Vivian's—what had happened there? Bernard found it difficult to believe that he had gone there simply to notify her that, having talked it over with an intimate friend, he gave up her daughter, or to mention to the young lady herself that he had ceased to desire the honor of her hand. Gordon alluded to some definite occurrence, yet it was inconceivable that he should have allowed himself to be determined by Bernard's words—his diffident and irresponsible impression. Bernard resented this idea as an injury to himself, yet it was difficult to imagine what else could have happened. There was Gordon's word for it, however, that there was no "traceable" connection between the circumstances which led to his sudden departure and the information he had succeeded in extracting from his friend. What did he mean by a "traceable" connection? Gordon never used words idly, and he meant to make of this point an intelligible distinction. It was this sense of his usual accuracy of expression that assisted Bernard in fitting a meaning to his late companion's letter. He intended to intimate that he had come back to Baden with his mind made up to relinquish his suit, and that he had questioned Bernard simply from moral curiosity—for the sake of intellectual satisfaction. Nothing was altered by the fact that Bernard had told him a sorry tale; it had not modified his behavior—that effect would have been traceable. It had simply affected his imagination, which was a consequence of the imponderable sort. This view of the case was supported by Gordon's mention of his good spirits. A man always had good spirits when he had acted in harmony with a conviction. Of course, after renouncing the attempt to make himself acceptable to Miss Vivian, the only possible thing for Gordon had been to leave Baden. Bernard, continuing to meditate, at last convinced himself that there had been no explicit rupture, that Gordon's last visit had simply been a visit of farewell, that its character had sufficiently signified his withdrawal, and that he had now gone away because, after giving the girl up, he wished very naturally not to meet her again. This was, on Bernard's part, a sufficiently coherent view of the case; but nevertheless, an hour afterward, as he strolled along the Lichtenthal Alley, he found himself stopping suddenly and exclaiming under his breath: "Have I done her an injury? Have I affected her prospects?" Later in the day he said to himself half a dozen times that he had simply warned Gordon against an incongruous union.

Now that Gordon was gone at any rate, gone for good, and not to return, Bernard felt a sudden and singular sense of freedom. It was a feeling of unbounded expansion, quite out of proportion, as he said to himself, to any assignable cause. Everything suddenly appeared to have become very optional, but he was quite at a loss what to do with his liberty. It seemed a harmless use to make of it in the afternoon to go and pay another visit to the ladies who lived at the confectioner's. Here, however, he met a reception which introduced a fresh element of perplexity into the situation that Gordon had left behind him. The door

was opened to him by Mrs. Vivian's maid-servant, a sturdy daughter of the Schwartzwald, who informed him that the ladies—with much regret—were unable to receive any one.

"They are very busy—and they are ill," said the young woman, by way of explanation.

Bernard was disappointed, and he felt like arguing the case.

"Surely," he said, "they are not both ill and busy! When you make excuses, you should make them agree with each other."

The Teutonic soubrette fixed her round blue eyes a minute upon the patch of blue sky revealed to her by her open door.

"I say what I can, *lieber Herr.* It's not my fault if I'm not so clever as a French mamsell. One of the ladies is busy, the other is ill. There you have it."

"Not quite," said Bernard. "You must remember that there are three of them."

"Oh, the little one—the little one weeps."

"Miss Evers weeps!" exclaimed Bernard, to whom the vision of this young lady in tears had never presented itself.

"That happens to young ladies when they are unhappy," said the hand-maiden; and with an artless yet significant smile she carried a big red hand to the left side of a broad bosom.

"I am sorry she is unhappy; but which of the other ladies is ill?"

"The mother is very busy," said the young woman.

"And the daughter is ill?"

She looked at him an instant, smiling again, and the light in her little blue eyes indicated confusion, but not perversity.

"No, the mamma is ill," she exclaimed, "and the daughter is very busy. They are preparing to leave Baden."

"To leave Baden? When do they go?"

"I don't quite know, *lieber Herr;* but very soon."

With this information Bernard turned away. He was rather surprised, but he reflected that Mrs. Vivian had not proposed to spend her life by the banks of the Oos, and that people were leaving Baden every day in the year. In the evening, at the Kursaal, he met Captain Lovelock, who was wandering about with an air of explosive sadness.

"Damn it, they're going—yes, they're going," said the captain, after the two young men had exchanged a few allusions to current events. "Fancy their leaving us in that heartless manner! It's not the time to run away—it's the time to keep your rooms, if you're so lucky as to have any. The races begin next week and there'll be a tremendous crowd. All the grand-ducal people are coming. Miss Evers wanted awfully to see the grand duke, and I promised her an introduction. I can't make out what Mrs. Vivian is up to. I bet you a ten-pound note she's giving chase. Our friend Wright has come back and gone off again, and Mrs. Vivian means to strike camp and follow. She'll pot him yet; you see if she doesn't!"

"She is running away from you, dangerous man!" said Bernard.

"Do you mean on account of Miss Evers? Well, I admire Miss Evers—I don't mind admitting that; but I aint dangerous," said Captain Lovelock, with a lusterless eye. "How can a fellow be dangerous when he hasn't ten shillings in his pocket? Desperation, do you call it? But Miss Evers hasn't money, so far as I have heard. I don't ask you," Lovelock continued,—"I don't care a damn whether she has or not. She's a devilish charming girl, and I don't mind telling you I'm hit. I stand no chance—I know I stand no chance. Mrs. Vivian's down on me, and, by Jove, Mrs. Vivian's right. I'm not the husband to pick out for a young woman of expensive habits and no expectations. Wright's the sort of young man that's wanted, and, hang me, if Mrs. Vivian didn't want him so much for her own daughter, I believe she'd try and bag him for the little one. Gad, I believe that to keep me off she would like to cut him in two and give half to each of them! I'm afraid of that little woman. She has got a little voice like an edge-tool. But for all that, if I could get away from this cursed place, I would keep the girl in sight—hang me if I wouldn't! I'd cut the races—dash me if I wouldn't! But I'm in pawn, if you know what that means. I owe a beastly lot of money at the inn, and that impudent little beggar of a landlord wont let me out of his sight. The luck's dead against me at those filthy tables; I haven't won a farthing in three weeks. I wrote to my brother the other day, and this morning I got an answer from him—a cursed, canting letter of good advice, remarking that he had already paid my debts seven times. It doesn't happen to be seven; it's only six, or six and a half at most. Does he expect me to spend the rest of my life at the Hôtel de Hollande? Perhaps he would like me to engage as a waiter there and work off my debt by serv-

ing at the *table d'hôte*. It would be convenient for him the next time he comes abroad with his seven daughters and two governesses. I hate the smell of their beastly *table d'hôte!* You're sorry I'm hard up? I'm sure I'm much obliged to you. Can you be of any service? My dear fellow, if you are bent on throwing your money about the place I'm not the man to stop you." Bernard's winnings of the previous night were burning a hole, as the phrase is, in his pocket. Five thousand francs had never before seemed to him so heavy a load to carry, and to lighten the weight of his good luck by lending fifty pounds to a less fortunate fellow-player was an operation that not only gratified his good-nature but strongly commended itself to his conscience. His conscience, however, made its conditions. "My dear Longueville," Lovelock went on, "I have always gone in for family feeling, early associations, and all that sort of thing. That's what made me confide my difficulties to Dovedale. But, upon my honor, you remind me of the good Samaritan, or that sort of person; you are fonder of me than my own brother! I'll take fifty pounds with pleasure, thank you, and you shall have them again—at the earliest opportunity. My earliest convenience—will that do? Damn it, it *is* a convenience, isn't it? You make your conditions. My dear fellow, I accept them in advance. That I'm not to follow up Miss Evers—is that what you mean? Have you been commissioned by the family to buy me off? It's devilish cruel to take advantage of my poverty! Though I'm poor, I'm honest. But I *am* honest, my dear Longueville; that's the point. I'll give you my word, and I'll keep it. I wont go near that girl again—I wont think of her till I've got rid of your fifty pounds. It's a dreadful encouragement to extravagance, but that's your look-out. I'll stop for their beastly races and the young lady shall be sacred."

Longueville called the next morning at Mrs. Vivian's, and learned that the three ladies had left Baden by the early train, a couple of hours before. This fact produced in his mind a variety of emotions—surprise, annoyance, embarrassment. In spite of his effort to think it natural they should go, he found something precipitate and inexplicable in the manner of their going, and he declared to himself that one of the party, at least, had been unkind and ungracious in not giving him a chance to say good-bye. He took refuge by anticipation, as it were, in this reflection whenever, for the next three or four days, he foresaw himself stopping short, as he had done before, and asking himself whether he had done an injury to Angela Vivian. This was an idle and unpractical question, inasmuch as the answer was not forthcoming; whereas it was quite simple and conclusive to say, without the note of interrogation, that she was, in spite of many attractive points, an abrupt and capricious young woman. During the three or four days in question, Bernard lingered on at Baden, uncertain what to do or where to go, feeling as if he had received a sudden check—a sort of spiritual snub—which arrested the accumulation of motive. Lovelock, also, whom Bernard saw every day, appeared to think that destiny had given him a slap in the face, for he had not enjoyed the satisfaction of a last interview with Miss Evers.

"I thought she might have written me a note," said the captain; "but it appears she doesn't write. Some girls don't write, you know."

Bernard remarked that it was possible Lovelock would still have news of Miss Blanche; and before he left Baden he learned that she had addressed her forsaken swain a charming little note from Lausanne, where the three ladies had paused in their flight from Baden, and where Mrs. Vivian had decreed that for the present they should remain.

"I'm devilish glad she writes," said Captain Lovelock; "some girls do write, you know."

Blanche found Lausanne most horrid after Baden, for whose delights she hourly pined. The delights of Baden, however, were not obvious just now to her correspondent, who had taken Bernard's fifty pounds into the Kursaal and left it there. Bernard, on learning his misfortune, lent him another fifty, with which he performed a second series of unsuccessful experiments; and our hero was not at his ease until he had passed over to his luckless friend the whole amount of his own winnings, every penny of which found its way through Captain Lovelock's fingers back into the bank. When this operation was completed, Bernard left Baden, the captain gloomily accompanying him to the station.

I have said that there had come over Bernard a singular sense of freedom. One of the uses he made of his freedom was to undertake a long journey. He went to the East and remained absent from Europe for

upward of two years—a period of his life of which it is not proposed to offer a complete history. The East is a wonderful region, and Bernard, investigating the mysteries of Asia, saw a great many curious and beautiful things. He had moments of keen enjoyment; he laid up a great store of impressions and even a considerable sum of knowledge. But, nevertheless, he was not destined to look back upon this episode with any particular complacency. It was less delightful than it was supposed to be; it was less successful than it might have been. By what mysterious element the cup of pleasure was adulterated, he would have been very much at a loss to say; but it was an incontestable fact that at times he sipped it as a medicine, rather than quaffed it as a nectar. When people congratulated him on his opportunity of seeing the world, and said they envied him the privilege of seeing it so well, he felt even more than the usual degree of irritation produced by an insinuation that fortune thinks so poorly of us as to give us easy terms. Misplaced sympathy is the least available of superfluities, and Bernard at this time found himself thinking that there was a good deal of impertinence in the world. He would, however, readily have confessed that, in so far as he failed to enjoy his oriental wanderings, the fault was his own, though he would have made mentally the gratifying reflection that never was a fault less deliberate. If, during the period of which I speak, his natural gayety had sunk to a minor key, a partial explanation may be found in the fact that he was deprived of the society of his good friend Wright. It was an odd circumstance that the two young men had not met since Gordon's abrupt departure from Baden. Gordon went to Berlin, and shortly afterward to America, so that they were on opposite sides of the globe. Before he returned to his own country, Bernard made by letter two or three offers to join him in Europe, anywhere that was agreeable to him. Gordon answered that his movements were very uncertain, and that he should be sorry to trouble Bernard to follow him about. He had put him to this inconvenience in making him travel from Venice to Baden, and one such favor at a time was enough to ask, even of the most obliging of men. Bernard was, of course, afraid that what he had told Gordon about Angela Vivian was really the cause of a state of things which, as between two such good friends, wore a perceptible resemblance to alienation. Gordon had given her up; but he bore Bernard a grudge for speaking ill of her, and so long as this disagreeable impression should last, he preferred not to see him. Bernard was frank enough to charge the poor fellow with a lingering rancor, of which he made, indeed, no great crime. But Gordon denied the allegation, and assured him that, to his own perception, there was no relaxation of their intimacy. He only requested, as a favor and as a tribute to "just susceptibilities," that Bernard would allude no more either to Miss Vivian or to what had happened at Baden. This request was easy to comply with, and Bernard in writing strictly conformed to it; but it seemed to him that the act of doing so was in itself a cooling-off. What would be a better proof of what is called a "tension" than an agreement to avoid a natural topic? Bernard moralized a little over Wright's "just susceptibilities," and felt that the existence of a perverse resentment in so honest a nature was a fact gained to his acquaintance with psychological science. It cannot be said, however, that he suffered this fact to occupy at all times the foreground of his consciousness. Bernard was like some great painters; his foregrounds were very happily arranged. He heard nothing of Mrs. Vivian and her daughter, beyond a rumor that they had gone to Italy; and he learned, on apparently good authority, that Blanche Evers had returned to New York with her mother. He wondered whether Captain Lovelock was still in pawn at the Hôtel de Hollande. If he did not allow himself to wonder too curiously whether he had done a harm to Wright, it may be affirmed that he was haunted by the recurrence of that other question, of which mention has already been made. Had he done a harm to Angela Vivian, and did she know that he had done it? This inquiry by no means made him miserable, and it was far from awaiting him regularly on his pillow. But it visited him at intervals, and sometimes in the strangest places—suddenly, abruptly, in the stillness of an Indian temple, or amid the shrillness of an oriental crowd. He became familiar with it at last; he called it his Jack-in-the-box. Some invisible touch of circumstance would press the spring, and the little image would pop up, staring him in the face and grinning an interrogation. Bernard always clapped down the lid, for he regarded this phenomenon as a rather senseless piece of play. But if it was more frequent than any pang of conscience connected with the

remembrance of Gordon himself, this last sentiment was certainly lively enough to make it a great relief to hear at last a rumor that the excellent fellow was about to be married. The rumor reached him at Athens; it was vague and indirect, and it omitted the name of his betrothed. But Bernard made the most of it, and took comfort in the thought that Gordon had recovered his spirits and his appetite for matrimony.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH SPELLING AND SPELLING REFORM: II.

In 1755 appeared the first edition of the English Dictionary of Samuel Johnson. Judged by the modern standard of requirement, it is not a work that is entitled to the highest praise in any point of view, and in some points of view deserves no praise at all. But compared with anything that had previously existed, it was possessed of merits so transcendent that the date of its publication may be almost said to constitute an epoch in the history of the lexicons of our tongue. And in nothing is the influence it exerted so conspicuously manifest as in the matter of English orthography. This was practically fixed by Johnson's dictionary, and as he left it, such it has, with unimportant exceptions, remained. Yet, without denying the value of the work, there is little hazard in asserting that, as regards the spelling of our language, it has been productive of far more evil than good. Johnson's incapacity to comprehend the principles that underlie this particular branch of his subject was strikingly seen in the very declarations with which he set out. He ridiculed the men who endeavored to accommodate orthography to pronunciation, asserting that such an attempt was to measure by a shadow—to take that for a model or standard which is changing while they apply it. He failed, apparently, to perceive the consequences of the position he had assumed. For, if pronunciation is changing constantly, while spelling remains fixed, it then becomes simply a question of time when the spelling and pronunciation shall have diverged so far from one another that they bear no relation to each other at all. Carrying out this principle to its remotest results, we shall in time be making use of a set of symbols not, indeed, so elegant in appearance, but as arbitrary in sound, as Arabic numerals, which have the same form in every tongue, but are sounded differently in all; or, stating it briefly, we shall write one language and speak another. To this point, in fact, in the case of some words we have already come.

But the injury that Johnson did the orthography of our tongue can hardly be ascribed to his teachings; it sprang rather from the slavish deference which soon began to be paid to the particular spelling he had adopted, and for this it is hardly fair to hold him directly responsible. It has already been pointed out that previous to his time there had been a steady movement toward a fixed standard; and although with a large number of words the spelling was still unsettled and discordant, yet in a rough way it may be said that there existed pretty general uniformity. But about this orthography there was no sanctity. Men did not fall down before it and worship it, and any change that was proposed stood a fair chance of adoption, if it were recommended by convenience or countenanced by the analogies of the language. It may be altogether too much to assume that, under the conditions then existing, the orthography would, in course of time, have righted itself; but certainly the temper of the public would have been such that any rational scheme of reform would have been welcomed with satisfaction, and accepted or rejected upon its merits. Johnson's dictionary, however, almost instantly petrified the forms of the words included in it. The universal adoption of the spelling employed by him arrested even the few processes toward simplification that were then going on. But, worse than all, it begot a devotion to his orthography, alongside of which all other forms of devotion known to human observation and experience are faint and transitory. There has, indeed, been manifested toward it, and still continues to be manifested toward it, not simply a love which passeth all understanding, but what, in many men's eyes, is affection of a far higher type—that love which is entirely devoid of understanding. Under the influence of this feeling all attempts at reform have been defeated, not necessarily because the changes they proposed were inadequate or absurd, but because it was

regarded as a sort of sacrilege to propose any change at all. The strangest result of the feeling is the fancy that springs up in the minds of many with large anxieties for the language, but with limited knowledge of what it is, that, in insisting that certain words shall continue to be spelled in certain ways, they are somehow contributing to the preservation of the purity of the English tongue.

Wherein lies the chief strength of the present orthography? It is certainly not, even to the most partial eye, a thing of beauty; why, then, should we be so anxious to make it a joy forever? Reasons are constantly given for this prejudice in its favor, based sometimes upon history which sometimes has been misapplied or etymology which has been perverted, or, most usually, upon mistaken conceptions of the functions of both. But the real ground of the aversion to change is mainly due to association. We like the present orthography because we are used to it. In that one sentence the chief argument for it is stated. The influence of this feeling is not only mighty in itself, but the whole tremendous enginery of education is constantly at work to sustain and strengthen it. The spelling of English according to the existing standard, requires not the slightest exercise of the judgment, involves not in the least the application of phonetic principles, or, indeed, of general principles of any kind,—is, in short, nothing but an arbitrary exertion of memory in its very lowest forms of activity; yet it has come to be one of the most essential and distinctive requirements in the training of a cultivated man. It assumes in our school life a factitious importance which, though it may be warranted and even rendered necessary by the state of the public mind, has nothing either in reason or in the nature of things to recommend it. To such extreme lengths is it carried that at an early age every child is forced to go through the process of learning the spelling of a number of words which he has never heard of before, and which, unless he is exceptionally unfortunate, he is never likely to hear of again. But the effect wrought by this constant pressure upon opinions and beliefs is something that can not well be overestimated. It leads to the wildest fancies, it begets the absurdest notions, it erects a barrier not alone against reform but against any consideration of the question of reform, upon which reason wastes its strength in vain. Illustrations of the state of mind produced by it can be found everywhere and in countless numbers; one will suffice for the present purpose. In 1873 a controversy was going on in England as to the proper way of spelling words ending in *or* or in *our*. In the course of it, a correspondent sent to the periodical entitled "Notes and Queries," a communication which contained the following expression of his sentiments—for it would obviously be an abuse of language to call it an expression of thought:

> "I think that 'honour' has a more noble and 'favour' a more obliging look than 'honor' and 'favor.' 'Honor' seems to me just to do his duty and nothing more; 'favor' to qualify his kind deed with an air of coldness. 'Odor,' again, may be a fit term for a chemical distillation; but a whole May garden comes before me in the word 'odour.'"

Now it is easy enough and just enough to call such remarks as these twaddle. But for all that, the writer of them is not merely an individual, he is the representative of a class, and of a class by no means uninfluential. The feelings to which he gives expression crop out constantly in books, in periodicals, in newspapers, though it is true they are rarely clothed in the sentimental garb that they here assume. This fact is but one of many illustrations of the tremendous inertia due to ignorance and prejudice that must be overcome before any reform whatever can be discussed from the point of view of reason. Argument upon those who feel thus is indeed thrown away. Nothing but the logic of accomplished results will ever make such persons recognize the principle that the spoken word has rights to which the written is subservient. But there is a large body of educated men, who scornfully repel the charge that their opposition to orthographic reform is based at all upon sentiment; who would, in truth, be the first to ridicule such expressions as those just quoted. They pride themselves upon the fact that their conclusions have been reached by processes purely logical. Yet it will be no hard matter to show that their belief on this subject rests on a number of fallacies which, when critically examined will be found to have their origin in most cases in feeling, and not in reflection; and when not in feeling pure and simple, in a hasty assent to incorrect statements which they have never taken the pains to consider with care. Without being aware of it their convictions are due to sentiment, and not to reason. To an investigation of the most common and most important of these falla-

cies the remainder of this article will be devoted.

Of all these fallacious arguments, that based on etymology has perhaps the strongest hold upon the educated class. It is constantly brought forward as if it were sufficient of itself to settle the question. Words, we are told, have a descent of their own; and the ties which bind them to the past are not to be ruthlessly severed. Letters which are never heard in the spoken speech and, indeed, cannot be pronounced by any conceivable position of the vocal organs, are not to be dropped from the written speech, because they seem to remind us, or at any rate some of us, of forms in the languages from which they originally came. It sends a peculiar thrill of rapture, we are assured, through the heart of the student to find, for illustration, in *deign*, *feign*, *reign* and *impugn* a letter *g*, which he can never possibly use. Silent as it is to the ear, it is nevertheless eloquent with all the tender associations connected with *dignor*, *fingo*, *regno* and *impugno*. That persons with little education—and, on the other hand, those with the highest linguistic training—should not share in these feelings, is not at all to the purpose. They are not really the ones to be consulted. Between these two classes lies a vast body of educated men whose wishes in this matter must be considered paramount. That the argument in their behalf may not be charged with misrepresentation, it is desirable to quote the following words of Archbishop Trench, who has most ably stated this view of the question:

> "It is urged, indeed, as an answer to this, that the scholar does not need these indications to help him to the pedigree of words with which he deals, that the ignorant is not helped by them; that the one knows without, and that the other does not know with, them, so that in either case they are profitable for nothing. Let it be freely granted that this, in both these cases, is true; but between these two extremes there is a multitude of persons, neither accomplished scholars, on the one side, nor yet wholly without the knowledge of all languages save their own, on the other; and I cannot doubt that it is of great value that these should have all helps enabling them to recognize the words which they are using, whence they came, to what words in the languages they are nearly related, and what is their properest and strictest meaning."

The proper answer to any such argument is, of course, that the only legitimate office of spelling is to represent pronunciation; that it was for that purpose alone that the alphabet, the greatest of human inventions, was originally designed; and that to turn aside orthography from this, its proper function, is not a praiseworthy application of it, but an actual perversion. But, equally, of course, such an answer as this would utterly fail to satisfy him who makes use of the argument. In his mind the derivation of the word, its connection with a remote ancestry, is a weighty, if not the most weighty, consideration. It becomes, therefore, a matter of importance to subject this fallacy to a strict examination. Nor need it be denied that the advocates of etymological orthography, so far as that can be said to exist at all, have a certain support for their views in the character of that part of our speech taken not indirectly, but directly, from the Latin. In such cases the spelling generally represents with great accuracy the derivation. Thus, *portion* is the very root of *portio*, seen in the genitive *portionis*. There is accordingly an air of plausibility about the reasoning which is directed against changing the forms of such words, and it is perhaps not wonderful that to those who fix their attention solely, or even chiefly, upon this class, the argument against any change should seem unanswerable. They forget that not only are such words as these comparatively few in number and little used, save in special styles of composition, but that they are the ones which in any reformed orthography, would require the least alteration. Moreover, the alteration which they would undergo would follow certain precise and invariable rules, and the rules once being known, the application of them would always be a matter of little trouble.

But the moment we come to words derived from the Anglo-Saxon the argument turns out a conspicuous failure. The same remark is true, though perhaps to a less extent, of words taken from the Latin through the medium of the Norman-French; and these are the two classes that make up the warp and woof of our speech. In the case of both, it is perfectly safe to say that the present spelling, in a large number of instances, not only offers no such clue to the derivation as would a phonetic spelling; it is itself often absolutely misleading. In point of fact, the advocates of the fallacy of etymology are necessarily driven into the wildest inconsistencies in order to sustain it. They affirm in regard to one class of words what they are compelled to deny in regard to another. How true this is, a glance at a few examples will make strikingly manifest.

To begin with the Anglo-Saxon element, let us assume an extreme case, that a serious effort is put forth to drop the silent *k* of the word *knave*. Nobody ever pronounces it now,—there is not the slightest probability that anybody will ever pronounce it in the future. Yet it requires no violent effort of the imagination to picture both the sorrowful and the indignant protests that such a proposal would call forth, if there existed any chance of its adoption. Countless would be the references to the story of the word. We should be told over and over again how it represents the Anglo-Saxon *cnafa*, a boy, and how the *k* still connects it for us directly with the German *knabe*. It might be thought by some a sufficient answer to this that as we have to a certain extent disregarded the derivation by substituting for *c* a letter *k*, which properly did not belong to the Anglo-Saxon alphabet, no great harm would result if we dropped it altogether; and that this particular letter the Germans have the best reason in the world for retaining, from the fact that they sound it. But as this to the believer in etymological orthography would be unsatisfactory, let us carry his argument one step further. An initial *h*, followed by *l*, *n* and *r*, began many words in the earliest English from which it is now dropped. Thus, for example, *lot* was originally *hlot*, *loud* was *hlud*, *nut* was *hnut*, *roof* was *hrôf*. If it be an outrage to drop the *k* of *knave*, what are we to think of that earlier outrage, which has dropped the *h* from such words as these? If etymology is so important in the one case, what right have we to persist in the use of a spelling which disregards it in the other? Or is there, in this respect, a privilege granted to our fathers which is denied to us? In all these instances, the letters referred to have that charm, so dear to many hearts, of perfect uselessness as regards pronunciation; but they are equally essential to derivation. The only defense of the present inconsistency lies in the fact that to the one way of spelling we are accustomed, and to the other we are not accustomed. But this, necessarily, takes the subject at once outside of the domain of reason, and places it within that of sentiment.

But the inconsistency of the advocates of etymological spelling appears full as conspicuously in the case of words taken from the Latin through the medium of the Norman-French. No better illustration, to start with, can be found than in *honor* or *honour*, a word about which an orthographical battle, not particularly creditable to the human intellect, has raged for more than a hundred years. From the time of Johnson the importance of writing it with a *u* has been strongly insisted upon; and the impropriety, and even depravity, of writing it without that letter has exercised the minds, and disturbed the hearts of a large number of worthy members of society. The remote Latin original is *honor*. What is the objection to spelling it in that way? The answer is not that this form would represent with no more exactness the pronunciation; it is that by this method the immediate derivation would be hid. The French word from which it came is, we are told, *honneur*, and that contains a *u*—not to speak of one or two other letters which it has never been found convenient to take into consideration. The only proper course therefore is to write it *honour*, for otherwise we should all of us forget about the French *honneur*, and think only of the Latin *honor;* and to escape from such a calamity measures too energetic can hardly be taken.

Unfortunately it was not from *honneur* that the English *honour* was derived, as indeed the difference in orthography might at once suggest. The Latin *honor* came into Old French with a large number of spellings. Burguy, in his glossary of that tongue during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, gives fifteen different ways in which this word was written, preference being given by him to the ancient form *honor*. Curiously enough among these fifteen ways, *honour* is not found; the nearest approach to it is *hounour*. But such an orthography must have been common in the fourteenth century, at which period the word was adopted into English, for then it usually, in fact almost invariably, appears as *honour*. That form doubtless represented the pronunciation then prevalent; for in those days of darkness it was the intention and aim to spell phonetically. So it continued to be written for a hundred and fifty years. But after the revival of classical learning, a change took place in the thoughts and feelings of men on almost every conceivable subject; and among other things their opinions on the proper office of spelling underwent more or less modification. The sixteenth century had its orthographical etymologists as well as the nineteenth. In both periods there is little difference as to the character or amount of knowledge displayed by the upholders of this doctrine; but as they looked at the

matter from entirely different points of view, they were naturally led to follow entirely different lines of action. In the sixteenth century the tendency made itself strongly manifest to disregard the immediate original in the case of words coming from the Old French, and go directly back to the form found in the Latin. Two methods of spelling the same term were in consequence to be found side by side. The inevitable result of such a state of things was to add a new element of disorder to the existing chaos, when one form came to be arbitrarily selected as the standard; when, for illustration, men were taught to write in one case *actor* and *torpor*, after the Latin, in another case *governour* and *labour*, after the Old French. So in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the word which had been written *honour* came frequently and perhaps generally to be written without the *u*. Thus in the Shakspere folio of 1623, where it occurs several hundred times, it appears in the great majority of instances as *honor*, but occasionally likewise as *honour*. The modern advocates of etymological orthography may claim that the argument in this case really makes for their own side; and that it is our duty to rectify the errors of our fathers. But they cannot stop at this point. What is to be done with that large body of words whose immediate origin has been disguised by the perverse learning of the ancient advocates of etymological orthography? Take the two familiar illustrations of *debt* and *doubt*. In these nobody, unless some "racker of orthography," as Shakspere expresses it, ever attempted to pronounce the *b*. In the Old French from which the words were taken, they appear generally as *dete*, *dette*, and *dote*, *doute*. At any rate it was from *dette* and *doute* that they came into our tongue; for these are the forms in which they are found in the writings of Chaucer and his successors. But in the sixteenth century men had learned that the remote Latin primitives of those words were *debitum* and *dubitare*, and consequently a *b* was inserted. There it has since continued to remain. The silent letter, indeed, in these two instances is eloquently eulogized by Archbishop Trench, although its addition has had precisely the same effect as the dropping of the *u* in *honor*, the obscuring of the immediate French original. Even he who rejoices in its uselessness as regards pronunciation might justly bewail the way in which the present spelling darkens derivation. Yet in this matter so much are we under the control of sentiment and not of reason, that life would be made miserable for many of us were the *b* of *debt* and *doubt* to be dropped.

In fact, the spelling of our language is in too many cases a melancholy result of ignorant effort to make the orthography fulfill the illegitimate function of denoting derivation, instead of its legitimate one of representing pronunciation. For this, that middle class so highly lauded by Archbishop Trench as "neither accomplished scholars, on the one side, nor yet wholly without the knowledge of all languages save their own, on the other," are mainly responsible. Etymology is a science requiring for its mastery years of special study: it involves in many instances drudgery of the dryest sort; yet there is no one subject of human investigation upon which men who have dabbled a little in language pronounce opinions more positively; and the positiveness is usually in pretty exact proportion to the ignorance. It is to their zeal without knowlege that we owe the introduction of most of those monstrous forms, which, as the poet says of Vice,

"We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The half-learning which so vigorously fights reform of English orthography now has been equally active in the past in foisting upon the language barbarous spelling founded upon absurd derivation.

In this point of view the story that can be told of two common words is suggestive. These are *whole* and *hot*. In the case of the former, nobody from the first moment of recorded time ever pronounced the *w*, and there is not the slightest probability that anybody ever will. Worse, even, than this, it is a letter that not only does not aid the spelling, but actually hides the derivation. The Anglo-Saxon original was *hal*, from which we still have the adjective *hale*. For a long period this word, which now begins with *w*, was spelled *hole* or *hol*. But in the sixteenth century the application of crazy etymology to orthography began. Such words as *who* and *whoop* have always had a *w* belonging to them, though no longer pronounced, and by a false analogy with these the letter was sometimes also prefixed to *hot*, which had for its primitive the form *hât*. For an illustration of the latter fact, out of scores of instances which might be quoted, take the following from the second book of the "Faery Queene":

"He soone approached, panting, breathlesse, *whot.*"
Canto IV., 37.

"From their *whot* work they did themselves withdraw."
Canto VII., 37.

"Upon a mightie fornace, burning *whott.*"
Canto IX., 29.

Excluding minor variations, *whole* during the sixteenth century was sometimes spelled *whole* and sometimes *hole*; *hot* was sometimes spelled *hot* and sometimes *whot*. As luck would have it,—for it was throughout a mere matter of chance,—the intruding letter triumphed in the one case and was defeated in the other; and accordingly we write *hot* without the *w*, and *whole* with it. In the instance of the latter, a return to a form at once phonetically and etymologically correct would be quite impossible in the present state of public sentiment; but to suppose that in retaining this absurd blunder of our fathers we are governed by reason and not by feeling is a delusion which the history of the word at once dissipates.

Nor must it be imagined that processes like those which have given a *w* to *whole*, an *s* to *island*, an *h* to *rhyme*, a *g* to *sovereign* and *foreign*, a *gh* to *delight*, are no longer in operation, though it must be granted that their power of producing harm is constantly growing weaker. Still the men who get their etymology by inspiration are like the poor, in that we have them always with us. One illustration will suffice. A conflict between a true and a false spelling is now silently going on in the case of the word *controller*, more usually written *comptroller*. This latter orthography is in utter defiance of the derivation, the original meaning of the term and its present pronunciation. Its history makes this at once clear. *Controller* is in Norman-French *countre-rouler*, in law Latin *contrarotulator*; and these again were taken from the Latin *contra*, against, and the diminutive *rotulus*, *rotula*, a little wheel, which, in the middle ages, acquired the meaning of "roll." The controller, in consequence, was the one who kept the counter-roll or register, by which the entries on some other roll were tested. How naturally the possession of such an office would be apt to give him holding it "control" over certain others, in the modern sense of the word, it needs but a glance to see plainly. But as early as the sixteenth century, some member of that class, "neither accomplished scholars, on the one side, nor yet wholly without the knowledge of all languages save their own, on the other," got the notion into their heads that the word came from the French *compter*, to count, the original of which was the Latin *computare*. From this absurd derivation sprang the absurder spelling *comptroller*, and the two forms have existed side by side to the present time; but the latter, in spite of its defiance of etymology and pronunciation, is coming to be the one generally preferred.

Such a line of argument as the above is the merest commonplace to scholars; and many of them are disposed in consequence to resent any discussion at all of this fallacy of derivation. As well, say they, might astronomers waste time and labor in undermining the foundations upon which the Ptolemaic system was built. It can certainly be conceded that those who think most of etymology in matters of orthography are the ones who know least of it. Yet no careful observer of the controversy on the question of spelling reform can fail to see that this fallacy is the one which has the strongest and deepest hold upon the feelings of the educated class. It is constantly advanced by men, who, though not at all proficient in linguistic studies, have attained deservedly high distinction in literature; and the authority which they have legitimately won in other fields is naturally, even if irrationally, extended to subjects about which their opinions are worth absolutely nothing. The wide acceptance of such a view accordingly raises a barrier which must be utterly broken down before there can be a reasonable prospect of the adoption of any reform whatever. The strength of it, moreover, is largely re-inforced by the prevalence of another generally received fallacy, connected indirectly with this question, that a knowledge of the derivation of words is a desirable, if not an essential, requisite to their proper use, and that in consequence the spelling should be made to conform to the etymology for that particular reason. The existence of great authors in every literature, who had either no knowledge or incorrect knowledge of the sources of the speech which they wielded at will, is an argument against this absurd assumption which may be, and ordinarily is, ignored, but can never be squarely met. It is not from their originals nor from their past meanings that men learn the value of the terms they employ; it is from actual experience or observation or from the

present usage of the best speakers and writers. Is the meaning of "nausea" any plainer after we have learned that it is a Greek word which comes from *naus*, a "ship," and in consequence strictly denotes sea-sickness? One hour's experience of the feeling will give any person a keener appreciation and a preciser knowledge of the signification than a whole year's study of the derivation. Will "stirrup" be employed with greater clearness after one has learned that in the earliest English it was *stige-râp*, and that it consequently meant originally the "rope" by which one "sties" or mounts the horse? The information thus gained has an independent value of its own; it may likewise be of interest; it may satisfy an intelligent curiosity; it may show that the first stirrups were probably made of ropes; but it implies a mistaken and confused conception of the benefit to be gained by etymological study to fancy that one result of it will be to enable a man to use the language he speaks with more marked precision and expressiveness. It is only in exceptional cases, when a word is beginning to wander away from its primitive sense, that a knowledge of the derivation imparts accuracy. But even here there is a difficulty existing in the fact that this transition of meaning is either a natural development which ought not to be held in check, or it is a general perversion which the etymological training of the few is in most instances utterly unable to arrest. How powerless the latter influence is can be seen clearly in the change now going on before our eyes in the use of the term "avocation." It is at present, in this country at least, frequently employed to denote its exact opposite "vocation"; for, as the derivation at once makes plain, a man's avocations have little or nothing to do with his regular calling; they are the things, whether duties or pleasures, which take him away or divert him from his calling. But while there is an obligation resting upon every one to fight against such perversions while they are taking place, there is no need of lamenting their existence after they have once become established. The history of language is the history of blunders, which one age perpetrates ignorantly, and the following age clings to loyally. No one can ever discuss intelligently the phenomena of speech as manifested in the use of words until he has learned the primary principle that a tongue never grows debased or corrupt till the men who employ it have themselves become debased and corrupt; that the former will be very certain fitly to represent the elevation of thoughts and feeling of the latter; and that if the latter will take care of themselves, the former may be safely left to take care of itself.

Closely allied to this fallacy of derivation is what may be called the fallacy of history. So closely allied is it, indeed, that when the one is spoken of, it is the other that is usually meant. The opponent of change in the existing orthography is apt condescendingly to assure the advocates of it, that in their efforts after reform they forget that words have a history of their own; and after he has made this far from novel remark, he usually goes on to make clear by illustration that he himself has no conception of what it means. "Shall we," asks a recent writer, after reciting this well-worn formula,—"shall we mask the Roman origin of Cirencester and Towcester by spelling them Sissiter and Touster," as they are pronounced? It is evident in this case from the connection, that this decryer of change intends to say that by altering the orthography of these proper names, their history would be obscured; what he actually says is that their derivation, that is a single point in their history, would be shut out from sight. For the leading idea at the bottom of such an argument, if it has any idea at all, must necessarily be that the particular form which the word has assumed at the first period of its existence is the form that ought always to be preserved. Now if orthography is to represent etymology, there is method in this madness, at least if we are able to both obtain and retain the earliest spelling. But the former we cannot do, save in very few cases; the latter we have scarcely done in any case at all. On the other hand, the maintenance of one form through all periods not only contributes nothing to the history of a word, it actually does all that it can to prevent its history being known. This is a point plain enough to him who thinks on these matters; but, as in the discussions of this subject the feelings are usually brought into play and not the reason, it is no wonder that it escapes the notice of most.

But a little reflection will make manifest at once, that as a matter of fact, it is the spoken word only that can have a history; it is in the changes which the written word has undergone that this history is recorded and preserved. If the latter remains in a petrified condition, all knowledge of the suc-

cessive stages through which the former has passed, or may pass, at once disappears, unless it can be gained from outside sources. The moment the word comes to have a fixed, unchangeable exterior form, no matter what alterations may take place in its interior life, that is to say in its sound, that moment its history, independent of the meaning it conveys, becomes doubtful and obscure. Two terms designating common diseases will serve as illustrations of the opposite condition of things here indicated. They are "quinsy" and "phthisic." The one can be traced through the successive forms of "squincy" and "squinacy," "squinancy" to its immediate Romance original, and from that still further back to the Greek. In this case a history is unrolled before us. But the word "phthisic," as it is now generally written, gives no such information. At first, to be sure, it was ordinarily spelled as it was pronounced. In Milton it can be found with the orthography "tizzic"; and such a form makes evident at once how it was then sounded, just as do the corresponding *tisico* in Italian and *tisica* in Spanish. But what possible contribution to its history can be furnished by going back to the Greek original, and imposing for all time upon the word a combination of letters which we would not pronounce if we could, and could not if we would? Archbishop Trench has pointed out the transition by which "emmet" has passed into "ant" through the intermediate spellings of "emet" and "amt," which must of course have represented this change of sound. By this means a history has been preserved to us. But he certainly has no right to felicitate himself on such a result. If his theories are true, while we pronounce the word "ant" we ought to write it "emmet"; because, to use his own argument, letters silent to the ear would still be most eloquent to the eye, and in this particular case some of us would be made happy by being reminded of the Anglo-Saxon original *æmet*.

Even using history in the narrow and imperfect sense in which those who talk about it constantly employ it, we are no better off. Nearly every old word in the English language has had different forms at different periods of its existence. Which one of these is to be taken as the standard? When does this so-called history begin? Shall we write "head" because it is the custom to do so now? or shall we go back to the Anglo-Saxon original, *heáfod?* or shall we adopt any one of the numerous later forms such, for instance, as "heved" or "heed" or "hed"? We do not, in fact, cling to the present spelling of the word because it gives us a knowledge of its history, for it does not do this at all; nor because it gives us a knowledge of its derivation, for this it does very little; nor because it conforms to pronunciation, for this it does still less; we cling to it simply because we are used to it. Even in the case of Cirencester and Towcester, above mentioned, the same statement is true, though strictly they would not enter into the discussion of this question. Proper names, being individual in their nature, are more or less under the control of the individuals who own them, and who can and do exercise the right of changing them at will. But for the sake of the argument let us assume that it would be a gross outrage to spell the names of these two places as they are pronounced; let us admit that all knowledge of their Roman origin would be lost by such a change to those who did not care enough about it to make it a subject of special study. It is, accordingly, a legitimate inference that, in the designation of towns, the main office of the orthography is to point out their origin. But this principle, if worth anything, ought to be carried through consistently. What shall be done then in such a case as that of Exeter? The ancient name was Exancester, which subsequently became Exscester, still later, Excester, and as early at least as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, usually Exeter. If it be the object of spelling to impart this interesting information about the origin of places, ought we not to return at any rate to the form Excester, to show that the Romans once had a permanent military station on the banks of the Exe? The value of all such knowledge is invariably something assumed, not estimated. The few who need it can always easily acquire it without the necessity of perverting orthography from its legitimate functions to the business of imparting it. How many of the inhabitants of Boston in Lincolnshire and of Boston in Massachusetts lead happy, honored and useful lives, and go down to their graves in blissful unconsciousness of the fact that the name of their city has been shortened from Botolph's town! How many of them are aware, indeed, that such a saint as Botolph ever existed at all? In every case our prejudices are in favor of the actual spelling now employed, whether it represent pronunciation or derivation, and those prejudices are due simply to the fact

that we are used to it, and to nothing else whatever. It is sentiment that rules us, not science. This may or may not be well; but it is not well for any man to deceive himself or others by allowing the former to masquerade in the garments of the latter. There is no middle ground in this question. The cause of the present orthography may be upheld by an appeal to the feelings: it can never be helped by resort to reasoning. He who sets out to justify the existing system by arguments addressed to the intellect finds himself at once involved in a maze of contradictions and absurdities, and wearies himself in fruitless efforts to explain the unexplainable, and to defend the indefensible.

There is still another fallacy, founded purely upon ignorance, which was once the most potent and prevalent of all; but which, with the ever-increasing knowledge of the history of our speech, is now rarely heard. This is the opinion that the current orthography has been in existence from some very remote period, and has therefore about it that sanctity which, when everything else praiseworthy is lacking, we are apt to accord to antiquity. The facts in regard to this have already been stated indirectly, and it is in consequence not necessary to do anything more than recapitulate them here. The present spelling was reached approximately in the latter part of the seventeenth century; that is to say, the majority of words had then assumed the form which they now have. There was still, however, wide variation in usage, as a comparison of different books published at that period clearly shows. Yet while a tendency toward a mechanical uniformity, under the influence of the printing-office, went steadily on from that time, it was not until the appearance of Johnson's dictionary in 1755, that the orthography can be said to have become fixed. Even from that established by this lexicographer, there has been some little change. The final *k*, which he insisted on retaining in words that denoted the same sound by *c*, as "publick" (Latin, *public-us)* and "back" (Anglo-Saxon, *bäc)*, in the largest number of cases has now been discarded; but not without protest from many who saw in this innovation a blow dealt at the foundations of the language. It must not be supposed that this was a reform intelligently planned and consistently carried out. Had such been the fact there might have been occasions for fear that lurking somewhere in secret, a rational principle was at work in the effort to bring harmony and order out of the chaos in which English orthography is plunged. To avoid even such a suspicion, everything was left to chance; and as a result of it we write "hammock," for illustration, with a *k*, and "havoc" without one. But in the main the forms which Johnson adopted have been preserved unchanged from his day to our own; and while variations still exist, it may fairly be claimed that, roughly speaking, we have attained uniformity. It is accordingly just to say that the present spelling has all the sacredness which springs from being one hundred to one hundred and fifty years old. The fact has come to be so generally known, that it requires now more than ordinary proficiency in ignorance to advance the argument of antiquity, which once did the most effective service. The decline and fall of this belief is but one of the numerous illustrations of the miserable realities into which the magnificent pretensions of modern orthography sink, when subjected to the scrutiny of history.

There is still an objection to change, which is gravely brought forward by Archbishop Trench, and seems to be regarded by some as so serious that it requires a passing notice. This is to the effect that great confusion would be caused by writing alike words which have the same sound to the ear but are now distinguished by the spelling to the eye, such, for instance, as "son" and "sun," "rain" and "reign" and "rein." This is one of those difficulties which are very formidable on paper, and nowhere else. There is scarcely a common word in the English language that does not have a wide variety of meanings, sometimes possessing apparently little connection with one another. Does this difference of sense produce real practical inconvenience? Does any one experience trouble, on hearing a sentence containing the adjective "thick," in determining whether the word is an adjective or a noun, or whether it denotes "dense" or "turbid," or "abundant," or a measure of dimension? Given the connection in which it is employed, does any one ever mistake "rain" for "reign" or "rein"? The negative answer, which must be made to such questions as these, disposes at once of a difficulty that has no existence outside of the imagination. For if no trouble is experienced in determining the meaning of words sounded alike, in the hurry of conversation, when the hearer has but a moment to compare the connection and

comprehend the thought, it is certainly borrowing a great deal of unnecessary anxiety to fancy that any embarrassment could be caused in reading, where there is ample opportunity to stop and consider the context and reflect upon the sense which the passage must have. The actual existence of such a difficulty would imply a want of capacity in human nature, which were it ever justified to the mind of him who asserts it by his individual consciousness, it would be manifestly unfair to attribute to the whole race.

These are the objections to any alteration of English orthography that are most commonly urged. There are others, but they are directed not against reform in itself, but rather against proposed methods of reform. The object of these articles has been to show the existence and nature of a disease, not to discuss methods of cure. For the difficulty in this matter is that having become acclimated in childhood we have forgotten in what an unhealthy orthographical climate we are living, or have become indifferent to it. Yet it is not so much that the public is opposed to remedying what it deems evil; it simply does not see that there is an evil. To remove the hold that the present spelling has upon the feelings of most persons is one of the first steps that must be taken before reform of any kind can hope to receive serious consideration; and because its hold is upon the feelings and not the intellect, it is necessarily a work that cannot be accomplished in a day. The ignorant and almost puerile prejudices that are displayed in reference to this subject are likely to end for nearly all who are now swayed by them only with their lives; but it is possible to prevent their perpetuation and spread. We cannot expect any reform to be fairly examined so long as in the eyes of educated men the spelling of a particular word in a particular way is a particular evidence of total depravity. There is no objection under our present system to any person writing "metre" with *re* and its compound, "diameter," with *er*. It is only when he insists that where everything is irrational, his particular irrationality shall be looked upon as a contribution to the purity of the English tongue, that his ignorance makes of him a nuisance. It is full time for us to abandon a groveling superstition, which in the minds of many has confounded the worship of the letter with the worship of letters. If we cannot free ourselves from the trammels of our present orthography, we can certainly free ourselves from the absurd notion that there is anything about it either respectable or reasonable; and those who come after us may be at liberty to consider and remedy some, if not all, of the evils under which we are now suffering. If in the future, to schemes of reform can be given that careful and candid examination which hitherto every single one of them has been prevented from receiving by stupid prejudices and stupid fancies which their owners have dignified with the name of ideas; if this can be given, we may hope that after numberless failures, success will at length be attained; that the language we speak will not be forever disgraced by an orthography, to the vicious variations of which, when we set out to learn it, we can see no end, and in which, after having learned it, we can find no sense.

WIDOWED.

She did not sigh for death, nor make sad moan,
Turning from smiles as one who solace fears,
But filled with kindly deeds the waiting years;
Yet, in her heart of hearts, she lived alone,
And in her voice there thrilled an undertone
That seemed to rise from soundless depths of tears;
As, when the sea is calm, one sometimes hears
The long, low murmur of a storm, unknown
Within the sheltered haven where he stands,
While tokens of a tempest overpast
The changing tide brings to the shining sands;
So on the surface of her life was cast,
An ever present shadow of the day,
When Love and Joy went hand in hand away.

SLEEP OF YEARS.

No green that greets the early Spring
When first her presence quickens there,
Glows as the crown her maidens bring
When Autumn binds her yellow hair.

No bird may build its sheltered nest
In bough with gladdening verdure grown;
But silence dwells, a sweeter guest,
When leaves are gone and broods have flown.

No light e'er lay in loved one's eye,
Or passion on the lover's tongue,
As tenderly as thoughts will lie
The dimmest memories among.

No smiles that rising morn may wear
Are blest as shades when evening nears;
No wakefulness, however fair,
As beautiful as sleep of years.

"HAWORTH'S." *

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.

CHAPTER LII.

"HAWORTH'S IS DONE WITH."

ALMOST at the same moment, Haworth was reading, in his room at the Works, the letter which had been left for himself.

"I have borne as much as I can bear," it ended. "My punishment for my folly is that I am a ruined man and a fugitive. My presence upon the scene, when the climax comes, would be of no benefit to either of us. Pardon me, if you can, for the wrong I have unintentionally done you. My ill-luck was sheerly the result of circumstances. Even yet, I cannot help thinking that there were great possibilities in my plans. But you will not believe this and I will say no more. "In haste,

"Ffrench."

When Rachel Ffrench had finished reading her note she had lighted a taper and held the paper to it until it was reduced to ashes, and had afterward turned away merely a shade paler and colder than before. Haworth having finished the reading of Ffrench's letter, sat for a few seconds staring down at it as it lay before him on the table. Then he burst into a brutal laugh.

After that, he sat stupefied—his elbows on the table, his head on his hands. He did not move for half an hour.

The Works saw very little of him during the day. He remained alone in his room, not showing himself, and one of the head clerks, coming in from the Bank on business, went back mystified, and remarked in confidence to a companion that "things had a queer look."

He did not leave the Works until late, and then went home. All through the evening his mother watched him in her old tender way. She tried to interest him with her history of the Briarley's bereavement and unexpected good fortune. She shed tears over her recital.

"So old, my dear," she said, wiping her eyes. "Old enough to have outlived her own,—an' her ways a little hard," "I'd like to be grieved for, more, Jem—though perhaps it's only nat'ral as it should be so. She hadn't no son to miss her as you'll miss me. *I* shouldn't like to be the last, Jem."

He had been listening mechanically and he started and turned to her.

"The last?" he said. "Aye, it's a bit hard."

It was as if she had suggested a new thought to him of which he could not rid himself at once. He kept looking at her, his eyes wandering restlessly over her frail little figure and innocent old face.

"But I haven't no fear," she went on, "though we never know what's to come. You're a strong man, and there's not like to be many more years for me—though I'm so well an' happy."

"You might live a score," he answered

in an abstracted way, his eyes still fixed on her.

"Not without you," she returned. "It's you that's life to me—an' strength—an' peace." The innocent tears were in her voice again, and her eyes were bright with them.

He lay down awhile but could not lie still. He got up and came and stood near her and talked and then moved here and there, picking up one thing and another, holding them idly for a few seconds and then setting them aside. At last she was going to bed and came to bid him good-night. He laid his hand on her shoulder caressingly.

"There's never been aught like trouble between us two," he said. "I've been a quiet enough chap, and different somehow —when I've been nigh you. What I've done, I've done for your sake and for the best."

In the morning the Works were closed, the doors of the Bank remained unopened, and the news spread like wildfire from house to house and from street to street and beyond the limits of the town—until before noon it was known through the whole country side that Ffrench had fled and Jem Haworth was a ruined man.

It reached the public ear in the first instance in the ordinary commonplace manner through the individuals who had suddenly descended upon the place to take possession. A great crowd gathered about the closed gates and murmured and stared and anathematized.

"Theer's been summat up for mony a month," said one sage. "I've seed it. He wur na hissen, wur na Haworth."

"Nay," said another, "that he wur na. Th' chap has na been o' a decent spree sin' Ffrench coom."

"Happen," added a third, "*that* wur what started him on th' road downhill. A chap is na good fur much as has na reg'lar habits."

"Aye, an' Haworth wur reg'lar enow when he set up. Good Lord! who'd ha' thowt o' that chap i' bankrup'cy!"

At the outset the feeling manifested was not unamiable to Haworth, but it was not very long before the closing of the Bank dawned upon the public in a new light. It meant loss and ruin. The first man who roused the tumult was a burly farmer who dashed into the town on a sweating horse, spurring it as he rode and wearing a red and furious face. He left his horse at an inn and came down to the Bank, booted and spurred and whip in hand.

"Wheer's Ffrench?" he shouted to the smaller crowd attracted there, and whose views as to the ultimate settlement of things were extremely vague. "Wheer's Ffrench an' wheer's Haworth?"

Half a dozen voices volunteered information regarding Ffrench, but no one knew anything of Haworth. He might be in a dozen places, but no one had yet seen him or heard of his whereabouts. The man began to push his way toward the building, swearing hotly. He mounted the steps and struck violently on the door with his whip.

"I'll mak' him hear if he's shut hissen i' here," he cried. "Th' shifty villain's got ivvery shillin' o' brass I've been savin' for my little wench for th' last ten year. I'll ha' it back, if it's to be gotten."

"Tha'lt ne'er see it again," shouted a voice in the crowd. "Tha'dst better ha' stuck to th' owd stockin', lad."

Then the uproar began. One luckless depositor after another was added to the crowd. They might easily be known among the rest by their pale faces. Some of them were stunned into silence, but the greater portion of them were loud and passionate in their outcry. A few women hung on the outskirts, wiping their eyes every now and then with their aprons, and sometimes bursting into audible fits of weeping.

"I've been goin' out charrin' for four year," said one, "to buy silks an' satins fur th' gentry. Yo' nivver seed *her* i' owt else."

And all knew whom she meant, and joined in shouts of rage.

Sometimes it was Ffrench against whom their anger was most violent—Ffrench, who had been born among them a gentleman, and who should have been gentleman enough not to plunder and deceive them. And again it was Haworth—Haworth, who had lived as hard as any of them and knew what their poverty was, and should have done fairly by them, if ever man should.

In the course of the afternoon Murdoch, gathering no news of Haworth elsewhere, went to his house. A panic-stricken servant let him in and led him into the great room where he had spent his first evening, long ago. Despite its splendor, it looked empty and lifeless, but when he entered, there rose from a carved and satin upholstered chair in one corner a little old figure in a black dress—Jem Haworth's mother, who came to him with a white but calm face.

"Sir," were her greeting words, "where is he?"

"I came to see him," he answered, "I thought——"

"No," she interrupted, "he is not here. He has not been here since morning."

She began to tremble, but she shed no tears.

"There's been a good many to ask for him," she went on. "Gentlemen, an' them as was rough, an' didn't mind me bein' a woman an' old. They were harder than you'd think, an'—troubled as I've been, I was glad he was not here to see 'em. But I'd be more comfortable if I could rightly understand."

"I can only tell you what I know," he said. "It isn't much. I have only gathered it from people on the streets."

He led her back to her chair, and did not loosen his light grasp on her hand while he told her the story as he had heard it. His own mood was so subdued that it was easier than he had thought to use words which would lighten the first weight of the blow.

She asked no questions after his explanation was over.

"He's a poor man," she said at last,—"a poor man, but—we was poor before."

Suddenly her tears burst forth.

"They've said hard things to me to-day," she cried. "I don't believe 'em, Jem, my dear—now less than ever."

He comforted her as best he could. He could easily understand what they had told her, how much of the truth and how much of angry falsehood.

"When he comes back," she said, "I shall be here to meet him. Wherever he is, an' however much he's broke down with trouble, he knows that. He'll come here to-night, an' I shall be here."

Before he went away he asked if he might send Christian or his mother to her. But though she thanked him, she refused.

"I know how good they'd be," she said, "an' what a comfort in the lonesomeness, but when he comes he'll want to be alone, an' a unfamiliar face might trouble him."

But he did not come back. The day went on, and the excitement increased and waned by turns. The crowd grew and surged about the Bank and shouted itself hoarse, and would have broken a few windows if it had not been restrained by the police force, who appeared upon the field; and there were yells for Haworth and for Ffrench, but by this time Mr. Ffrench had reached Rotterdam and Haworth was—no one knew where, since he had not been seen at all. And when at length dusk fell upon the town, the crowd had dwindled away and gone home by ones and twos, and in Jem Haworth's house sat his mother, watching and waiting, and straining her ears to catch every passing sound.

She had kept up her courage bravely through the first part of the day, but the strangers who came one after the other, and sometimes even two or three together, to demand her son with loud words and denunciations and even threats, were a sore trial to her. Some of them flung their evil stories at her without remorse, taking it for granted that they were nothing new to her ears, and even those who had some compunction muttered among themselves and hinted angrily at what the others spoke outright. Her strength began to give way, and she quailed and trembled before them, but she never let their words pass without a desperate effort to defend her boy. Then they stared or laughed at her, or went away in sullen silence, and she was left to struggle with her grief and terror alone until some new call was made upon her, and she must bear all again. When the twilight came she was still alone, and sat in the darkened room battling against a dread which had crept slowly upon her. Of all those who had come none had known where he was. They did not know in the town, and he had not come back.

"He might go," she whispered, "but he'd not go without me. He's been true and fond of his mother, let them say what they will. He'd never leave me here alone."

Her thoughts went back over the long years from his birth to the day of his highest success. She remembered how he had fought with fate, and made his way and refused to be conquered. She thought of the wealth he had won, the power, the popularity, and of his boast that he had never been beaten, and she began to sob in the shadow of her corner.

"He's lost it all," she cried. "An' he won it with his own hands an' worked for it an' bore up agen a world! An' it's gone!"

It was when she came to this point that her terror seized on her as it had never done before. She got up, shaking in every limb.

"I'll go to him myself," she said. "Who should go to him but his mother? Who should find him an' be a help to him if I

can't? Jem—Jem, my dear, it's *me* that's comin' to you—*me!*"

He had been sitting in a small back office in the Bank all through the day when they had been calling and searching for him. He had got in early and locked the door and waited, knowing well enough all that was to come. It was no feeling of fear that made him keep hidden; he had done with fear—if, indeed, he had ever felt it in his life. He knew what he was going to do and he laid his plans coolly. He was to stay here and do the work that lay before him and leave things as straight as he could, and then at night when all was quiet he would make his way out in the dark and go to the Works. It was only a fancy, this, of going to the Works, but he clung to it persistently.

He had never been clearer-headed in his life—only, sometimes as he was making a calculation or writing a letter he would dash down his work and fall to cursing.

"There's not another chap in England that had done it," he would say. "And it's gone!—it's gone!—it's gone!"

Then again he would break into a short laugh, remembering the M. P. and his speech and poor Ffrench's stumbling, overwhelmed reply to it. When he heard the crowd shouting and hooting at the front, he went into a room facing the street and watched them through a chink in the shutter. He heard the red-faced farmer's anathemas, and swore a little himself, knowing his story was true.

"Tha shalt have all Haworth can give, chaps," he muttered, "an' welcome. He'll tak' nowt with him."

He laughed again but suddenly stopped, and walked back into the little office silently and waited there.

At night-fall he went out of a back door and slipped through unfrequented by-ways, feeling his heart beat with heavy thuds as he went. Nothing stood in his way and he got in, as he believed he should. The instant his foot crossed the threshold a change came upon him. He forgot all else but what lay before him. He was less calm, and in some little hurry.

He reached his room and lighted the gas dimly—only so that he could see to move about. Then he went to his desk and opened it and took out one of a pair of pistols, speaking aloud as he did so.

"Here," he said, "is the end of Jem Haworth."

He knew where to aim, the heavy thuds marked the spot for him, and his hand was steady.

He had said he would count three before he pulled the trigger, and he had counted but two when he stopped and his hand fell at his side with his weapon in it.

For at the door stood his mother. In an instant she had fallen upon her knees and dragged herself toward him and was clinging to his hand.

"No—Jem!" she panted. "No, not that, my dear—God forbid!"

He staggered back though she still clung to him.

"How," he faltered,—"how did you come here?"

"The Lord led me," she sobbed. "He put it into my heart and showed me the way, an' you had forgot the door, Jem—thank God!"

"You—saw—what I was going to do?"

"What you *was* goin' to do, but what you'll never do, Jem, an' me to live an' suffer when it's done—me as you've been so good an' such a comfort to."

In the dim light she knelt sobbing at his feet.

"Let me sit down," he said. "And sit down nigh me. I've summat to tell you."

But though he sank into the chair she would not get up but kept her place in spite of him and went on.

"To-day there have been black tales told you?" he said.

"Yes," she cried, "but——"

"They're true," he said, "th' worst on 'em."

"No—no!"

He stopped her by going on monotonously as if she had not spoken.

"Think of the worst you've ever known—you've not known much—and then say to yourself, 'He's worse a hundred times'; think of the blackest you have ever known to be done, and then say to yourself, 'What he's done 's blacker yet.' If any chap has told you I've stood at naught until there was next to naught I'd left undone, he spoke true. If there was any one told you I set th' decent ones by the ears and laughed 'em in the face, he spoke true. If any o' 'em said I was a dread and a by-word, they spoke true, too. The night you came there were men and women in th' house that couldn't look you in th' face, and that felt shame for th' first time in their lives—mayhap—because you didn't know what they were, an' took 'em to be as innocent as yourself. There's not a sin I haven't tasted, nor a

wrong I've not done. I've had murder in my mind, an' planned it. I've been mad for a woman not worth even what Jem Haworth had to give her—and I've won all I'd swore I'd win—an' lost it! Now tell me if there's aught else to do but what I've set my mind on?"

She clung to his heavy hand as she had not clung to it before, and laid her withered cheek upon it and kissed it. Bruised and crushed as she was with the blows he had dealt, she would not let it go free yet. Her words came from her lips a broken cry, with piteous sobs between them. But she had her answer ready.

"That as I've thanked God for all my life," she said, "He'll surely give me in the end. He couldn't hold it back—I've so believed an' been grateful to Him. If there hadn't been in you what would make a good man, my dear, I couldn't have been so deceived an' so happy. No—not deceived—that aint the word, Jem—the good was there. You've lived two lives, may be,—but one was good, thank God! You've been a good son to me. You've never hurt me, an' it was your love as hid from me the wrong you did. You did love me, Jem—I wont give that up—never. There's nothing you've done as can stand agen that, with her as is your mother. You loved me an' was my own son—my boy as was a comfort an' a pride to me from the first."

He watched her with a stunned look.

"You didn't believe *them*," he said hoarsely, "and you don't believe *me*?"

She put her hand to her heart and almost smiled.

"It hasn't come home to me yet," she said. "I don't think it ever will."

He looked helplessly toward the pistol on the table. He knew it was all over and he should not use it.

"What must I do?" he said, in the same hoarse voice.

"Get up," she said, "an' come with me. I'm a old woman but my heart's strong, an' we've been poor before. We'll go away together an' leave it all behind—all the sorrow of it an' the sin an' the shame. The life I *thought* you lived, my dear, is to be lived yet. Theer's places where they wont know us an' where we can begin again. Get up and come with me."

He scarcely grasped what she meant.

"With you!" he repeated. "You want me to go now?"

"Yes," she answered, "for Christ's sake, my dear, now."

He began to see the meaning and possibility of her simple, woman's plan, and got up, ready to follow her. And then he found that the want of food and the long day had worn upon him so that he was weak. She put her arm beneath his and tried to support him.

"Lean on me, my dear," she said. "I'm stronger than you think."

They went out, leaving the empty room and the pistol on the table and the dim light burning. And then they had locked the gate and were outside with the few stars shining above and the great black Works looming up before them.

He stopped a moment to look back and up and remembered the key. Suddenly he raised it in his hand and flung it across the top of the locked gate; they heard it fall inside upon the pavement with a clang.

"They'll wonder how it came there," he said. "They'll take down the name tomorrow. 'Haworth's' is done with!"

He turned to her and said, "Come." His voice was a little stronger. They went down the lane together, and were lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER LIII.

"A BIT O' GOOD BLACK."

GRANNY DIXON was interred with pomp and ceremony, or, at least, with what appeared pomp and ceremony in the eyes of the lower social stratum of Broxton.

Mrs. Briarley's idea concerning the legacy left her had been of the vaguest. Her revered relative had shrewdly kept the amount of her possessions strictly to herself, if, indeed, she knew definitely what they were. She had spent but little, discreetly living upon the expectations of her kindred. She had never been known to give anybody anything, and had dealt out the money to be expended upon her own wants with a close hand. Consequently, the principal, which had been a mystery from the first, had accumulated in an agreeably steady manner.

Between her periodic fits of weeping in her character of sole legatee, Mrs. Briarley speculated with matronly prudence upon the possibility of the interest even amounting to "a matter o' ten or fifteen shillin' a week," and found the pangs of bereavement materially softened thereby. There was a great deal of consolation to be derived from "ten or fifteen shillin' a week."

"I'll ha' a bit o' good black," she said, "an' we'll gi' her a noice buryin'." Only a severe sense of duty to the deceased rescued her from tempering her mournfulness with an air of modest cheer.

The "bit o' good black" was the first investment. There was a gown remarkable for much stiffness of lining and a tendency to crackle upon every movement of the wearer, and there was a shawl of great weight and size, and a bonnet which was a marvel of unmitigated affliction as expressed by floral decorations of black crape and beads.

"Have thee beads i' thy bonnet an' a pair o' black gloves, mother," said Janey, "an' tha'lt be dressed up for onct i' thy loife. Eh! but I'd loike to go i' mournin' mysen."

"Aye, and so tha should, Jane Ann, if I could afford it," replied Mrs. Briarley. "Theer's nowt loike a bit o' black fur makkin foak look dressed. Theer's summat cheerful about it, i' a quoiet way. But nivver thee moind, tha'lt get these here things o' moine when I'm done wi' 'em, an' happen tha'lt ha' growed up to fit th' bonnet by then."

The occasion of the putting on of the festive garb was Mrs. Briarley's visit to Manchester to examine into the state of her relative's affairs, and such was the effect produced upon the mind of Mr. Briarley by the air of high life surrounding him that he retired into the late Mrs. Dixon's chair and wept copiously.

"I nivver thowt to see thee dressed up i' so much luxury, Sararann," he said, "an' it sets me back. Tha does na look loike thysen. Tha looks as though tha moight be one o' th' nobility, goin' to th' Duke o' Wellington's funeral to ride behoind th' hearse. I'm not worthy o' thee. I've nivver browt thee luck. I'm a misforchnit cha——"

"If tha'd shut thy mouth an' keep it shut till some one axes thee to oppen it, tha'd do well enow," interposed Mrs. Briarley, with a manifest weakening toward the culprit even in the midst of her sternness. "He is na so bad," she used to say, leniently, "if he hadna been born a foo'."

But this recalled to Mr. Briarley such memories as only plunged him into deeper depression.

"Theer is na many as axes me to oppen it i' these days, Sararann," he said, with mournfulness. "It has na oppen't to mich purpose for many a day. Even th' hospittyblest on 'em gets toired o' a chap as sees nowt but misforchin. I mowt as well turn teetotal an' git th' credit on it. Happen theer's a bit o' pleasure to be getten out o' staggerin' through th' streets wi' a banner i' th' Whit-week possession. I dunnot know. I've thowt mysen as happen th' tea a chap has to drink when th' excitement's ower, an' th' speeches ud a'most be a drorback even to that. But I mun say I've thowt o' tryin'."

It may be remarked that since Mrs. Briarley's sudden accession to fortune, Mr. Briarley's manner had been that of an humble and sincere penitent whose sympathies were slowly but surely verging toward the noble cause of temperance. He had repeatedly deplored his wanderings from the path of sobriety and rectitude with tearful though subdued eloquence, and frequently intimated a mournful inclination to "jine th' teetotals." Though, strange to say, the effect of these sincere manifestations had not been such as to restore in the partner of his joys and sorrows that unlimited confidence which would allow of her confiding to his care the small amount he had once or twice feebly suggested her favoring him with, "to settle wi'" a violent and not-to-be-pacified creditor of whom he stated he stood in bodily fear.

"I dunnot know as I ivver seed a chap as were as desp'rit ower a little," he remarked. "It is na but eighteen pence, an' he ses he'll ha' it, or—or see about it. He stands at th' street corner—near th' 'Who'd ha' Thowt it,'—an' he will na listen to owt. He says a chap as has coom i' to property can pay eighteen pence. He wunnot believe me," he added weakly, "when I say as it is na me as has getten th' brass, but yo'. It mak's him worse to try to mak' him understand. He will na believe me, an' he's a chap as would na stand back at owt. Theer wur a man i' Marfort as owed him thrippence as he—he mashed i'to a jelly, Sararann—an' it wur fur thrippence."

"Aye," said Mrs. Briarley, dryly, "an' theer's no knowin' what he'd do fur eighteen pence. Theer's a bad lookout fur *thee*, sure enow!"

Mr. Briarley paused and surveyed her for a few seconds in painful silence. Then he looked at the floor, as if appealing to it for assistance, but even here he met with indifference, and his wounded spirit sought relief in meek protestations.

"Tha has na no confydence in me, Sararann," he said. "Happen th' teetotals would na ha' neyther, happen they wouldn't, an' wheer's th' use o' a chap thinkin' o' jinin'

'em when they mowt ha' no confydence i' him. When a mon's fam'ly mistrusts him, an' has na no belief in what he says, he canna help feelin' as he is na incouraged. Tha is na incouragin', Sararann—theer's wheer it is."

But when, after her visit to Manchester, Mrs. Briarley returned, even Mr. Briarley's spirits rose, though under stress of circumstances and in private. On entering the house Mrs. Briarley sank into a chair, breathless and overawed.

"It's two pound ten a week, Janey!" she announced in a hysterical voice. "An' tha can ha' thy black as soon as tha wants it." And Mrs. Briarley burst at once into luxurious weeping.

Janey dropped on to a stool, rolled her arms under her apron and sat gasping.

"Two pound ten a week!" she exclaimed. "I dunnot believe it!"

But she was persuaded to believe by means of sound proof and solid argument, and even the proprieties were scarcely sufficient to tone down the prevailing emotion.

"Theer's a good deal to be getten wi' two pound ten a week," soliloquized Mr. Briarley in his corner. "I've heerd o' heads o' fam'lies as wur 'lowanced. Summat could be done wi' three shillin' a week. Wi' four shillin' a chap could be i' parydise."

But this, be it observed, was merely soliloquy, timorously ventured upon in the temporary security afforded by the prevailing excitement.

At the funeral the whole family appeared clothed in new garments of the most somber description. There were three black coaches and Mrs. Briarley was supported by numerous friends who alternately cheered and condoled with her.

"Tha mun remember," they said, "as she's better off, poor thing."

Mr. Briarley, who had been adorned with a hat-band of appalling width and length, and had been furthermore inserted into a pair of gloves some inches too long in the fingers, overcame his emotion at this juncture sufficiently to make an endeavor to ingratiate himself. He withdrew his handkerchief from his face and addressed Mrs. Briarley.

"Aye," he said, "tha mun bear up, Sararann. She *is* better off—happen—an' so are we."

And he glanced round with a faint smile which, however, faded out with singular rapidity, and left him looking somewhat aghast.

CHAPTER LIV.

"IT WILL BE TO YOU."

They found the key lying within the locked gate, and the dim light burning and the pistol loaded upon the table. The great house stood empty with all its grandeur intact. The servants had been paid their wages a few days before the crash and had gone away. Nothing had been moved, nothing taken. The creditors, who found to their amazement that all was left in their hands to dispose of as they chose, agreed that this was not an orthodox case of absconding. Haworth was a more eccentric fellow than they had thought.

One man alone understood. This was Murdoch, who, amid all the buzz of excited amazement, said nothing even to those in his own house. When he heard the story of the pistol and the key, his first thought was a sudden recollection of the silence of the great place at night—the deadness of it and the sense of desolation it brought. It was a terrible thing to remember this and then picture a ruined man standing alone in the midst of it, a pistol in his hand and only the low light burning. "We did not understand each other very well," he said, drearily, "but we were friends in our way." And the man's farewell as he stood at the carriage door in the shadow, came back to him again and again like an echo repeating itself: "If there's aught in what's gone by that's for me—remember it!"

Even before his return home, Murdoch had made up his mind as to what his course for the next few years was to be. His future was assured and he might follow his idlest fancy. But his fancies were not idle. They reached forward to freedom and new labors when the time came. He wanted to be alone for a while, at least, and he was to return to America. His plan was to travel with a purpose in view, and to fill his life with work which would leave him little leisure.

Rachel Ffrench had not yet left her father's house. Saint Méran had gone away with some suddenness immediately after the dinner party at which the political economist had reigned. Various comments had been made on his departure, but it was not easy to arrive at anything like a definite conclusion. Miss Ffrench was seen no more in the town. Only a few servants remained with her in the house, and these maintained that she was going to Paris to her father's sister, with whom she had lived before her

return from abroad. They added that there was no change in her demeanor, that she had dismissed their companions without any explanation. One, it is true, thought she was rather thin—and had "gone off her looks," but this version was not popular and was considered out of accordance with the ideal of her character held in the public mind.

"She does na care," it was said. *She* is na hurt. *Her* brass is safe enow, an' that's aw as ud be loike to trouble her. Pale i'deed! She's too high an' moighty."

Murdoch made his preparations for departure as rapidly as possible. They were rather for his mother and Christian than for himself. They were to leave Broxton also and he had found a home for them elsewhere. One day, as they sat in the little parlor, he rose hurriedly and went to Christian and took both her hands.

"Try to be happy," he said. "Try to be happy."

He spared no effort to make the future bright for them. He gave no thought to himself, his every hour was spent in thinking for and devising new comfort for them.

But at last all was ready, and there was but one day left to them.

The Works were still closed, and would not be re-opened for some weeks, but he had obtained permission to go down to his room and remove his possessions if he chose. So on the morning of this last day he let himself into his "den," and shut himself up in it. Once behind the closed doors, he began a strange labor. He emptied drawers and desk, and burnt every scrap of paper to ashes—drawings, letters, all! Then he destroyed the delicate models and every other remnant of his past labors. There was not so much as an envelope or blotting-pad remaining. When he had done he had made a clean sweep. The room was empty, cold, and bare. He sat down, at last, in the midst of its desolate orderliness.

At that moment a hand was laid upon the door-handle and the door opened; there was a rustle of a woman's dress—and Rachel Ffrench stood before him!

"What are you doing here, in Heaven's name?" he said, rising slowly to meet her.

She cast one glance around the bare room.

"It is true! You are going away!"

"Yes," he answered, "I am going. I have done my last work here to-day."

She made a step forward and stood looking at him. She spoke under her breath.

"Every one is going. My father has left me—I ——"

A scarlet spot came out on her cheek, but she did not withdraw her eyes.

"Saint Méran has gone also."

Gradually, as she looked at him, the blood receded from her face and left it like a mask of stone.

"I"—she began, in a sharp whisper, "do you not see? Do you not understand? Ah—my God!"

There was a chair near her and she fell into it, burying her face in the crushed velvet of her mantle as she bowed herself upon the table near.

"Hush!" she cried, "do not speak to me! That it should be I who stooped, and for this—for this! That having battled against my folly so long, I should have let it drag me to the dust at last!"

Her passionate sobs suffocated her. She could not check or control them. Her slender fingers writhed in their clasp upon each other.

"I never thought of *this*, God knows!" he said, hoarsely, "though there have been hours when I could have sworn that you had loved me once. I have thought of all things, but never of this—never that you could repent."

She lifted her head.

"That *I* should repent!" she cried. "Repent! Like this!"

"No," he returned, "I never thought of that, I swear!"

"And it is you," she cried, with scorn, —"*you*, who stand there and look at me and tell me that it is all over!"

"Is it *my* fault that it is all over?" he demanded. "Is it?"

"No," she answered, "that is my consolation."

He drew nearer to her.

"You left me nothing," he said,—"nothing. God knows what saved me—I do not. *You* loved me? You battled against your love?" He laughed aloud. "I was a madman under your window night after night. Forget it, if you can. I cannot. 'Oh! that I should have stooped for this,' you say. No, it is that I who have loved you should stand here with empty hands!"

She had bowed her face and was sobbing again. But suddenly she rose.

"If I did not know you better," she said, "I should say this was revenge."

"It would be but a poor one," he answered her coldly.

She supported herself with one hand on the chair.

"I have fallen very low," she said, "so

low that I was weaker than I thought. And now, as you say, 'it is over.' Your hands are empty! Oh! it was a poor passion, and this is the fitting end for it!"

She moved a little toward the door and stopped.

"Good-bye," she said.

In a moment more all that was left was a subtle breath of flower-like fragrance in the atmosphere of the bare room.

It was an hour before he passed through the iron gates, though there had been nothing left to be done inside.

He came out slowly, and having locked the gate, turned toward the Broxton road.

He was going to the little grave-yard. It had been a dull gray day, but by the time he reached the place, the sun had crept through the clouds and brightened them, and, noting it, he felt some vague comfort. It was a desolate place when there was no sun.

When he reached the mound he stood looking down. Since the night he had lain by it looking up at the sky and had made his resolve, the grass had grown longer and thicker and turned from green to brown and rustled as it moved.

He spoke aloud, as before.

"It is done," he said. "Your thought was what you dreamed it would be. I have kept my word."

He stopped as if for an answer. But it was very still—so still that the silence was like a Presence. And the mound at his feet lay golden brown in the sunlight, even its long grass unstirred.

They left Broxton the next day and in a week he set sail. As the ship moved away he stood leaning upon the taffrail watching a figure upon the shore. It was a girl in a long cloak of gray almost the color of the mist in which she stood—a slender motionless figure—the dark young face turned seaward.

He watched her until he could see her face no longer but still she had not stirred.

"When I return," he said, scarcely conscious that he spoke, "it will be to you."

Then the grayness closed about her and she faded slowly from his sight.

THE END.

A SAILOR IN THE COTTON FIELD.

I WAS not well adapted for the struggle for a livelihood into which I was forced after the civil war, for I had been brought up in the navy, and knew little of the ways of landsmen. What little money I had left after the war, I invested in an unprofitable business in a Southern sea-port, and failing in that, I undertook my present business of cotton planting.

The first sight of the land where my wife and I determined to settle was not encouraging. There was not a house or a fence on it. A large portion of it had not been cultivated since the beginning of the war—about eleven years—and was covered by a wilderness of briars, vines and young forest trees; affording shelter to innumerable rabbits, opossums, raccoons, catamounts, rattlesnakes and "cotton-mouth" moccasins, while beavers reveled undisturbed in the sluggish stream that wound its hidden way through the dense jungle. Another part of the tract, known in the language of the country as "old field," was kept bare by hundreds of cattle that sought it for pasture. The whole was the type of thousands of acres still lying uncultivated in these Gulf states.

Our place is fifteen miles from the nearest railway station, and in certain seasons of the year the country roads that lead to the market towns are nearly impassable.

As may readily be imagined, the society in such a neighborhood was not very polished—that is, when taken as a whole; for it is, perhaps, peculiar to our Southern states that one may so often discover oases of refinement and intelligence in the midst of their solitudes, hundreds of miles from the great centers of civilization. Sometimes it is a single family bringing with them into the wilderness the mode of life acquired in a more refined community; at others, it was an entire neighborhood.

However, the home in which we found a temporary resting-place as boarders, was the type of home most common in the South. Mr. Clacker, its head, was a widower about sixty years old, with a family, still dependent on him, of four buxom

daughters. His house was an unplastered frame building of six rooms, glaring white, without a shade-tree within fifty yards. Every room had its feather-bed,—some of them plethoric-looking beds, that seemed aspiring to reach the joists above, and defying invasion, except by the aid of scaling-ladders; but which, when one conquered their apparent difficulties, yielded suddenly and buried him over head and ears.

Mr. Clacker's picture gallery was not extensive, being made up in the main of wood-cuts taken from the illustrated weeklies, and pasted irregularly about the walls.

The table groaned under a load of solid food; one meal differing little from another, heaping dishes of fried bacon, fried chicken and hot biscuits being always on duty. Breakfast was served at day-break, dinner at noon, and supper at dusk.

Mr. Clacker had been an overseer, but he bore no more resemblance to the traditional monster of that name, than did the late Admiral Farragut to the sailor of the stage; for though his face is very red, it is one of the most benevolent-looking I ever beheld. He is a man well-to-do for this out-of-the-way place, for he not only has his farm, but a store at the cross-roads that brings him in a good profit. One of our neighbors who passes for a wit says that Mr. Clacker, from motives of economy, carries the sign of his store in his face.

As Mr. Clacker had lived in the country for many years, I sought his advice as to settling in my new home and bringing the land into cultivation; but like most people who ask advice, I had no notion of taking it unless it coincided with my own ideas. It must be acknowledged that my undertaking was a difficult one—nothing less than to build a house, and then clear, inclose and cultivate a farm, without the slightest knowledge of any mechanical or agricultural implement, and after being accustomed for years to a sedentary life.

"You'll never do it in the world," said Mr. Clacker. "What! go to choppin' in the woods this time o' the year? Why, a nigger can't hardly do it, let alone a white man. And one, too, as is never been used to work! Pshaw!"

"Well," I said, "my business here is to bring that land into cultivation, and as I see no prospect of hiring any hands, now that they are all busy with their crops, I am compelled to do, at least, a part of the work myself."

"I doan' keer," was the reply; "I tell you no white man can't work here in the summer time a-splittin' rails."

"Did you ever try it?" I asked.

"Of course I never did," with a look of surprise.

"Did you ever know any white man to try it?"

"Of course I never did, for everybody's done heard 'em say no white man can't split rails here in the summer time."

Paying no heed to what Mr. Clacker had heard 'em say, I entered upon my new career of woodman on the 12th day of June, 1871. The primitive forest where I began my work was grown up in undergrowth some twenty to thirty feet high, which by cutting off all circulation of air made it as hot as a furnace. The tree selected for my first experiment in rail-splitting was a white oak, about two feet and a half in diameter, growing near a little stream, whose pools were kept cool by the deep channel in which it flowed. I began operations in the early morning while the temperature was yet pleasant, and after repeated "spells" to catch breath, I had the satisfaction to see the great tree sway to and fro, as if loth to abandon its exalted position, and then plunge headlong to the earth. It was the first large tree I had ever felled, and I had the exultation a young hunter feels in bagging his first deer.

The next step was to cut the trunk into sections, preparatory to splitting it up, and this I undertook in the manner I had seen old woodmen do—standing on the trunk, and cutting to the heart first from one side and then from the other. I got along well enough while my work was in the shade, but the fallen tree had left a great vacant space in the forest, to which the sun mounted in the forenoon, shining down upon me with an ardor and persistency worthy a better cause. That was an arrangement I had not bargained for; but nature provides a remedy for most evils if we only know how to apply it. It was while standing ax in hand, nearly suffocated with heat, that I discovered why timber trees grow near the banks of cool streams, and instantly made the most of it by throwing down the ax and plunging into the nearest pool.

What a glorious change it was from the hard labor under the broiling sun to the sandy bed of the cool, clear water! Only I had not come into the woods for the purpose of sitting neck deep in water all day. There were the fallen tree and the ax and

other implements to remind of that fact. Suppose Mr. Clacker should happen to come along: wouldn't his triumph be more than I could stand? Impelled by such reflections, I made a desperate rush for the ax, and set to work again with renewed ardor, my dripping clothes keeping me cool for a time in spite of the sun. But only for a time. With every successive blow of the ax, my longing for the water became more and more intense, until after a few minutes of rapid work the ax was again abandoned, and again I was musing neck deep in the water.

I followed this improved method of splitting rails, until the sun sank behind the trees, when I finally reckoned up my day's work, and found myself the possessor of twenty-one rails—twenty-one thousand being the whole number I required. Rather discouraging it undoubtedly was, but I put on a bold face with Mr. Clacker, and boasted to him that I found there was no truth in what he had "heard 'em say."

With a little more practice I became more successful, and one day a professor of the art of rail-splitting appeared on the scene, and advanced matters very much. I was hard at work splitting up a "cut," when I became aware of the presence of a spectator. At a little distance from me was a man squatting on the ground, with his knees drawn up to his chin, and his eyes fixed on me, or rather on my work. He was clad in a "hickory" shirt and yellow jean trowsers, the latter hung upon him by suspenders of bed-ticking three inches wide. A shabby straw-hat, with a rim twisted in every conceivable direction, half hid his dark, sun-burned face. A passing thought suggested that I was in the presence of some evil spirit of the woods.

"Good-morning," I said, when I had partly recovered from my surprise.

"Mornin'," was the reply, with which the conversation ceased, and I resumed work.

Some minutes elapsed, when my strange visitor again broke the silence:

"Seen any hogs?" he asked.

"I've not seen any lately. Have you lost any?"

"A bunch uv 'em strayed from me 'bout a week ago. Gone to the swamp, I reckon."

There was another pause, my visitor still retaining his remarkable posture, and still watching my work.

"Got any trading stock?"

Did I look like a man who dealt in stocks? and was this a capitalist in disguise looking for a profitable investment? I stared at the man in blank astonishment, and my perplexity was relieved only when he continued:

"I've got a young mar', jest four year old, I wouldn't mind tradin' for a mule. She's as good a cr'atur' as you ever shake plow-lines over."

I declined trading for his "mar'," whereupon he rose to his feet as suddenly as if he were worked by steel springs, and said he would go to the swamp to look for that "bunch o' hogs"; but turning suddenly after he had bid me "mornin'" and walked away a few steps he said: "Let me show you how to split them rails," and without more ado took possession of my implements, and went to work.

Look at any man while occupied with his specialty and you will find it worth your while. There is nothing in the thing itself, but everything in the way in which it is done. This wild man of the woods, so uncouth-looking and so ignorant of all that the world places under the head of knowledge, won my heart-felt admiration, as he deftly placed the wedges, and burst asunder, with apparent ease, the fibers of the mighty oak. The lesson he gave me made it clear that I had been doing double the work necessary for the result accomplished. "But it's powerful hot to be a-splittin' rails," he said as he laid down the maul, and, with a final "mornin'," disappeared in the forest.

I have since seen more of my instructor (he rejoiced in the name of Bill Gumball), and have found that there is nothing of the fool in his composition. Indeed, were he transferred to Wall street, given the jargon of that locality instead of his own, and trained to sit in a chair, he is made of the very stuff that would be apt to render him successful, for he possesses the speculative instinct in a superlative degree, and was never known to come out "second best" in a horse-trade: that, too, in a country where the chief use to which "the noble animal" is put is to swap him for another.

For me the wild woods of my native South have ever possessed a peculiar fascination. They are associated with my earliest memories; for they were my play-ground when a child; and all their sights and sounds, their trees and flowers and birds, have ever been familiar to me; and often when, on my lonely watch at sea, thoughts of home have stolen over me, it was the old primeval forest that I longed for the most. So in turning woodman I was going

on old, familiar ground, and I would have proved a woodman more than willing to spare the tree had there only been a way to coax the rails out from under the bark without the help of ax and wedge.

I used to be on the ground, ready for work, at the break of day, and to do so had to make my way through the darkness. This was running a great risk, as I proved one morning nearly at the cost of my life, for I heard close at my heels the terrible warning of the rattle-snake. I must have stepped over him in the dark and narrow path. (I have since met these deadly reptiles on still more intimate terms, having killed one in the bedroom where I am now writing.) But in spite of such hidden dangers, the early morning is the time when the forest is in its glory. The gloom and mystery the night had thrown over it are then just breaking away. The songs of the wood-thrush and the oriole have begun, and the last notes of the owl and the chuck-will's-widow still linger on the air—the merry music of the morning exorcising the sad voices of the night.

Audubon is just in his commendation of the wood-thrush. One of these birds occupied for many mornings the "verra topmost, towering height," of a sycamore that stood where my path led by the margin of a pond, and poured forth a flood of music that often tempted me to play the truant to my work. There is a common law in the South that renders infamous the shooting of a mocking-bird; but no such "divinity hedges" our other sweet songsters, and they have perceptibly diminished since every negro in the land has become a so-called sportsman.

In spite of all drawbacks, when the month of October came I had accomplished more than is often done in this section by trained labor, having split some two thousand rails and cut logs enough to build six single cabins. The next thing in order was to haul them out of the woods, and I hired two negro men, Mike Brown and Pete Penny, to do this with a team of oxen.

The animals were rather the worse for wear, having been hauling, on short rations, for several weeks from the railroad, fifteen miles distant. One old fellow, that rejoiced in the name of "Lion," seemed so heart-broken, and at the same time so humble, that he hardly dared chew the cud while you looked at him. One eye had been knocked out by some brutal driver, and the other was weak and watery. He was literally skin and bones, and his comrades in the team were not much better.

The oxen came to the rendezvous at their slow, swinging gait; Mike seated on the tongue, bearing aloft a goad attached to a pole eight feet long, and Pete astride of the coupling-pole (the wagon was without a body), "picking a jig" on the jew's-harp. The old wagon creaked and rattled and groaned in accompaniment, while eight or ten half-starved curs yelped through the woods, or snapped and snarled at one another about the wheels,—for here a negro owns from two to ten curs, which he keeps alive by hook or by crook, even though himself and his family be hungry and ragged. No one in the country pretends to keep sheep, else one might readily know "upon what meat" these canine Cæsars feed.

"I am afraid, boys, you are overloading the team," I said, as Mike and Pete piled log after log upon the wagon.

"Ef 'twa'n't fur dat bad place on de branch, sah, dey mout pull it."

"Is there no way of avoiding that place?"

"No, sah, it's onpossible to 'void it."

"Then you know you are putting on more than the team can pull over it?"

"Dey'll all pull, sah, scusin' Lion,"—"scusin'" being for excusing, which our negroes invariably use for excepting.

"In plain English, you have a heavier load on the wagon than the team can haul to where I wish the logs taken."

"Ef 'twarn't fur dat bad place in de branch ——"

It was quite useless appealing to Mike's reasoning faculties, seeing that he had none; and as for Pete, he was even a grade lower in intelligence than his partner, and was accustomed to regard as law all that fell from the latter's lips. I made them throw off a part of the load, notwithstanding which the oxen came to a dead "balk" at the ford. The whole blame was laid on Lion, and the poor old animal was flogged unmercifully in consequence. It failed to make him pull, for doubtless he had already put forth all his strength.

"Twis' he tail, Pete," said Mike; "twis' he tail, while I start the turrers wid de whip."

Whereupon Pete took the old ox's tail in both hands and twisted it till it fairly squeaked. But still old Lion refused to budge.

"Lor', gemmen," exclaimed Pete, still twisting away as if his life depended on getting the tail entirely off, "dis ole steer been

had he tail twis' so much he ain' been keer nuttin mo' 'bout it."

At last I interfered, as doubtless humanity should have prompted me to do sooner:

"It is very easy to throw some of these logs off, and then put them on again, after the wagon is drawn over this bad place."

"Dat's so, sah," responded Mike.

It was accordingly done, and there was no more trouble that day. But the next day I heard Mike and Pete, who were still engaged on the job, making a great uproar at the ford; and, going to the spot, I found that they were trying to get the overloaded wagon across by the plan that had failed the day before,—Pete still twisting Lion's tail, and Mike flogging the rest of the team. As on the former occasion, they readily agreed with me when I suggested that the wagon be unloaded.

When it came actually to building even a log house, I was as much at sea as if I had undertaken to duplicate St. Peter's. All the time I was getting the material together, I was trusting to the hope that some good angel would come to the rescue at the right moment. And he did, in the shape of a master workman, and, as it happened,—also fortunately,—he was a Virginian, familiar with the tobacco barns of his native state, which are generally built of logs. Under his supervision, my double log cabin, with a kitchen in the rear, rose rapidly into shape, and a month after its foundation was laid, we moved into it.

By this time the winter was well upon us, and it being too cold to "daub" the house, an operation that must be performed by hand, I made use of the gray moss so common here to stop the spaces between the logs. It presented a very picturesque appearance, the moss hanging down in irregular festoons as it grows on the forest trees. I congratulated myself on the adaptation, for I had never seen it so used before, and we went to bed that night, my wife and I, as pleased as a child with a new toy. The cold wind whistled without, but our rude cottage was warm and comfortable. We had been working hard all day, and we slept soundly—soundly, but not long, for in the small hours of the night, there were noises about the house that would have waked the Seven Sleepers. We heard the trampling of many hoofs, the tinkling of bells and the lowing of herds. Rushing to the door without stopping to put on even a coat, I found that the cows had gathered from near and far to feast on my moss. Smarting under the injury, I armed myself with a long pole, and, still *sans culotte,* I began a furious attack on the depredators. They were soon routed from the house, and then began a flight and pursuit scarcely paralleled in history. They were by moonlight, over hill and dale, across brooks and through thickets. The enemy broke into detachments, and after pursuing one of those for some distance, I returned home only to find that I had been flanked by an entire army-corps that had taken possession of my camp, in spite of the feeble efforts of my wife to dislodge them. They fled at my approach with the pole, and we went to bed once more, but not to sleep, for we had scarcely closed our eyes, when I was again summoned to the fray. And in that way we passed our first night in our quiet home in the wilderness.

With the new year it was necessary to make preparations for my first cotton-crop, and the most important step of all was to obtain work-animals. As I expected to reenforce my own labor with that of "the man and brother," I thought it best to obtain a pair of mules instead of horses, for it is the firm belief of many people, based on long experience, that the negro and the mule were created to work together.

Mr. Bill Gumball, my champion rail-splitter, knowing that I would need mules, took the field at an early day in order to be prepared to act as broker. One morning he made his appearance at my house, having first announced his presence by a loud "hello!" I found him squatting on the ground as I had first seen him in the woods.

"Fine mornin'," he said after the pause that followed our first greeting.

I agreed with him, and there was another pause. Then Mr. Gumball rose to his feet, and remarked that he had to go home; to which I made no objection, and bidding me "mornin'" he started to go. Then he turned and made known his real business.

"I heerd you wanted to buy a pa'r o' mules," he said, "and I thought I'd sorter step over and let you know whar you kin git 'em. Ole man Bowser, lives on the Ripton and Jackson road, got as fine a pa'r for sale as you ever see. I'll sorter bring 'em over in the mornin', neighbor-like, you know, as I ain' got nothin' pertiklar to do."

He was as good as his word, and appeared the next day with two little mules in excellent order and well matched, for which

I paid $125 apiece. I learned afterward that Gumball made just $25 by his "neighbor-like" transaction.

Never had I seen animals apparently more kind and tractable. Surely, we thought, the mule has been much maligned in these Southern states, for how often do we hear the phrases, "stubborn as a mule," "vicious as a mule," "a mule will play you some trick sooner or later," etc., etc.! Now it was perfectly plain to me, and to my good wife as well, that if mules in general deserve such hard names, which we doubted, here were our new mules, Kitty and Jinny, to prove exceptions to that rule; for who could look on them and think any evil of them as they stood there in the lot, with eyes half closed and shaven tails battling with the flies. It is only ill treatment, we argued, that makes the mule vicious, and it is only in the South that he has a bad name.

"Poor things!" said my wife one day, "they must be so tired of this lot. How they would enjoy a run for a few hours in the open fields!"

They were accordingly turned out and certainly did enjoy themselves, if running was enjoyment, for when I tried to drive them back into the lot, they ran, with me in pursuit, till darkness and exhaustion on my part put an end to the performance for that night. The next day I hired Mike and Pete to help me pursue them, and after chasing them five miles we caught them by the merest accident, having driven them into a sort of blind alley formed by two fences that joined at an acute angle. The next day one of them, without any provocation, kicked me down; and I had not owned them long before both had more than once "bucked" me over their heads, —a feat that is performed by the animal throwing its head between its fore legs, humping its back into a sharp curve, and springing rapidly into the air as often as is necessary to dislodge its rider—which, in my case, was not often. At the first symptom of a "buck" I generally came down promptly, like Davy Crockett's 'coon. It is astonishing how often a man may be tossed into the air and fall sprawling to the earth without breaking any bones.

The next thing in course was to hire a permanent hand, a thing that was no easy matter in a country where, instead of labor seeking employment, there is a competition among the employers for the labor. After several unsuccessful attempts, I succeeded in securing, for the year, a middled-aged negro man named Tony Love; a very solemn-looking darky, who seemed to have some great care on his mind. At times he would sigh in a way that was absolutely startling, and when asked what was the matter would only answer:

"Nuttin much, sah, jes moanin' ober family conflagrations, sah."

He was a married man living with his wife, Mandy, in one of the cabins I had lately built. One day I learned the secret that weighed like a mill-stone on his heart.

"My trouble is all 'bout womens, sah," he began with a heart-rending sigh. "I had to sue for a revorce, you see, and de jedge he wus so precocious, I had ole wuks wid 'im, I tell you, sah."

"Was it Mandy that you tried to get 'revorced' from?"

"Oh no, sah," with a pensive smile, "'twarn't Mandy. I done had Mandy, you see, sence I sued fur de revorce. In fac', I sorter tuk up wid her 'fore dat, and dar's whar my tribulation done begin."

"Your other wife was opposed to your introducing a rival into the house?"

"Lor', sah, dar warn't no arribal at de house! Mandy, you see, libed in a nudder house. But Suzan, dat was my fust wife, she tuk on mightly, an' de fust thing I knowed she had me up 'fore de jedge, and de whole ob de jury. An' de jedge he did warnt know ef dem was my chillen 'long wid Suzan, and wherrer or not I gub 'em wittels and close, and ef I didn't gub 'em, I mus' gub 'em. Well, I didn't make no answer right away, but dar wus de jedge, and de jury, and de lyeyrs a-settin' round, and I thought to myself, I gwine nebber hab a better charnse to sue fur a revorce, so I clars my throat, jes so, and I sez: Marse jedge, and gen'l'men ob de jury and de lyeyrs: Whar's de jestice in makin' me buy wittels and close for dem chillen, enny more'n makin' de mudder what bar' 'em buy wittels and close fur 'em? Whar's de jestice? I tell you how to settle dish 'ere thing, sez I, lookin' de jedge squar' in de face, and sorter studyin' 'fore I went on. I tell you how to settle dish 'ere case, sez I. Gub me a revorce, sez I, sort o' risin' like, as I hollered: Gub me a *revorce!* and let dat 'oman go 'long 'bout 'er bus'ness. De lyeyrs and de jurymans dey all larf, but de jedge he was dade ag'in me from de start, and he holt out as I was boun' to s'port dem chillen. Den, sez I, Marse jedge, I repeal de case. Ef I carn

git jestice in dish 'ere court, I'll repeal the case to the gubnor of Vicksburg; and ef I carn git jestice from the gubnor of Vicksburg, I'll repeal to the gubnor of Tennessee, and ef he don't gub me a revorce, I'll repeal to de gubnor of St. Louis. Then the jedge he hollered to the sheriff to 'rest me for temptin' de court; but 'fore de sheriff could cotch me, I broke out o' dat place, and de naix thing dat jedge knowed, I'd done repealed de case to gubnor Alcorn in Jackson. He was a gen'l'man, sah; he gub me a revorce widout any more repealin', an' here I is now. But lordee, ef Suzan was to find out whar I is!"

"Why, what would it matter since you are 'revorced' from her?"

"Lor', sah, you doan know dat 'oman! She'd raise sich a circumvention roun' me, I'd have to repeal for anudder revorce!"

By what authority Governor Alcorn granted a divorce it is not easy to explain. I only know that had he given Tony a funeral ticket or a circus bill for a writ of "revorce," that person would have been perfectly satisfied.

Six years have passed away since Tony unburdened his heart as above described, and at the present writing he is still near me, with Suzan and Mandy under one roof, yet apparently in the enjoyment of domestic peace; the two former rivals having tacitly agreed to divide their lord's affections between them. Such a state of things is the rule rather than the exception with the newly enfranchised.

The whole month of January was spent by Tony and myself in hauling from the woods the rails to inclose the land, and that done, we began clearing up the jungle mentioned in the first part of this paper. This work occupied us till the first of March, and then we began plowing. Here was work entirely new to me, but I soon became as expert at it as if I had been trained to the plow all my life. The mules were docility itself while at their work. It was only in their "hours of ease" that they were, like woman, "uncertain, coy and hard to please."

One evening we were riding from the field, Tony in advance on Jinny, and I following on Kitty. Suddenly, without any warning, Tony's mule performed the evolution known as "swapping ends," which resulted in shooting her rider, like an arrow from a bow, head foremost a distance of ten feet, more or less. For a moment I thought the negro's neck was broken, but my anxiety was soon relieved when I saw him rise slowly from the ground, casting a pitying rather than reproachful look upon the mule, that stood, the picture of innocence, quietly grazing by the side of the path.

"Now I done know it," said Tony. "I was jes studyin' 'bout de way dat mule dash folks, and now I done know it. Gen'l'men, dat mule see sperrits!"

"What sort of foolish talk is that, Tony?"

"She see sperrits! Dat mik 'er jump roun' so sudden-like. You know she kin see 'em when we kearnt. De very fuss lizard I kotch I's gwine to bile 'im 'live, and 'n'int dat mule's eyes wid de licker."

I have Tony's word for it that he carried his diabolical threat into execution a few days later, notwithstanding which the mule continued to see "sperrits,"—that is, if her continuing to throw Tony occasionally was proof of it.

"Nebber min'," was his usual exclamation after such mishaps; "de naix lizard I kotch I'll boun' I'll bile 'im in de crease o' de moon!"

"In the increase or decrease, Tony?"

"Dunno 'bout dat, sah. All I knows is, it mus' be in one o' de creases."

After a few months had passed, I had "laid by" as fine a crop of cotton as one could wish to see. An area of thirty acres, more or less, that the year before had been a wilderness, was now one level sea of green, spangled with the red and the white blooms. Experienced planters who saw my crop estimated that it would not fall below twenty bales, worth in the gross, at the price of cotton then, fully $1,500. In addition to the cotton crop, I had some twenty other acres in corn, sweet-potatoes, cow-pease, etc. I had paid out $75 for extra labor. My own work in the crop had equaled Tony's in every respect, and, so far as I could judge, I had stood the test as well as he.

To walk about the crop, marking its rapid growth, was my great delight. One morning, in a low, damp place in the field, I discovered some half dozen green, striped worms stretched at full length on the leaves of cotton they had partly devoured. This was the advance-guard of the dreaded "army worm." The date of their appearance was the first of September. By the middle of that month every plant in the field had been stripped bare of leaves and young bolls. The damage was all the greater from my crop being a late one, and the plants on that account young and tender. Instead of twenty bales, I gathered only eight, and, to

add to my misfortune, the great financial panic occurred about that time, and the price of cotton fell from eighteen and twenty cents a pound to eight and ten. That first cotton crop of mine brought me in debt about $600. I have since recovered from the blow, and, though still poor in purse, I yet have all the necessaries of life in abundance: bread and meat of my own raising, milk and butter, an orchard of choice fruits, a well-filled kitchen-garden, at my very door.

I think that my experience may be of value to others. It proves that, although a man's life may have been a sedentary one, and himself unskilled in the use of ax, hoe or plow, he may yet prove competent to make his way in the wilderness, as did the first settlers of the country.

THE NEW YEAR.

OH, not where winter comes through fields of snow,
With half-worn shoes, the new-born year begins;
But where the streams of life unfettered flow,
And blossoms o'er the sun-lit meadows blow
The fragrant hope that straight our credence wins.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

Rio is a picturesque place; it would be so merely from its surroundings; even the odd jumble of ancient and modern buildings has a certain fitness under the other odd jumble of crooked mountains. Within the city limits there are lesser hills and rocks not a few; some of these are surmounted by convents or churches, or irregular clusters of houses. The streets climb over the mountain-sides, and end nowhere.

Our boatman lands us in the city; the sunshine is a trifle too warm even at this early hour; but you must expect all sorts of weather at Rio. So we put up our umbrellas and walk over to the Rua Primeira de Março. There is nothing essentially tropical about this part of the city, unless it be the tile roofs and the hintings of early Portuguese-Brazilian architecture. That square edifice on our left is the Department of Agriculture and Public Works. It is one of the few government buildings that show something like artistic taste; for Brazilian architecture just now is in a transition stage, characterized by nothing but tawdriness and a poor attempt to imitate the French; I like better the substantial old buildings, which are plain but have a character of their own.

At the upper end of the street there are two or three churches of uncertain architecture,—the Imperial Chapel, commenced by the Benedictine Brothers in 1761, but only concluded during the early part of the present century; and The Igreja do Carma, built from 1758 to 1770. Farther on is the new post-office, much more showy but far less artistic than the agricultural building. For the rest there are rows of warehouses and offices; buildings three or four stories high, and very plainly finished.

On the street corners there are gayly painted and decorated pagodas called *kiosques;* where groups of laborers are gathered, and where they get their coffee and lunch, and discuss the probabilities of the lottery in which their savings are often invested.

The two extremes of Rio commercial life are represented by the Rua Primeira de Março and the adjacent market. Rua Primeira de Março is the banking and commission-house center. It runs near the water-front. The road-way is broad and well paved; the buildings, for the most part, dingy and respectable; the counting-rooms rather dark. It might be a down-town street in New York, only there is not so much bustle. On the whole, it is as untropical as possible. You get the impression of a quiet, but thriving, business. In the counting-houses you see clerks writing at long desks. The money brokers pass foreign gold and silver over their tables, in exchange for Brazilian notes. The banks are never thronged; a few people come and go noiselessly; the bank people take their own time, and the waiting ones do not fret and fume. The commission and importing business, on this and other streets, is largely carried on by English and German firms; but there are some Brazilian and a few French and American houses. These large firms—some of them as old as the century—are the strength of Brazilian com-

RUA PRIMEIRA DE MARÇO.

merce, almost every shop-keeper in the country being more or less directly dependent on them.

The market is twenty rods off, by the water side. It is a great square building, with slight architectural pretensions. On the land side there is a small square, where the fruit-women congregate in force and make the air hideous with their jabbering. Large docks or basins are walled in from the bay; there the market-boats unload their cargoes of fish and vegetables. The city possesses two or three other markets, but most of the fishing-boats come to this one. In the morning the basins are crowded with them, making as odd a jumble as you will find about Rio; the waters near the city furnish an astonishing variety of fish, edible crustacea and mollusks. The fishermen crowd and jam one another in their efforts to reach the shore, but they are good-natured enough about it. We miss the Indian faces of the Pará market, most of these boatmen being mulattoes or black-bearded Portuguese. The fishing-boats are broad and heavy, with an occasional round-bottomed narrow dug-out canoe, as different as possible from the Amazonian ones; the paddle is long, and lance-shaped, and is used on the two sides alternately; the canoes themselves being very crank.

The main market-building and the smaller one behind it are partitioned off into passage-ways and stalls much as in the Fulton and Washington markets. Beside these there is a court with stalls on each side, and stands in the middle; fruit dealers, turbaned negresses, seated under huge white umbrellas; poultry sellers with their great arched baskets of doomed chickens and ducks obtruding stupid heads and remonstrating after their fashion; trays of fish and flesh and vegetables; bunches of greens mingled with golden oranges, and pine-apples in glorious array; a combined odor of fish and fruit, with hints of fifty other things, not always pleasant; a mingling of noises, like a school-room at play, with that negro click, click, rising over all; a confusion of figures that ever change and are always picturesque.

The more practical side is disappointing; the market is not well ordered, and everything is abominably dear. One can understand this in regard to the fish, for the fisheries are not rich, however great the variety of products may be, but it is difficult to understand why oranges and pine-apples, sweet potatoes and onions, should cost three times as much as in New York. Time was when the demand at Rio was well and cheaply filled from market gardens around the head of the bay; but what with the seductions of coffee-raising, and the rush into speculation that followed the Paraguayan war, these gardens have been abandoned, and the city looks for supplies to distant villages and plantations.

In front of the main building the produce is sold as it comes in from the country; and

A NARROW STREET.

here the peculiar volubility of the market-men finds fullest scope. Very little of the produce goes to the market itself, the larger part being taken by street hawkers, of which there is a small army at Rio. The hawkers are almost the only men in Rio who appear to be in a hurry; they pass through the streets at a dog-trot, never stopping unless summoned with the peculiar *pstsch*, that universal unwritable word of the Portuguese language. We can observe them to advantage on the fashionable Rua do Ouvidor. The shops are usually small for a place of 350,000 inhabitants, though very numerous. In this street they are really artistic, and there is no lack of plate-glass or showy signs. The windows might be in Paris or New York, with the exception of two or three which are bright with feather-flowers and pinned butterflies, a not unimportant branch of Rio commerce. Prices are high here, as in the markets, and the quality of the goods is poor.

FRUIT AND CAKE SELLER.

The Ouvidor is only a narrow alley like most of the streets in this part of the city. Besides the shops, coffee-rooms open upon the pavement, and there are two or three picture galleries with execrable paintings. On the whole the Ouvidor is lively and pleasant. In the evening it is brilliant; in carnival time and periods of public rejoicing, the arches of gas jets overhead are all lighted and the street is crowded for half the night; promenaders saunter indifferently on the sidewalks or in the roadway.

From the Ouvidor we turn through the Rua Quitanda toward the northern part of the city, where the docks and great warehouses lie. The streets are narrow, for the most part, and not very clean. Here, during the sickly season, the yellow fever gathers in its victims by scores. The disease usually begins with the boatmen; one hears of occasional deaths in December and January; in March and April, when the weather is warm and oppressive, the disease is at its height, and includes the whole city. Foreigners from the North are especially liable to its attacks; almost every year some prominent American or Englishman is carried off. From July until January, there need be no fear of yellow fever in Brazil, except, possibly, in Pará. In truth, if sanitary regulations were properly enforced, the disease would never gain force. The real cause of its appearance is the filthy condition of the streets and the imperfect sewerage. Yet these narrow and dirty streets are not without their picturesque aspects. Some of the older buildings date back two centuries, and exhibit, in its perfection, the architectural peculiarities of the earlier colonial times. The Portuguese colonists built solidly of stone and cement in the manner of the mother country, and after two hundred years the walls and tile roofs are as good as ever, only the whitewash has been softened down with black mold until every tower and cornice is a delight to the eye. Strangely in contrast are the modern dresses and the horse-cars that pass through every street. The low trucks and half-naked negro coffee-carriers are more in keeping with

CHARCOAL SELLER.

these moldy walls, albeit the buildings speak rather of repose than of active commercial life. We see a most modern-looking coffee-packing establishment on the ground floor of what might have been a viceroy's palace, or a colonial prison.

Farther on, there are the Pedro Segundo docks, where all except very heavy draught ships can take in cargo directly from the wharf. These docks, lately finished, have become exceedingly popular with shippers. They are handsomely ornamented, but with the Brazilian tendency to extravagance of decoration in public works. But these streets and docks might be in Baltimore, or New York; the characteristic places are on the outskirts. Rio is a great sprawling, shapeless city; the main business part is indeed quite compact, but beyond it sends spider-like prolongations along the shores on either side and back among the picturesque valleys, to the very foot of the Corcovado and Tijuca. Perhaps the prettiest of these suburbs is Botafogo. It is built beside one of those picturesque bays that open into the harbor of Rio; a placid stretch of clear water, with rocky headlands here and there, a broad sand-beach, and the sugar-loaf rock in the background. Some years ago an enterprising American, conceived the idea of uniting this place with the Ouvidor by a street railway; at that time people who did not keep a carriage were obliged to ride in dirty, crowded omnibuses, or to go on foot. The Yankee idea was received with about equal favor and opposition; it was, however, carried out, and now the Botafogo line is probably the finest of its kind in the world; the stock is three or four hundred per cent. above par, and not to be had at that. Since this one was built, street railroads have risen in favor: many other lines are in operation, but none so successful as the first.

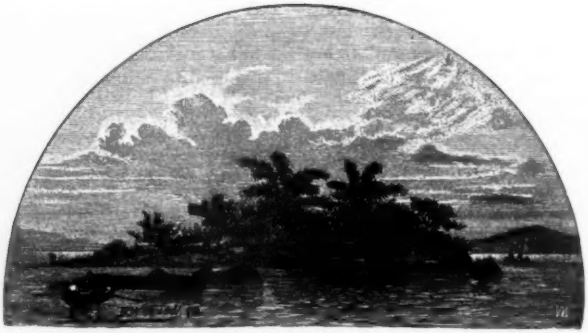
In Botafogo, nearly all the houses are of the better class, though the architecture is sufficiently confusing. But the glory of the place is its crown of gardens; stately tropical gardens, with avenues of royal palms, and gorgeous flowering shrubs, and dark-leaved, densely foliaged trees. A raven-haired splendid tropical belle is Botafogo, reclining there under the Corcovado, and gazing at herself in the quiet waters of the bay.

What a glorious harbor it is! a clear approach, an unobstructed entrance, wide

POULTRY SELLER.

enough, but not too wide, and fifty square miles of anchorage ground within. I have been with matter-of-fact men—phlegmatic ones—who grew enthusiastic when they passed the sentinel Sugar-loaf Rock, and saw this splendid bay for the first time. It is not alone the mountains,—those are strange and grand, rather than beautiful,—but the rocky points, the picturesque side-bays, the green hills and islands, the nooks and by-places and glens. Away beyond the city the blue water stretches almost to the base of the Organ Mountains,—land of purple romance, where jagged rocks are all melted and dissolved in the soft haze, and you see nothing but the outlines, with the finger-like *Dedo de Deus* at one end of the range.

Rocks on either side are of no insignificant size. There is the conical Sugar-loaf at the entrance of the bay—a mass 1,200 feet high; beyond the city, a huge cluster, with the Corcovado and Tijuca rising above it. Farther back, the Gavia and



UP THE BAY.

Tres Irmãos; across the bay other clusters, not so high, but everywhere with abrupt hills and precipices of the purple-brown gneiss. Even the water is not free from these peaks; there are rocky islands here and there, some of them crowned with buildings,—forts, naval store-houses, convents. Riding at anchor in the bay are monitors —expensive toys of the Brazilian government—and gun-boats and war steamers; English ships, French, Portuguese, German, —rarely one that carries the American flag. Everybody knows that American ships sail under English colors; during the war they were forced to do so as a protection against privateers, and since then our stupid laws have kept them under what is essentially a false flag; for the ship may belong to Americans, may be commanded and armed by Americans, may trade, for example, only between the United States and Brazil, and yet there are the colors that proclaim her English nationality. The explanation lies here: For the last fifteen years a large portion of our American ships have been built in Nova Scotia, because the cost is less than at home. Now a Nova Scotia built ship cannot legally be the property of a citizen of the United States; therefore it is registered in the name of some real or supposed Englishman in Nova Scotia who, in truth, has nothing at all to do with it; the captain passes a required examination of the English Board of Trade, and so the ship is placed under the English laws. Ship-masters like this because of the superiorities of the English consular system and the protection afforded by English laws.

Once a month, however, the United States flag may be seen flying at the stern of the finest steamers that enter this port. I am not acquainted with Mr. John Roach,

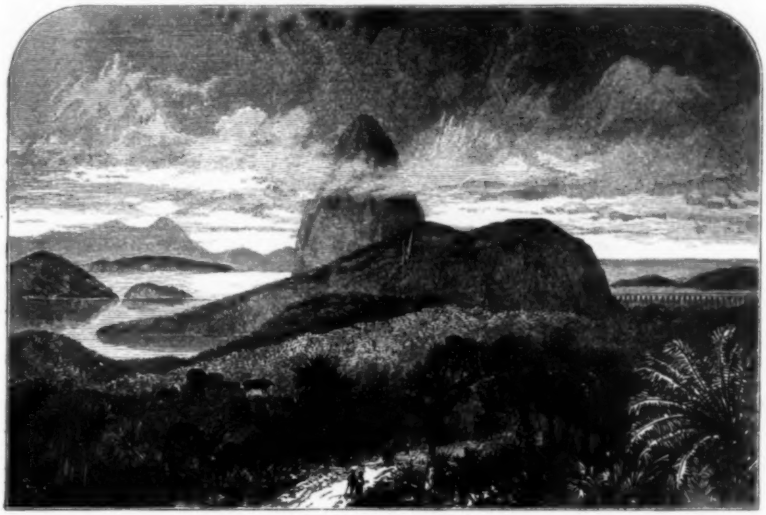
THE SUGAR-LOAF, FROM THE WEST.

but I heartily admire the plucky spirit he showed in building two such magnificent ships for the Brazilian trade.

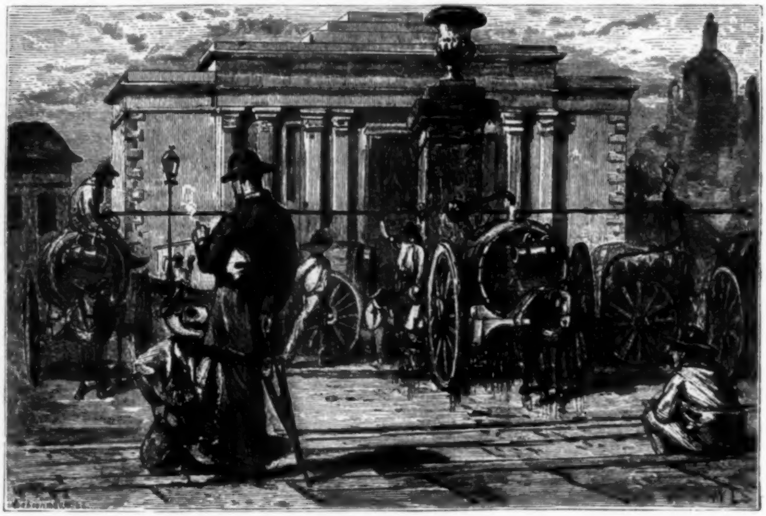
Ever since the Centennial year our newspapers have been full of glowing articles on the South American empire, and the immense commercial field that is open to us there. Long columns of statistics have shown us that the value of our importations from Brazil reaches $45,000,000, and of our exports to that country only $7,000,000; while England sends $45,000,000 worth to Brazil, and takes only a small part of her products. Why, it was asked, do we not pay for Brazilian goods with American goods? And the questioner clinched the argument by showing that we could manufacture many articles cheaper than Europe. "Behold," cried these gentlemen, "a country where Americans can make money—a commercial paradise." And forthwith a crowd of young adventurers rushed to Brazil with samples of American goods. But by and by they came trooping back with long faces; after two years we cannot see that our exports to Brazil have increased in any very surprising degree; and yet the figures were all right and the argument most convincing.

I think we may set it down as a commercial axiom that people will buy where they can buy cheapest, all other things being equal. So, if American goods can be delivered in Rio or the Feejee Islands cheaper than English and German goods, and placed in the market under equal advantages, there can be no earthly doubt that the Rio or Feejee merchants will buy of us rather than of our European neighbors.

Having read some glowing account of those countries, Jenkins, representing several American manufacturers, arrives at Rio or the Feejee Islands, with samples of goods. He brings letters, of course, to prominent American merchants, who, having seen fifty men fail, and knowing in advance that Jenkins will fail also, receive him politely. He visits the house of Pereira and Carvalho, and exhibits samples of goods. These gentlemen are old customers of Brown & Co., English merchants, and though it is true that Jenkins can undersell that house, yet our native firm prefers to continue at present with these established friends. Perhaps they are somewhat involved with Brown & Co. and so could not change if they would. They will be glad to see Mr. Jenkins at some future time. Or again, he has goods which might do for the West Indian trade, but were clearly never intended for Brazil or the Pacific Islands; consequently they are not wanted at any price. Finally, Jenkins is probably on his first voyage; Portuguese and Feejee are alike unknown tongues to him; all his eloquence is lost on people who cannot under-



SUGAR-LOAF, FROM THE SOUTH.



WATER-CARTS OF RIO.

stand him, and his goods remain unsold. Jenkins canvasses vainly, and becomes discouraged; his board bill is running up (he is certain to have taken rooms in the most stylish hotel), and worse than all, he finds that there are established American merchants who can sell as cheaply as he can; so after a month or two he packs up his trunks and goes home, light in pocket, sad in heart. Jenkins says that Brazil and the Feejee Islands are humbugs, and he thirsts for the blood of all newspaper correspondents.

If American manufacturers wish to push their wares in Brazil, they will do well to take a lesson from the English houses. English manufacturers employ resident commission merchants at Rio, or very often they have branch houses. Young boys are sent out from London to be educated to the foreign business; they enter these established houses as clerks, readily learn Portuguese, and become accustomed to the details of Brazilian trade before they take more responsible positions. Eventually these boys become partners in the house; they either take charge of the Rio branch, or they return to England with a thorough knowledge of the necessities of Brazilian trade, so that they can adapt their business of manufacture to it.

At present it is not probable that our manufacturers will venture to establish branch houses in Brazil, though it would be precisely the wisest course; only the profits would be little or nothing for the first year or two, until the firm was well established. Such branch houses have the advantages that they save the commission on goods, and, being directly responsible, can be trusted even for large orders; besides, they can make their own prices suited to the market, and they can have stock on hand for immediate delivery when required. I believe that such a house established, let us say, by one of our cotton manufacturers, would be almost certain to make its way. But if this cannot be done, at least the services of established commission merchants may be obtained, allowing them liberal terms, and even a certain latitude as to prices; or if young men are sent to Brazil, it should be with the intention of keeping them there on salary; they should have time to study the language, and to study the Brazilian trade as well. Manufacturers should adapt their goods to the Brazilian market, and in order to do that, they should take the judgment of men old in the trade. For instance, the Brazilian merchants demand a certain width and length in cloths. American manufacturers can make them as well as the English and French, and will have to do it if they wish to compete with them.

There is another very grave matter to which it is well to call the especial attention of our manufacturers. Large quantities of

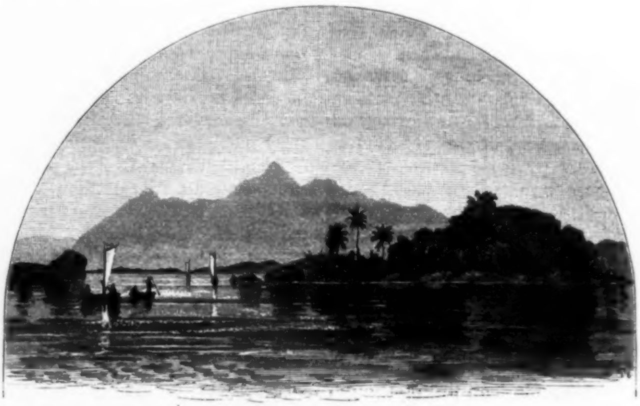
cheap and spurious goods are thrown upon the Brazilian market as American. The evil is a double one: first-class goods are driven out of the market, and honest manufacturers get an evil reputation. The Brazilian retail merchant buys these imitation goods with a perfect knowledge of their worthlessness, because he knows that he can sell them to his own advantage. I see no way but for our manufacturers to place in the Brazilian market an inferior grade of goods, *marked as such*, but which will yet be better than the worthless foreign things that are sold at the same price. That would drive the imitations out, and preserve our reputation as well. I have heard the complaint over and over again, "American articles are too good for the Brazilian market." An Amazonian trader, for instance, buys English prints because he can get them for seven cents per yard. It matters little to him that the goods are half starch; they are glossy and pretty to look at, and he can sell them to advantage to his Indian and mulatto customers. Why should he pay nine cents for American prints, though he knows they are far stronger and better? But there are grades of American prints that can be delivered in Pará for seven cents per yard, or even six cents, all duties paid. Filled with starch, and smoothed out, they would sell as well as the English ones, if the patterns were well chosen. They would pass for what they are—inferior grades; and if Brazil demands these inferior grades, there is no reason why we should insist on selling her higher ones; only let us have no false pretenses.

There are few manufactories in Brazil, and these do not fill one-tenth of the demand for goods; consequently there is an immense import trade, and to the original cost must be added heavy duties as well as freight. The question arises whether Americans could not establish manufactories in Brazil and thus save themselves duties. In some few instances they might do so with profit; but, in general, the goods made could not compete with foreign ones. The cost of building and carrying on a factory of any kind would be very great in Brazil, both from the import duties on material and the lack of skilled labor. Foreign manufacturers are content with small profits, because their sales are large and rapid, and they can almost always undersell a Brazilian manufacturer, whose operations must necessarily be small and slow. There are a few cotton factories in the country, all of them depending for their support on government aid. Iron foundries have been established in most of the coast cities, but only for irregular work, repairing and the like. Paper-making might pay well, especially if some of the native fibers could be utilized in this way. Cotton rags could be obtained, I think, as they are in the United States, by means of small traders: as it is, they all go to waste. Glass-making also is worthy of consideration; so, possibly, is type-founding, copper-founding, furniture-making, and so on. Small manufactories of soaps, candles, various oils and so forth have done very well. But to ordinary mechanics I can give only one kind of advice, that is: stay away from Brazil unless you are paid to go there, or have money enough to keep you idle for a year or two; even then think long before you decide to leave the United States. It is not that skilled labor is not needed here,—it is, sadly; but a vast number of clumsy workmen drive it out of the market; a mechanic could establish himself only after long and patient waiting;

BOTAFOGO AND THE CORCOVADO.

he would have to master the language, learn the peculiar service demanded of him, and, after all, his family would be deprived of society; he himself must submit to be looked down upon as one of an inferior

class, by men who are intellectually and morally beneath him; and finally, living expenses (at Rio de Janeiro) are very high, and payment for his work none of the most secure. In nine cases out of ten a poor man will make more money in the United States than in Brazil. American capital and labor have a chance here,—American labor alone, none at all in the southern provinces of Brazil, and little enough in the northern ones. Finally, no one should start in any Brazilian business without a careful study of the ground, not from books, but from personal observation.

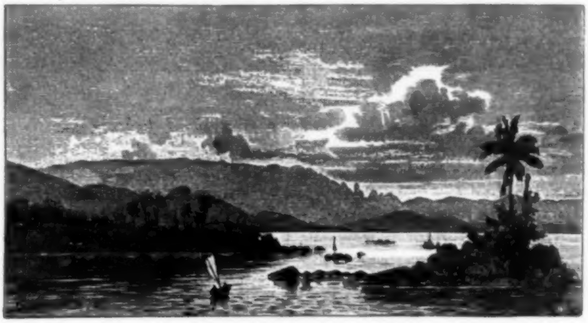


TIJUCA FROM THE BAY.

Business in Brazil is fatally hampered by long credit, with its attendant evil, large profits. Each retail purchaser pays, in addition to the value of his goods, for money that has been lying idle for twelve or eighteen months. Of late the workings of the long credit system have been still further complicated by an unstable paper currency. Some of the Rio merchants have made efforts to do away with this nefarious system, but with no success, simply because it is so deeply rooted; half the retail houses in Rio would be ruined if they were obliged to take short credit or buy for cash. Indeed, the credit system runs through everything; it cripples agriculture as well as commerce; it extends even to the forests and rivers. In the central provinces the sugar and cotton plantations are often loaded down with debt; and around Rio many coffee-growers are hopelessly entangled. Yet the rotten fabric holds together somehow; failures, though common, are not nearly as numerous as might be supposed. Generous nature gives so freely that each year sees the building patched up and freshly painted, to all appearance as good as new.

In Brazil, the proportion of really refined, educated families is very much smaller than in the United States: too small as yet to exercise much influence over the country at large. When you meet with such families you find a social life differing very little from that to which we are accustomed at home. But in the main, Rio society is a bad imitation of the Parisian; there is a deal of truth in the boastful title which the people have given to their city—"Paris in America." French fashions, French literature, French philosophy, French morals are diffused throughout the educated circles; though, by the influence of old bigoted Portuguese ideas, all this is modified by strong class distinctions which the French have got rid of. Altogether, Rio social life is in a most chaotic condition, and it is not likely to mend greatly at present. What can we expect of a city where marriage is looked upon as a matter of convenience, and women are only grown-up children. I wish I could speak better of the place; but I know of no other city where vice is so brazen-faced, so repulsively prominent as at Rio, in spite of many honorable exceptions. It would not be fair to judge other Brazilian cities by Rio, since this, like all capital cities, is peculiarly a center of vice; Pernambuco, for instance, is immensely better; in truth almost any other place in Brazil will compare favorably in private morals

with the metropolis. It is certainly a dark picture; but family life at Rio has a brighter side. As among all the other Latin nations, the affection that is wanting between man and wife is lavished by both upon their children; and when the boys and girls are grown the debt is amply repaid. It is beautiful to see the pride and joy of a Brazilian in his white-haired father. Careful, loving arms guide the old man to his seat in the evening sunshine; quick, youthful feet are ready to supply his every want; the younger ones come in for his blessing and to kiss his aged hand, and strangers are brought to pay their respects to him, as he sits there in his halo of patriarchal glory.



THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

So Rio life goes on with its mingling of good and ill: the ill sadly near the surface, it must be said; the good, perhaps, hidden from sight; and over all is the frosting of French politeness. I can lounge in the cafés and get myself interested in the lively conversation about me; my neighbor lights his cigarette by mine, touches his hat and is quite ready to answer questions. I can saunter through the Passeio Publico garden of an evening, listening to the music and watching the family groups, or the students strolling about the gravel walks and exhibiting themselves. It is a pretty place, this garden; the people are proud of it, and indeed it would be an ornament to any city, with its stately palms and noble old trees. There is a marble-paved promenade fronting the bay, and any fine evening you may find hundreds of idlers here from the pleasure-loving city: people neatly and quietly dressed after the French fashion, conversing in low tones, and politely making way for each other in their walk. There are parties and balls, ceremonious dinners, and quiet tea-drinkings; even church fairs, oddly like the orthodox ones at home, but of course with all the glitter and show of the Catholic church; theaters with actors, for the most part indifferent or bad, but sometimes very good.

The population of Brazil may be divided into four classes. Of the upper one I have already spoken. The second class includes the peddlers, the small shop-keepers, petty eating-house keepers, and finally all mechanics. These men are mostly Portuguese immigrants, sometimes white or half-breed Brazilians; they work hard to keep themselves above the common laborers, whom they look down upon; but they never aspire to the magnificence of the privileged class. With this lower stratum, education means nothing beyond reading, writing and keeping accounts, but even that is enough to secure the respect of the *sans-culottes*, who very often cannot even read. Besides, there is the added dignity of proprietorship; the owner of a street-corner pagoda, who sells coffee and lottery-tickets at his window, is a superior being to the porter or boatman or even the cartman, who may buy his lunch there. Society does not recognize this mechanic-peddler class as a factor in her civilization; but who shall say that it will always be so; for, are not the unrecognized elements in society forever baffling political foresight? Perhaps, after all, South America needs a revolution. Not a horizontal one: surface whirlpools of political strife, that only serve to engulf some hapless hundreds or thousands—the world is surfeited with those now. A good, honest, vertical revolution it should be; one to bring stronger elements to the top and engulf forever the old, diseased ones. Brazilians are expiating, not only the sins of their fathers, but also their own. Society here was unsoundly constituted in the first instance; it is not the fault, but

THE GAVIA.

the misfortune, of the educated class that they are separated from those below them. I do not mean to say that the mechanics and shopkeepers are better, as a class, than the merchants and gentlemen; they are ignorant and dirty and degraded; that is obvious enough to any stranger. But their work gives them brawn, and their poverty protects them, in a measure, from certain kinds of immorality. Physically, they are the superiors of the upper class; mentally, they might equal them, if they had a chance.

Rather a negative element is the stratum next below them—the free laborers. In this class I include, not only the porters and cartmen and market-men of Rio and the other cities, but all peasants of Brazil, whether it be the *matuto* of Pernambuco, or the Arab-like *sertanejo* vagabond of Ceará, or the Indian of the Amazons; stationary people, who work only when they have to, and never accumulate property. A revolution is not likely to change their condition materially; they would take part in it only as tools of their betters, and when the turmoil was ended they would subside, by dead weight, to their old position. This negative class must exist in every country; only individuals can climb out of it and make men of themselves. In Rio, this third class is made up of Portuguese and free negroes; the latter probably the more intelligent; certainly they are more honest. There are boatmen and cartmen, porters waiting for work at every street corner, hawkers of fish and fruit and poultry; thousands who have no regular employment, but pick up their living by doing "odd jobs." Our bootblacks and newsboys and street Arabs generally might belong to this class; the 'longshoremen would be a grade above it. Certainly the Rio vagabonds are lower, both in intelligence and morals, than the Amazonian Indians, and in the matter of cleanliness the Indian is greatly the superior.

So we come to the fourth and lowest class in Brazil—the slaves. The class that originated in barbarism and selfishness; the class which Brazil, for very shame, is trying to get rid of, but whose influence will curse the children with the sins of the fathers for many dreary years.

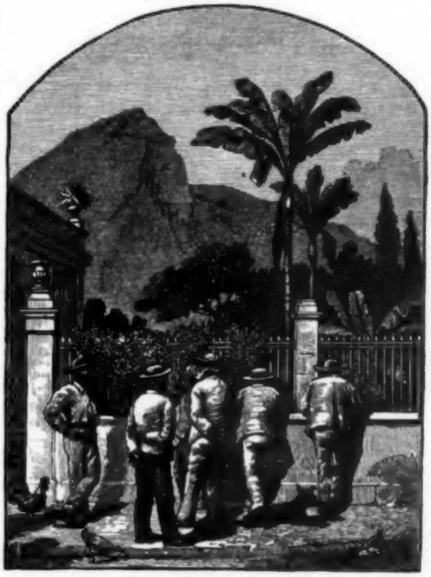
I came to Brazil with an honest desire to study this question of slavery in a spirit of fairness, without running to emotional extremes. Now, after four years, I am convinced that all other evils with which the country is cursed, taken together, will not compare with this one. And yet I cannot unduly blame men who have inherited the curse, and had no part in the making of it; who are victims of this evil system more than the blacks themselves. The harm that slavery has done to the black race is as nothing to the evils it has heaped upon the white one—the masters. From his cradle, a Brazilian has the blight upon him. A child's training here consists in letting it have its own way as much as possible; and the small naughtinesses and prides develop into consuming vanity and haughtiness. I am safe in saying that not a third of the population is pure blooded; social distinctions of color are never very finely drawn, though they are by no means abolished, as some writers would have us believe. People who talk of "amalgamation" as a blessing to be hoped for should study its

IN THE PASSEIO PUBLICO.

effects here, where it is almost an accomplished fact. The mixed races are invariably bad; they seem to combine all the worst characteristics of the two parent stocks, with none of the good ones, and the evil is most apparent where the "amalgamation" is most perfect. A light mulatto or an almost black one may be a very decent kind of a fellow; but the brown half-and-half is nearly always lazy and stupid and vain. So with the whites and Indians: the *mamelucos* are treacherous and passionate and indolent; the dark-brown ones are worse yet.

By the present law, slavery will cease to exist in 1892. I think the northern provinces will free their slaves before that time. At Pernambuco, especially, the emancipation spirit is very strong; it has come out in the form of an abolition society, which embraces almost every prominent man in the place. At the meetings of this society many slaves have been freed by subscriptions. Here and elsewhere the masters frequently celebrate days of public rejoicing by releasing old and faithful servants; sometimes, by testament, a rich man will free his entire household. The slaves have been drained into the southern provinces for years. It is common to find three or four hundred of them on the Rio coffee plantations; rarely there will be as many score on the sugar estates of Pernambuco or Pará. Now mark the result. At Rio there is a constant cry for workmen; the slaves are not sufficient, yet free laborers cannot compete with the forced ones. The planters work their negroes as they never would work their mules, and yet they complain of no profits. In the northern provinces there is free labor enough and to spare; poor men have a chance; rich ones are contented with the fair returns that their money brings them; society is far more evenly balanced, and the level of private character is far higher, than in the south. Of course there are humane masters at Rio also; the city, in this instance, is better than the country around. Many of the negro porters are slaves,—great, brawny fellows, who run in gangs through the streets, each one perhaps with a hundred and thirty pounds of coffee on his head. Sometimes you see five or six trotting together with a piano, the weight evenly distributed on their woolly heads, the men erect, moving in time to the leader's rattle and a plaintive chant. The porters pay their masters a certain sum per day; what they earn over this is theirs, and the best of them sometimes buy their own freedom from these savings.

The crowd drops out of sight: men stand on the street corners, and shop-keepers look out at their doors. With a rattle of wheels and a clatter of hoofs a carriage sweeps by, and a score of guards after it; there are bright trappings and sleek liveries,



PORTERS WAITING FOR WORK.

and in the midst of all a handsome, white-bearded, bare-headed gentleman, seated in the carriage. Except on fête days, that is all that the Rio porters, or you and I, see of Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Defender of Brazil. Americans have formed their own opinions of the Brazilian emperor; correct opinions in the main, for he is at home what he was in the United States, a thorough gentleman,—not at all assuming, but with just enough pride and reserve to give him dignity in his office,—a quiet, scholarly man who can converse well on almost any subject

But he is not a Napoleon, this emperor: he is simply a well-meaning, well-informed nobleman, who has the good of his country at heart, but is not always strong enough to force the benefits he would gladly give. He studied our school system, and charmed us by his intelligent questions, but we cannot see that Brazilian schools are greatly the gainers. He studied yellow fever and its preventives at New Orleans, but there remain, in his own capital, the dirty, ill-smelling, badly drained streets,—the pestilence breeders of a year ago. The emperor can hardly see the real faults and needs of Brazil; only the best side is turned toward him. His German and Latin ancestors have bequeathed to him a large fund of good-nature and common sense—adaptability is perhaps the better word. His father had nothing of this adaptability, and so got into trouble with his congress and was forced to abdicate. Perhaps the Brazilians took a lesson from those stormy times; at any rate the present emperor has held his position, in the main peaceably, for thirty-eight years. There are those who murmur for a republic (they do not know that a republican government is the most difficult to carry on), but the people in general are content to let their patriotism evaporate in minor politics; they have a reasonably good monarch, and they prefer this to the chances of an actively bad one. There are not wanting those who predict that a revolution will occur when the present emperor dies.

The Brazilian constitution is good enough, and the laws are good enough,—models of clearness and justice. But we are beginning to learn in these latter days that constitutions do not always determine the fate of a country. One difficulty is that Brazil is sadly over-governed. There are twice as many officials as are required, and the whole government system is bound with tangles of red tape—gibbet ropes for justice and commerce. Many of the posts are indeed filled by gentlemen who are ready enough to do you a service if approached in the right way; but the petty officials are often stupid and tyrannical; they delight in showing their power over their victims; yet before their superiors they cringe like dogs.

Government everywhere is a necessary evil; government in Brazil is rather more evil than there is any necessity for. Broadly speaking, the Brazilian government is too parental. Commerce gets too much petting and coddling, so that it has come to look upon itself as a weakling, and when a need of anything is felt it cries for government aid, which comes in subsidies, guarantees of interest, public help for private enterprises, advances of public money and so on; hardly a railroad or a steamboat or a factory is maintained exclusively by private capital; the very theaters are built by the government; the public libraries, colleges, museums and hospitals are supported by it. The result is that private enterprise is crippled; it cannot stand against the subsidized work, and if it could it is utterly unused to standing alone. Young men seek for government positions because they are the ones that command high salaries; honest work is degraded, and commerce is weakened, by the very efforts that are made in its behalf. After all, too, commerce must pay for even such lame assistance, and it pays roundly in the heavy import duties; but the import taxes will not supply the need, so there are provincial duties on goods passing from one province to another, municipal duties for sea-port towns, and finally export duties on almost everything that leaves the country, or would leave it if the duties were taken off. The argument for their export duties is that they are paid for by foreign consumers, and no doubt this is true when these foreign consumers are limited to Brazil for supply, as they are for rubber, and, so far, for coffee. But when Brazil must compete with other countries, export duties are simply suicidal; the cotton industry has been almost ruined by them; the sugar industry is struggling hard against them, and a dozen valuable products have never got out of the country at all, because they cannot afford to pay fifteen or twenty per cent. on their value.

Wise men call for direct income and land taxes that commerce may be relieved from its burdens; and in the slow course of Brazilian events the change will probably be

made. I doubt if subsidies and interest guarantees will be abolished; but it is certain the government cannot go on as it is without ending in national bankruptcy. Even with these heavy duties its income does not nearly meet its expenses; there is a yearly recurring deficit, and latterly this deficit has been so enormous that the press and the country cry out in dismay. It is a pity that the government is not wiser in its expenditures; for beyond this, it has shown very good financial management and a national honor that is exceptional among the South American countries. Brazilian bonds stand well in foreign markets because the interest is promptly paid, and holders do not trouble themselves greatly about the far-away principal. Last year, the famine in Ceará forced Brazil to the unhappy expedient of paper money. Before this she had $75,000,000 worth of this money afloat; the new issue made itself felt at once in a decrease of the market value of paper milreis* as compared with English gold,—it would hardly be right to say Brazilian gold, because that is hardly ever seen. Depreciated currencies are common enough in South America, but hitherto Brazil has escaped the evil.

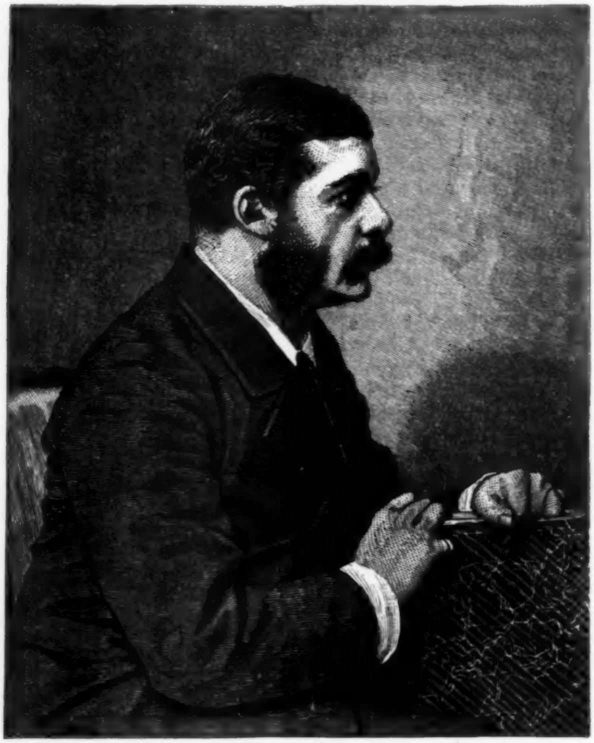
There is something good to offset all this rascality and trickery of Brazilian politics. For instance, there are admirable public institutions at Rio: hospitals, asylums, a polytechnic college, academies, and so on. Some of the city parks are very pretty; and away beyond Botafogo there is the Botanical Garden with its splendid avenue of royal palms, a hundred feet high. In the city there is a museum of natural history, rather showy than good; the collections are badly labeled and badly arranged. But for another institution I have only praise—the National Library, with 120,000 printed volumes and a vast store of valuable manuscripts,—such a library as any city in the United States would be proud of. Then there is the moss-grown, seventy-year-old aqueduct, that brings water to the city from the Corcovado. For two or three miles, where the aqueduct runs along the mountain-side, the government has built a carriage road—a shady, quiet road, with glimpses of the bay and city below. It is a hard climb to the top of the Corcovado; but it is worth it. The peak itself is a mere point, or rather two points with a bridge between them and low parapet walls. From these rocks the descent is sheer fifteen hundred feet to the forest-covered slope below. The Corcorado peak is accessible only from the south; on the other three sides there are bare perpendicular precipices. Down below are the city and bay on one side; on the other the Botanical Gardens, with the picturesque Rodrigo de Freitas

BEER-GARDEN.

Lake before it; in front, the suburb of Botafogo, and the sugar-loaf rock towering above the mouth of the harbor; beyond all, the blue ocean, fading into immensity.

* The Brazilian milreis is worth about fifty cents par value; it must not be confused with the milreis of Portugal equal to our dollar.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

To BE born clever is good; to be born lucky is better; to be born both clever and lucky is best. Such was the double dowry with which Arthur Seymour Sullivan entered the world in 1842. Let me, however, begin with his grandfather, for it is probably because of this genial, but extravagant gentleman's existence, that England and the United States are to-day humming the airs of "Pinafore."

That "all partial evil is universal good," this reprehensible grandfather seems to prove. Had not he, an Irish squire, spent his patrimony in riotous living, enlisted in the army and shortly after died, his son would have lived like an Irish gentleman, probably would have married a squire's daughter, and brought up ordinary children in the ordinary way. Fortunately, no such bed of clover fell to the lot of Thomas Sullivan. Being very fond of music, and realizing that he must work or starve, he adopted as a profession the art he loved, and eventually, through the influence of Sir Edward Paget, Governor of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, he was appointed band-master of that institution. He married a lady of Italian parentage by whom he had two children, Frederic and Arthur. Born in London, Arthur, the younger son, was removed to Sandhurst at the age of three and there remained for ten years. Passing most of his time in the band-room, he practiced first on one instrument and then on another, and at ten years of age played on every wind instrument as well as upon the piano, which was taught him by his music-loving mother. Like most boys, Arthur had great talent for mischief. Being lost one day for five hours, he was found in an old college room, picking to pieces a venerable piano, in order to know

the secret of its construction. His favorite books were the lives of composers. Impressed with the idea that all musicians were educated either at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, or at Westminster Abbey, Arthur's aspirations soared in these directions. The father, however, was determined that his son should have, first of all, a good general education, and sent him to an excellent school in London, where the eleven-year-old boy led his master a sorry life. His career was one of mysterious disappearances. Where could the lad be? What dark deeds was he plotting? Investigation disclosed the pardonable crime of an irresistible fascination for Westminster Abbey. He finally persuaded his father to allow the master to take him to Sir George Smart, organist to the Chapel Royal. The old gentleman cordially welcomed Arthur, who, having a beautiful voice, sang to his own piano-forte accompaniment. So pleased was Sir George, that he at once sent the youthful aspirant to the Rev. Thomas Helmore, priest in ordinary to the Queen and master of the boys attached to the Chapel Royal. Subjected to various tests through which he passed successfully, Arthur was at once admitted to the Chapel Royal, his good luck finding for him the necessary vacancy. Living, as all the chapel boys did, with the master in a lovely old house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, Arthur's career was similar to that of all boys, plus an ever-growing devotion to music. After eighteen months' instruction, he wrote an anthem and showed it to Sir George Smart, who said it should be sung at the Chapel Royal. The young composer reveled in the seventh heaven of delight, thinking he had attained the acme of his desires. After the anthem's performance, the Bishop of London, Dean of the Chapel Royal, being told of its origin, sent for Sullivan, received him in the vestry after service, patted him on the head, and gave him ten shillings—an enormous sum in the lad's eyes. Success broadens vision, and he who had thought life bounded by an anthem now longed to browse in "pastures new." Six months later Sullivan saw an advertisement announcing a competition for the Mendelssohn Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. This scholarship owes its existence mainly to Jenny Lind, who gave a great concert for its endowment, with a view to fostering composition. Fired with ambition, Sullivan obtained permission to enter the list of competitors, he being again lucky in having attained 14 years, the youngest limit of age. There were twenty-four competitors, all of whom sent in original works to the examiners. Out of these twenty-four manuscripts the best two were selected for a second examination; Sullivan's was one of the two. The chairman announced that final judgment would be passed on the following day. It was a day of agony to Sullivan, greater agony than he has since experienced in more crucial periods. Study was impossible. Hour came, hour went, and at every sound his heart leapt into his throat. At six o'clock in the afternoon, the postman brought the expected letter that meant triumph or despair. Sullivan tore it open, read of his victory,—he, the youngest of the twenty-four boys,—and rushed to Mr. Helmore's study, where the good man received him with a kiss. This scholarship was then endowed with $100 a year; which, thanks to Sullivan's exertions, has since been increased to $450. The committee placed him at the Royal Academy of Music, in order that he might continue singing at the Chapel Royal, which he did for one year longer, when his voice broke. At sixteen, the committee sent him to Leipsic, where he studied three years, first as a Mendelssohn scholar, and later at the expense of his father, who allowed him an annual income of $500. These were the happiest of days. A leading spirit among his comrades, Sullivan mingled hard work with constant visits to Dresden, where he divided his time between the opera and the picture gallery. Moscheles, his guardian, was also his banker, and required a strict account of expenditures. Fearing to be scolded if found out in his wanderings, Sullivan put down what was spent in Dresden to "pomatum and socks." This extraordinary consumption of two extraordinary articles astounded Moscheles. When the truth came to light, Sullivan's allowance was increased so as to admit of visits to Dresden without fear and without reproach. Moscheles held Sullivan in high esteem, as all who have read his letters know, and his ward speaks in grateful terms of the maestro's kindness.

While at Leipsic, Sullivan wrote a stringed quartette, which was played at the Conservatoire in the presence of Spohr. The tall old man, who died soon after, sent for Sullivan and, in congratulating him, exclaimed, "So young, and yet so advanced in art!" This effort was followed by symphonies, sonatas, and other works, some of which were per-

formed, but all of which have since been consigned to oblivion. The first positive gathering of Sullivan's forces was displayed in his eighteenth year. Looking about for inspiration, he turned to Shakspere, and, falling in love with "The Tempest," wrote music incidental to this airy masterpiece which was very successfully produced at the Gewandhaus, under the composer's baton.

Returning to England in 1861, Sullivan quietly pursued his studies, and in the following year brought out his illustrations of "The Tempest" at the Crystal Palace. Though both instrumental and vocal, the instrumental music predominated. The young composer created an honest sensation on that memorable Saturday afternoon, his gratification reaching its climax when, at the conclusion of the performance, he was met by Charles Dickens, who, on shaking him warmly by the hand, said, "I don't know much about music technically; but, as an ardent lover of it, I am delighted." On the repetition of this work the following Saturday, every London musician was present, attracted by curiosity to hear an unknown composer.

From this moment Sullivan's career became easy. At the early age of twenty, he entered the temple of art through the front door, flung wide open to receive him. He at once received a commission from Cramer & Co., for an opera to be brought out by the Pyne and Harrison troupe, the libretto of which, written by Chorley, was entitled "The Sapphire Necklace." Sullivan took great pains, but this serious Necklace in four acts never was heard, as bad luck dissolved the troupe. Sullivan's dislike to the book has prevented later production; but the overture is often played.

In March, 1863, all England was excited over the Prince of Wales's marriage with Alexandra, the Dane. Sharing the general enthusiasm, Sullivan wrote a wedding march, which on the eventful day was played by every military band and theatrical orchestra in the United Kingdom. Soon after, the loyal composer was introduced to the prince, since which time a warm friendship has existed between the two. About the same time, the Duke of Edinburgh, who is passionately fond of music, wrote to Sullivan for advice, and the interview which followed resulted in an intimacy which the duke's wanderings have never broken. Queen Victoria's second son is a violinist of sufficient excellence to play in an orchestra, and with practice would be still more proficient; moreover, his critical knowledge of music is sound.

Visiting Paris for the first time in 1863, where he had for companions Charles Dickens and Henry Chorley, Sullivan met Madame Viardot-Garcia and Rossini, both of whom were exceedingly kind. The latter invited the young musician to call whenever he liked —a privilege Sullivan frequently availed himself of. The old maestro took a warm interest in his enthusiastic visitor, played to him, and gave him valuable advice, especially with reference to dramatic music. One morning Sullivan found Rossini at the piano, trying a new composition.

"What have you been writing, Maestro?"

"A little piece, composed expressly for my dog. It's her birthday, and I always celebrate the occasion by composing a piece, which I dedicate to her, and of which she does me the honor to approve."

Sullivan took notes of his various interviews with Rossini, but unfortunately lost them. It is worth recording that Rossini believed that the young Englishman had great talent for dramatic music.

Going back to London fired by the recollection of Viardot's genius in Gluck's "Orpheus," and by the predictions of the great maestro, Sullivan determined to give his whole time to creation, feeling convinced that teaching, unless in exceptional cases, was incompatible with composition. On leaving Leipsic he was an excellent pianist, and could readily have taught that instrument; but, following the solitary example of Sir Michael Costa, he turned his back upon what would have been an easy road to a good income, preferring temporary poverty to paralysis of the brain. Sullivan could "hitch his wagon to a star" more readily than others, because, in addition to luck, he had the art of making friends. He was well educated and socially sympathetic, and found in Henry Chorley, George Grove, Sir Michael Costa, Tom Chappell and Henry Broadwood, stanch supporters, who did much to advance his interests.

Eager to master all departments of music, Sullivan undertook to write what has proved to be the last grand ballet produced in England. He states privately that he gave the final blow to choreographic art on British soil; but, in reality, "The Enchanted Isle" went beautifully, and was played with short operas at Covent Garden throughout the entire season of 1864. Sir Michael Costa assured Sullivan that this essay in unknown fields would give him great stage experience, as he would be forced to humor dancers, manager and carpenters. Before completing his

work, Sullivan learned the full measure of stage despotism. At one rehearsal, an old carpenter came to him, saying: "Mr. Sullivan, sir, that iron and slote which Mademoiselle Salvioni crosses the stage with doesn't work very easy. We want more time. Will you give us a few bars more music? *Give us something for the villincellers!*" And Sullivan at once prolonged the agony by giving the "villincellers" a chance to cover themselves with glory. All the parts of this ballet-music, with the exception of three numbers, were burned in the destruction of the first Crystal Palace.

The year 1864 also witnessed the production, at Birmingham, of Sullivan's cantata, "Kenilworth." It was not very successful, nor did it deserve to be, as the words were rubbish and the music weak. Mesdames Sherrington, Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Santley and Cummings, could not save it; though had the tenor part been sung by Mario, as originally intended, a gentler fate might have befallen the cantata. After rehearsing, the great Italian fell ill and could not fulfill his engagement. However, there was wheat among the chaff. Sullivan did his best in the moonlight scene from "The Merchant of Venice," introduced in the masque which takes place before Queen Elizabeth. This *morceau* is frequently played by orchestras, and always with public approbation.

Sullivan's first great success in song-writing was in 1863, when he sold "Orpheus with his Lute" to Metzler for the insignificant sum of $25. For several years past the publisher has realized an annual income of $2,500 on his original investment. This popular composition was followed by a set of Shaksperian songs, including "O Mistress Mine," "The Willow Song," from "Othello," "Sigh no more, Ladies," and "Rosalind." All are admirable and are fast replacing the settings of former composers. Engaged by Novello to write church music, Sullivan gave much of his time in 1864 to this work. Returning to song-writing some months after, he produced "If Doughty Deeds," and "A Weary Lot," both sung by Santley. Later came the part song "Hush thee, my Baby," probably the most popular ever written. It had an immense sale, and as Sullivan had grown wise enough to keep a royalty on his works, he found a goodly fortune lying in wait for him. The ballad "Will he Come?" succeeded the part song.

To build better than one knows often befalls the cleverest. In 1866, there died suddenly, Charles Burnett, a writer on "Punch," who left his family in sore distress. As usual, the ever-generous dramatic profession arranged a benefit, for which genial F. C. Burnand, whose thoughts are always happy, promised to collaborate a musical piece with Sullivan. However, within a week of the benefit, the unhappy collaborators had collaborated nothing. Living near each other, they were together going to church, when Burnand was seized with an idea. "Let's set 'Box and Cox' to music!" he exclaimed. "Happy thought! Book it," replied Sullivan. Both at once set to work, and in seven days the operetta was written, learned, rehearsed, and produced. A greater triumph never awaited so small a work. Words and music are admirable and their rendering by du Maurier (the draughtsman, so well known in "Punch"), Harold Power (a son of the Irish comedian, Tyrone Power), and Arthur Cecil, was excellent. Transferred from the Adelphi Theatre to German Reed's Entertainments, "Cox and Box" ran for five hundred nights, Arthur Cecil retaining his original character. Having recently witnessed a revival of this operetta, I do not hesitate to state that Arthur Cecil's creation is the finest thing of the kind I ever saw or heard. His singing of the charming "Lullaby Bacon" is exquisite, and his pantomime masterly. When England gives birth to such an artist, it is ridiculous to join in the prevailing fashionable chorus that France alone breeds actors.

A brilliant reception was accorded to Sullivan's Symphony in E, played first at the Crystal Palace in 1866, and repeated several times. In this same year, Sullivan was asked to write for the Norwich Festival, which takes place the first week in November, but, after accepting the flattering invitation, labored in vain. Desperate at failure, Sullivan threatened to give up the idea, but was deterred by his excellent father, who had ever been his best friend. "Don't throw away so fine an opportunity, my boy," he said. "Something will happen to inspire you. Wait." Something did happen: four days later, the kind and appreciative father died. On the evening of his funeral, the unhappy son sat at his desk, almost unconsciously writing on, and on, and on, taking no heed of day or night. In twelve days he composed and rehearsed an overture entitled "In Memoriam," dedicated to his father. It was warmly applauded, and is the first orchestral work in

which the organ is made prominent. This noble instrument adds greatly to the climax.

Then followed a concerto for violoncellos, played at the Crystal Palace by Signor Piatti, a master. Next came "The Contrabandista," an operetta for which F. C. Burnand supplied the libretto. The first act contains some of Sullivan's best work, but the second act fails to fulfill the promise of the first: both words and music need to be rewritten. 1867 witnessed the production of the overture to "Marmion" by the Philharmonic Society. 1868 chronicled the appearance at the Worcester Festival of Sullivan's "Prodigal Son," a short oratorio, finely rendered by Titiens, Trebelli, Sims Reeves, and Santley, and finely received by the silent but appreciative audience that thronged the Cathedral. The press was so unanimous in its approbation that this oratorio was repeated at the Crystal Palace by the same artists, and found a prominent place in the programme of the Hereford Festival of 1868.

In 1869, the Queen expressed a desire through Sir Arthur Helps, to possess a copy of Sullivan's works, whereupon the composer made a careful collection, bound it, and sent it to a sovereign who once sang prettily, and still does credit to her piano teacher, Mendelssohn. Victoria responded with an autograph letter of thanks, wherein she expressed her intention of becoming familiar with all the music of one who had given her such great pleasure. Sullivan devoted this year to song-writing. Concertos, oratorios, symphonies, may add greatly to fame, but they add nothing to incomes. To be asked to write for a festival is an honor without emolument, and, unless a composer be born with a gold spoon in his mouth,—a fate yet unknown,—he cannot long afford to labor for glory gratis. Songs bring Arthur Sullivan cake as well as bread and butter. These compositions are equally popular in the United States, but, owing to the absence of copyright, the composer has no share in the publisher's large profits. How long will this injustice last?

At the Birmingham Festival of 1870, Sullivan conducted his "Ouvertura di Ballo," which met with a warm reception, and is constantly played. Beginning with a stately polonaise, the *ouvertura* glides into a long waltz movement, and finishes with a brilliant galop, all in strictly symphonic form.

London, being in 1871 the scene of an International Exhibition, Ferdinand Hiller represented German music, contributing an original overture; France sent Gounod with his rhythmic lamentation, "Gallia"; and England selected Arthur Sullivan, who produced a musical contrast between fishermen, their wives, and moorish pirates, entitled, "On Shore and Sea," the words being by Tom Taylor. The material point of interest in this clever composition was the introduction of real Moorish airs, souvenirs of the Moorish band, sent by the Viceroy of Egypt to the Exhibition of 1862. Deeply impressed by this Arab music, Sullivan took notes of it and incorporated these Eastern tunes with great effect.

Upon the Prince of Wales's recovery, in February, 1872, from a fever that had threatened to be mortal, a Thanksgiving Fête was held at the Crystal Palace, at which, by invitation of the Directors and with the Queen's sanction and encouragement, Sullivan produced a Te Deum, dedicated to his royal patron. With a chorus of 2,000, with an orchestra proportionately large, with the Guards' united military bands, with the great organ, with Titiens as soloist, and with an audience of 20,000, the effect was tremendous, especially at the climax when all these great forces were brought together. Our own city of Buffalo has given this Te Deum in its entirety, while there is never—or, at least, hardly ever—a state celebration at the Crystal Palace or Albert Hall, at which the last chorus is not given. Both the Czar of all the Russias and the Shah of all the Persians have listened to it, the latter being most impressed by the red costumes of the contralto singers and the blue costumes of the sopranos. (This highly cultivated monarch, whose march through Europe left havoc in its wake, heard entirely with his eyes.) The last rendering of the Te Deum chorus took place at the Trocadéro during the Paris Exposition of 1878, at the express desire, and in the presence, of the Prince who had inspired it.

Success with the "Te Deum" led Sullivan to turn his attention to severer work, and soon he became absorbed in his oratorio "The Light of the World," brought out in August, 1873, at the Birmingham Festival. For the first time in the history of music, the character of Christ was dramatized. This bold experiment caused Sullivan to await a verdict with great trepidation, as none could foretell the effect upon religious susceptibilities. The result, however, justified the experiment. The "Times" declared that since the production of "Elijah" under

Mendelssohn at Birmingham, in 1846, no work had created such a sensation. The audience listened in breathless silence until the close, and then burst into prolonged cheering. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the nervous composer left the platform blinded with grateful tears. Twice since then has "The Light of the World" been repeated at Birmingham. It has been given twice at Manchester, Liverpool, Hereford, Brighton and London; once at Leeds and Dundee, and has also been heard elsewhere. Its greatest strength lies in the choruses.

The first work in which Gilbert and Sullivan collaborated was a burlesque, entitled "Thespis," written for the comedian Toole, who, having but two notes in his voice, was no easy subject for the composer. However, Sullivan overcame this difficulty, and "Thespis" ran one hundred nights. Of course the plot unfolds a Gilbertian conceit. The gods are supposed to have grown old, and people are dissatisfied; Jupiter's thunder no longer has the true ring; Diana objects to sitting up o' nights. At this juncture, Thespis and his troupe chance upon Mount Olympus; and, as the gods think they'd like to go below and see what is the matter, Thespis assures them that he and his company are equal to regulating the universe. Accordingly the gods retire, Thespis taking Jupiter's place, casting the leading lady for Juno, and his soubrette for Venus. The second act discloses the Thespians in their new rôles. Heaven and earth are convulsed; as Jupiter has turned on rain and forgotten to turn if off, a deluge is imminent; Apollo and Diana, being in love, insist upon going out together; Bacchus has moral scruples against grapes: he is a teetotaler, and will tolerate nothing stronger than ginger-beer. In the midst of topsyturvy the gods return, dethrone the Thespians and restore order. This most humorous idea is well carried out in the first act, but is weakly treated in the second, both book and music needing revision. The charming song, "Little Maid of Arcadee," originated in "Thespis."

1874 welcomed the songs of "Once Again," "Looking Back," and "O ma Charmante;" the first being the most popular, and the second having the steadiest sale of all Sullivan's compositions. In August, Sullivan visited the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Coburg. Evenings were made musical by him and Christine Nilsson, who chanced to be in town. One night on going to the window, the Duchess exclaimed: "Oh, look here!" A thousand people, collected without a sound, stood listening with delight. In London, the concert outside would have been the louder of the two. On leaving Coburg, Sullivan received from the Duke the order of England's royal family.

The spring of 1875 gave birth to "Trial by Jury," which marked a new era in comic opera. Originating with Gilbert, the idea was considered by him and Sullivan so purely experimental that at the last rehearsal both feared an ignominous failure. They were doomed to happy disappointment, as it took the town by storm. Sullivan's elder brother, Frederic, who had been educated as an architect, but drifted naturally to the stage, made a great success as the *Judge*. For two years he lived in a big wig, and, alas! he died in it.

"Trial by Jury" was quickly followed by "The Zoo." Then came the song, "Let me Dream Again," written for Christine Nilsson, and since sung by every soprano in every English-speaking land. Public recognition was instantaneous. The sale of this song and of its successor, "Sweethearts," has attained 70,000 copies.

From 1875 to 1877, Sullivan devoted most of his time to organizing the National Training School of Music, opened by the Queen in May, 1876. About this time, the University of Cambridge bestowed upon Sullivan the honorary degree of Mus. Doc. That noble song, "The Lost Chord," was written in 1877, while he watched beside his dying brother's bed. The moment Sullivan sees words to his liking, conception of a fitting air is instantaneous,—the working out of it, however, occupying much time. The vocal part of "Looking Back" was written in half an hour; the accompaniment consumed hours.

After composing four numbers of incidental music for the revival of "Henry VIII.," at Manchester, Sullivan, toward the end of 1877, evolved "The Sorcerer," a comic opera, which ran until May, 1878. Though much more solid, it is less genial than its younger sister, "Pinafore," which Sullivan wrote between paroxysms of pain, as poor Tom Hood conceived his immortal jokes. The English composer aimed at bright melodies, determined that Offenbach and his school should not monopolize them, and got out of a sick bed to conduct the last rehearsal and first public performance. Most cordial was "Pinafore's" reception;

but neither Gilbert nor Sullivan predicted a long run. When the hot weather set in, the directors of the opera company for whom "Pinafore" was written became frightened, and talked of closing the theater; whereupon Sullivan, then directing the Covent Garden promenade concerts, placed the music of his opera on his programme, and public interest at once revived. The American furore has also been reflected in London, and the reign of this rhythmic satire goes on like Tennyson's brook.

In taking control of the Promenade Concerts in 1878, Sullivan made a complete revolution in the character of the music and the audiences. The former had been frivolous and the latter largely tainted with vice. Now, Covent Garden is the resort of respectable men and women, who listen to the best compositions. Pandering to vice cost the promoters $15,000 during the season of 1877. Last summer, reform put $10,000 into the promoters' pockets. It is possible, therefore, to make virtue a good pecuniary investment.

Appointed royal commissioner to the Paris Exposition, Sullivan gave the greater part of last year to glory rather than to remuneration. England, like the United States, expects every man to do his duty to his country for nothing. On bringing his mission to a successful issue, Sullivan found himself adorned with the Legion of Honor, this rare decoration having cost him six months' hard labor and $1,500 in expenses.

1879 records the production of a majestic song, inspired by Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve," a song too difficult and dramatic to be popular. Following the steps of Cambridge, Oxford in June conferred upon Sullivan the musical degree. The undergraduate heart went out to him, and the sacred organ of the Sheldonian Theatre actually played selections from "Pinafore." Undergraduates welcomed the favorite composer in the name of "his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts," and when a wag from their gallery answered Dr. Evans's solemn "*Placetne vobis domini doctores*" with the audacious query, "What, never?" even Dr. Sullivan, arrayed, unlike the lily, in gorgeous robes, was obliged to laugh.

In the autumn of this year, Mr. Sullivan goes to the United States with Mr. Gilbert, not only to produce a new opera, but to know more intimately a kindred people for whom he has high regard. Whatever those people do to him, let them refrain from offering him words for music. One thousand manuscript songs are now waiting to be set,—six thousand having been returned to despairing authors,—and as Sullivan does not average more than two songs a year, the present generation will have been five centuries in another and a better world before a glorified muse asks for "more."

HER CONQUEST.

Muster thy wit, and talk of whatsoever
Light, mirth-provoking matter thou canst find:
I laugh, and own that thou, with small endeavor,
Hast won my mind.

Be silent if thou wilt—thine eyes expressing
Thy thoughts and feelings, lift them up to mine:
Then quickly thou shalt hear me, love, confessing
My heart is thine.

And let that brilliant glance become but tender—
Return me heart for heart—then take the whole
Of all that yet is left me to surrender:
Thou hast my soul.

Now, when the three are fast in thy possession,
And thou hast paid me back their worth, and more,
I'll tell thee—all whereof I've made thee cession
Was thine before.

ANNUNCIATA.

I.

In the gallery of one of the famous Roman villas which commands a splendid view of the city, Mr. Henry Vincent, a young American, was lounging. Judging by his appearance he was a college graduate, or, to speak more definitely, a graduate of Harvard; for he had that jaunty walk and general trimness of attire which are the traditional attributes of the academical denizens of Cambridge. He swung his arms rather more than was needed to assist locomotion, and betrayed in an unobtrusive manner a consciousness of being well dressed. His face, which was not without fine possibilities, had an air of well-bred neutrality; you could see that he assumed a defensive attitude against æsthetic impressions,—that even the Sistine Madonna or the Venus of Milo would not have surprised him into anything like enthusiasm or abject approval. It was evident, too, that he was a little bit ashamed of his Baedeker, which he consulted only in a semi-surreptitious way, and plunged into the pocket of his overcoat whenever he believed himself to be observed. Such a contingency, however, seemed remote; for the silence that reigned about him was as heavy and profound as if it had been unbroken since creation's day. The large marble halls had a grave and inhospitable air, and their severe magnificence compelled even from our apathetic traveler a shy and reluctant veneration. He tried to fix his attention upon a certain famous Guido which was attached by hinges to the wall, and which, as he had just learned from Baedeker, was a marvel of color and fine characterization; he stood for a few moments staring with a blank and helpless air, as if, for the first time in his life, he was beginning to question the finality of his own judgment. Then his eyes wandered off to the cornice of the wall, whose florid rococo upholstery won his sincere approval.

"Hang it!" he murmured impatiently, pulling a gold watch from his waistcoat pocket. "That loon Jack—he never does keep an engagement."

At this moment, distant footsteps were heard, which, as they approached, resounded with a sepulchral distinctness on the marble pavement. Presently a young man entered breathlessly, holding his hat in one hand and a white handkerchief in the other.

"Harry," he cried, excitedly, "I have found the goddess of the place. Come quick, before she vanishes. It is a rare chance, I tell you."

He seized his companion's arm and ignoring his remonstrances, almost dragged him through the door by which he had entered.

"What sort of lunacy is it you are up to, now, Jack?" the other was heard to grumble. "I'll bet ten to one you have been making an ass of yourself."

"I dare say I have," retorted Jack, good-naturedly; "a man who has not the faculty of making a fool of himself occasionally is only half a man. You would be a better fellow, too, Harry, if you were not so deucedly respectable; a slight admixture of folly would give tone and color to your demure and rigid propriety. For a man so splendidly equipped by fortune, you have made a poor job of existence, Harry. When I see you bestowing your sullen patronage upon the great masterpieces of the past, I am ashamed of you—yes, by Jove, I am."

"Don't you bother about me," was the ungracious response of his comrade. "I cut my eye-teeth a good while before you did, even though you may be a few years older. I'll take care of myself, you may depend upon it, and of you, too, if you get yourself into a scrape, which you seem bent upon doing."

"Now, do be amiable, Harry," urged the other with gentle persuasiveness. "I can't take it upon my conscience to introduce you to a lady, and far less to a goddess, unless you promise to put on your best behavior. You know from your mythology that goddesses are capable of taking a terrible vengeance upon mortals who unwittingly offend them."

Mr. John Cranbrook—for that was the name of the demonstrative tourist—was a small, neat-looking man, with an eager face and a pair of dark, vivid eyes. His features, though not in themselves handsome, were finely, almost tenderly, modeled. His nose was not of the classical type, but nevertheless of a clear and delicate cut, and his nostrils of extreme sensitiveness. On the whole, it was a pleasant, open and enthusiastic face,—a face in which there was no guile. By the side of his robust and stalwart friend, Cranbrook looked almost frail, and it was evident that Vincent, who felt

the advantages of his superior avoirdupois, was in the habit of patronizing him. They had been together in college and had struck up an accidental friendship, which, to their mutual surprise, had survived a number of misunderstandings, and even extended beyond graduation. Cranbrook, who was of a restless and impetuous temperament, found Vincent's quiet self-confidence very refreshing; there was a massive repose about him, an unquestioning acceptance of the world as it was and an utter absence of intellectual effort, which afforded his friend a refuge from his own self-consuming ambition. Cranbrook had always prophesied that Harry would some day wake up and commit a grand and monumental piece of folly, but he hoped that that day was yet remote; at present it was his rich commonplaceness and his grave and comfortable dullness which made him the charming fellow he was, and it would be a pity to forfeit such rare qualities.

Cranbrook's own accomplishments were not of the kind which is highly appreciated among undergraduates. His verses, which appeared anonymously in the weekly college paper, enjoyed much popularity in certain young ladies' clubs, but were by the professor of rhetoric pronounced unsound in sentiment though undeniably clever in expression. Vincent, on the other hand, had virtues which paved him an easy road to popularity; he could discuss base-ball and rowing matters with a gravity as if the fate of the republic depended upon them; he was moreover himself an excellent "catcher," and subscribed liberally for the promotion of athletic sports. He did not, like his friend, care for "honors," nor had he the slightest desire to excel in Greek; he always reflected the average undergraduate opinion on all college affairs, and was not above playing an occasional trick on a freshman or a professor. As for Cranbrook, he rather prided himself on being a little exceptional, and cherished with special fondness those of his tastes and proclivities which distinguished him from the average humanity. He had therefore no serious scruples in accepting Vincent's offer to pay his expenses for a year's trip abroad. Vincent, he reasoned, would hardly benefit much by his foreign experiences, if he went alone. His glance would never penetrate beneath the surface of things, and he therefore needed a companion, whose æsthetic culture was superior to his own. Cranbrook flattered himself that he was such a companion, and vowed in his heart to give Harry full returns in intellectual capital for what he expended on him in sordid metals. Moreover, Harry had a clear income of fifteen to twenty thousand a year, while he, Cranbrook, had scarcely anything which he could call his own. I dare say that if Vincent had known all the benevolent plans which his friend had formed for his mental improvement, he would have thought twice before engaging him as his traveling companion; but fortunately he was so well satisfied with his own mental condition, and so utterly unconscious of his short-comings in point of intellect, that he could not have treated an educational scheme of which he was himself to be the subject as anything but an amiable lunacy on Jack's part, or at the worst, as a practical joke. Jack was good company; that was with him the chief consideration; his madness was harmless and had the advantage of being entertaining; he was moreover at heart a good fellow, and the stanchest and most loyal of friends. Harry was often heard to express the most cheerful confidence in Jack's future; he would be sure to come out right in the end, as soon as he had cut his eye-teeth, and very likely Europe might be just the thing for a complaint like his.

II.

After having marched over nearly half a mile of marble flag-stones, interrupted here and there by strips of precious mosaic, the two young men paused at the entrance to a long, vaulted corridor. White, silent gods stood gazing gravely from their niches in the wall, and the pale November sun was struggling feebly to penetrate through the dusty windows. It did not dispel the dusk, but gave it just the tenderest suffusion of sunshine.

"Stop," whispered Cranbrook. "I want you to take in the total impression of this scene before you examine the details. Only listen to this primeval stillness; feel, if you can, the stately monotony of this corridor, the divine repose and dignity of these marble forms, the chill immobility of this light. It seems to me that, if a full, majestic organ-tone could be architecturally expressed, it must of necessity assume a shape resembling the broad, cold masses of this aisle. I should call this an architectonic fugue,—a pure and lofty meditation——"

"Now do give us a rest, Jack," interrupted

Vincent mercilessly. "I thought you said something about a nymph or a goddess. Trot her out, if you please, and let me have a look at her."

Cranbrook turned sharply about and gave his comrade a look of undisguised disgust.

"Harry," he said gravely, "really you don't deserve the good fortune of being in Italy. I thought I knew you well; but I am afraid I shall have to revise my judgment of you. You are hopelessly and incorrigibly frivolous. I know it is ungracious in me to tell you so,—I, who have accepted your bounty; but, by Jove, Harry, I don't want to buy my pleasure at the price you seem to demand. I have enough to get home, at all events, and I shall repay you what I owe you."

Vincent colored to the edge of his hair; he bit his lip, and was about to yield to the first impulse of his wrath. A moment's reflection, however, sobered him; he gave his leg two energetic cuts with his slender cane, then turned slowly on his heel and sauntered away. Cranbrook stood long gazing sadly after him; he would have liked to call him back, but the aimless, leisurely gait irritated him, and the word died on his lips. Every step seemed to hint a vague defiance. "What does it matter to me," it seemed to say, "what you think of me? You are of too little account to have the power to ruffle my temper." As the last echo of the retiring footsteps was lost in the great marble silence, Cranbrook heaved a sigh, and, suddenly remembering his errand, walked rapidly down the corridor. He paused before a round-arched, doorless portal, which led into a large sunny room. In the embrasure of one of the windows, a young girl was sitting, with a drawing-board in her lap, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of a marble relief which was suspended upon the wall. From where Cranbrook stood, he could see her noble profile clearly outlined against the white wall; a thick coil of black hair was wound about the back of her head, and a dark, tight-fitting dress fell in simple folds about her magnificent form. There was a simplicity and an unstudied grace in her attitude which appealed directly to Cranbrook's æsthetic nature. Ever since he entered Italy he had been on the alert for romantic impressions, and his eager fancy instinctively lifted every commonplace incident that appeared to have poetic possibilities in it into the region of romance. He remembered having seen somewhere a statue of Clio whose features bore a remote resemblance to those of the young girl before him—the same massive, boldly sculptured chin, the same splendid columnar throat, the same grave immobility of vision. It seemed sacrilege to approach such a divine creature with a trivial remark about the weather or the sights of Rome, and yet some commonplace was evidently required to pave the way to further acquaintance. Cranbrook pondered for a moment, and then advanced boldly toward the window where the goddess was sitting. She turned her head and flashed a pair of brilliant black eyes upon him.

"Pardon me, signorina," he said, with an apologetic cough. "I see you are drawing. Perhaps you could kindly tell me where one can obtain permission to copy in this gallery."

"I do not know, signore," she answered, in a low, rich voice. "No one ever copies here. The prince is never here, and his major-domo comes only twice a year. He was here two weeks ago, so it will be a long time before he will return."

"But you seem to be copying," the young man ventured to remonstrate.

"Ah, *sanctissima!*" she cried, with a vivid gesture of deprecation. "No, signore, I am not copying. I am a poor, ignorant thing, signore, not an artist. There was once a kind foreigner who lodged with us; he was an artist, a most famous artist, and he amused himself with me, while I was a child, and taught me to draw a little."

"And perhaps you would kindly allow me to look at your drawing?"

Cranbrook was all in a flutter; he was amazed at his own temerity, but the situation filled him with a delicious sense of adventure, and an irresistible impulse within him urged him on. The girl had risen, and, without the slightest embarrassment or coquettish reluctance, handed him her drawing-board. He saw at a glance that she was sincere in disclaiming the name of an artist. The drawing was a mere simple outline of a group, representing Briseis being led away from her lover by the messengers of Agamemnon. The king stood on one side ready to receive her, and on the other, Achilles, with averted face, in an attitude of deep dejection. The natural center of the group, however, was the figure of Briseis. The poise of her classic head as she looked back over her shoulder at her beloved hero was full of the tenderest suggestions. She seemed to offer no resistance to the messengers, but her reluctant, lingering steps were more expressive than any violent demon-

stration. Cranbrook saw all this in the antique relief, but found it but feebly, and, as it were, stammeringly rendered in the girl's drawing. The lines were firmly and accurately traced and the proportions were approximately correct; but the deeper sentiment of the group had evidently escaped her, and the exquisite delicacy of modeling she had not even attempted to imitate. Cranbrook had in his heart to admit that he was disappointed. He feared that it was rude to return the board without a word of favorable comment, but he disdained to resort to any of those ingenious evasions which serve so conveniently as substitutes for definite judgments. The girl, in the meanwhile, stood looking into his face with an air of frank curiosity. It was not his opinion of her work, however, which puzzled her. She had never been accustomed to flattery, and had no idea of claiming a merit which she was well aware did not belong to her. She seemed rather to be wondering what manner of man her critic might be, and whether it would be safe to appeal to him for information on some subjects which lay beyond the reach of her own faculties.

"Signore," she began at last, a little hesitatingly, "I suppose you are a learned man who has read many books. Perhaps you know who that man is with the big helmet. And the maiden there with the bare feet, standing between the men—who is she? She looks sad, I think, and yet the large man who seems to be waiting for her is well made and handsome, and his garments appear to be precious. His shield is finely wrought, and I am sure he must be a man of great dignity."

"You are right," responded Cranbrook, to whom her guileless talk was highly entertaining. "He is a king, and his name is Agamemnon. By nationality he is a Greek ——"

"Ah, then I know why the girl is sad," she interrupted, eagerly. "The Greeks are all thieves, Padre Gregorio says; they all steal and lie. The padre has been in the Greek land and he knows their bad ways."

"The padre probably means the modern Greeks. I know very little about them. But the ancient Greeks were the noblest nation the world has ever seen."

"Is it possible? And what did they do that was so great and noble? *Sanctissima!* the greatest nation the world has ever seen!"

These exclamations were uttered in a tone of sincere surprise which to Cranbrook was very amusing. The conversation was now fairly started. The American told with much expenditure of eloquence the story of "the wrath of Achilles, the son of Peleus," and of the dire misfortunes which fell upon the house of Priamus and Atreus in consequence of one woman's fatal beauty. The girl sat listening with a rapt, far-away expression; now and then a breeze of emotion flitted across her features and a tear glittered in her eye and coursed slowly down over her cheek. Cranbrook, too, as he was gradually tuned into sympathy with his own tale, felt a strange, shuddering intoxication of happiness. He did not perceive how the time slipped by; he began to shiver, and saw that the sun was gone. The girl woke up with a start as his voice ceased and looked about her with a bewildered air. They both rose and walked together through the long, empty halls and corridors. He noticed wonderingly that she carried a heavy bunch of keys in her hand and locked each door after they had passed through it. This then led to some personal explanations. He learned that her name was Annunciata, and that she was the daughter of Antonio Cesarelli, the gardener of the villa, who lived in the house with the *loggias* which he could see at the end of the steep plane tree avenue. If he would like to pick some oranges, there were plenty of them in the garden, and as the prince never asked for them, her father allowed her to eat as many as she liked. Would he not come and see her father? He was a very good and kind man. At present he was trimming the hedge up on the terrace.

During this colloquy they had entered the garden, which seemed at first glance a great luxuriant wilderness. On the right hand of the gate was a huge jungle of blooming rose-bushes whose intertwisted branches climbed the tall stuccoed wall, for the possession of which it struggled bravely with an equally ambitious and vigorous ivy. Enormous bearded cacti of fantastic forms spread their fat prickly leaves out over both sides of the pavement, leaving only a narrow aisle in the middle where locomotion was practicable. A long flight of green and slippery stone steps led up to a lofty terrace which was raised above the rest of the garden by a high wall, surmounted by a low marble balustrade. Here the palms spread their fan-like crowns against the blue sky, and the golden fruit shone among the dark leaves of the orange-trees. A large sculpt-

ured Triton with inflated cheeks blew a column of water high up into the air, and half a dozen dolphins ridden by chubby water sprites spouted demurely along the edges of a wide marble basin. A noseless Roman senator stood at the top of the stairs, wrapping his mossy toga about him, with a splendid gesture, and the grave images of the Cæsars, all time-stained and more or less seriously maimed, gazed forth with severe dignity from their green, leafy niches.

The upper garden showed signs of human supervision. A considerable area was occupied by flower-beds, laid out with geometrical regularity and stiffness; and the low box-wood hedges along their borders had a density and preciseness of outline which showed that they had been recently trimmed. Stone vases of magnificent design were placed at regular intervals along the balustrade; and in the middle projection of the terrace stood a hoary table with a broken porphyry plate, suggestive of coffee and old-time costumes, and the ponderous gossip of Roman grandees.

Cranbrook had walked for a while silently at Annunciata's side. He was deeply impressed with all he saw, and yet a dreamy sense of their unreality was gradually stealing over him. He imagined himself some wonderful personage in an Eastern fairy-tale, and felt for the moment as if he were moving in an animated chapter of the "Arabian Nights." He had had little hesitation in asking Annunciata questions about herself; they seemed both, somehow, raised above the petty etiquette of mundane intercourse. She had confessed to him with an unthinking directness which was extremely becoming to her, that her artistic aspirations which he had found so mysterious were utterly destitute of the ideal afflatus. She had, as a child, learned lace-making and embroidery, and had earned many a *lira* by adorning the precious vestments of archbishops and cardinals. She was now making a design for a tapestry, in which she meant to introduce the group from the antique relief. Her father allowed her to save all she earned for her dowry; because then, he said, she might be able to make a good match. This latter statement grated a little on Cranbrook's sensitive ears; but a glance at Annunciata's face soon re-assured him. She had the air of stating a universally recognized fact concerning which she had never had occasion to reflect. She kept prattling away very much like a spoiled child, who is confident that its voice is pleasant, and its little experiences as absorbing to its listener as they are to itself.

At length, by many devious paths, they reached a house on a sunny elevation, at the western extremity of the garden. It was a house such as one sees only in Rome,—a wide expanse of stuccoed wall with six or seven windows of different sizes, scattered at random over its surface. Long tufts of fine grass depended from the gutters of the roof, and the plain pillars supporting the round arches of the *loggias* had a humid and weather-beaten look. The whole edifice, instead of asserting itself glaringly as a product of human art, blended with soft gradations into the surrounding landscape. Even the rude fresco of the Mother of Sorrows over the door was half overgrown with a greenish, semi-visible moss which allowed the original colors to shine faintly through, and the coarse lines of the dial in the middle of the wall were almost obliterated by sun and rain. But what especially attracted Cranbrook's attention was a card, hung out under one of the windows, upon which was written, with big, scrawling letters,—"*Appartamento Mobiliato d'Affitarsi.*" He determined on the spot to become the occupant of this apartment whatever its deficiencies might be; therefore, without further delay, he introduced himself to Annunciata's mother, Monna Nina, as a *forestiero* in search of lodgings; and, after having gone through the formality of inspecting the room, he accepted Monna Nina's price and terms with an eagerness which made the excellent woman repent in her heart that she had not asked more.

The next day Cranbrook parted amicably from Vincent, who, it must be admitted, was beginning to have serious doubts of his sanity. They had had many a quarrel in days past, but Jack had always come to his senses again and been the first to make up. Vincent had the comfortable certainty of being himself always in the right, and it therefore never occurred to him that it might be his place to apologize. He had invariably accepted Jack's apologies good-naturedly and consented gracefully to let by-gones be by-gones, even though he were himself the offender; and the glow of conscious virtue which at such times pervaded him well rewarded him for his self-sacrifice. But this time, it seemed, Jack had taken some mysterious resolution, and his reason had hopelessly forsaken him. He even refused all offers of money, and talked about remaining in Rome and making his living by writing for

the newspapers. He cherished no ill-will against Harry, he said, but had simply made up his mind that their tastes and temperaments were too dissimilar, and that they would both be happier if they parted company. They would see each other frequently and remain on friendly terms. No one was blamable for the separation, except Nature, who had made them so different. With these, and many similar assurances, Cranbrook shook Vincent's hand and repaired to his new abode among the palms and cypresses. And yet his ears burned uncomfortably as he drove away in the *fiacre*. It was the first time he had been insincere to Harry, even by implication; but after what had happened, it was impossible to mention Annunciata's name.

III.

It was the afternoon of Christmas-day, six weeks after Cranbrook's arrival at the villa. The air was soft and balmy and the blooming rose-bushes under the windows sent up from time to time delicious whiffs of fragrance. The sky was strangely clear, and long, cool vistas opened to the sight among the cloud-banks that hung over the tops of the Alban Mountains. Cranbrook was sitting out on the *loggia* reading the scene in the Odyssey where the shipwrecked Ulysses steps out from the copse where he has been sleeping and interrupts the ball-play of Nausicaa and her maidens. How pure and sweet the air that breathed from these pages! What a noble and dignified maiden was this Nausicaa! At this moment the merry voice of Annunciata was heard in the garden below. The young man let his book drop and leaned out over the wall. There she stood, tall and stately, receiving, with the manner of a good-natured empress, a white-haired priest who came waddling briskly toward her.

"*Bona festa*, Padre Gregorio," she cried, seizing the old man's hand. "Mother is going to have macaroni for supper and she was just going to send Pietro after you. For you know you promised to be with us this blessed day."

"*Bona festa*, child," responded the priest smiling all over his large, benevolent face. "Padre Gregorio never forgets his promises, and least of all on a holy Christmas-day."

"No, I knew you would not forget us, padre; but you are all out of breath. You have been mounting the stairs to the terrace again instead of going round by the vineyard. Come and sit down here in the sun, for I wish to speak to you about something important."

And she led the priest by the hand to a stone bench by the door and seated herself at his side.

"Padre," she began, with a great earnestness in her manner, "is it true that the Holy Virgin hates heretics and that they can never go to heaven?"

The good padre was evidently not prepared for such a question. He gazed at Annunciata for a moment in helpless bewilderment, then coughed in his red bandanna handkerchief, took a deliberate pinch of snuff and began:

"The Holy Virgin is gracious, child, and she hates no one. But little girls should not trouble their heads with things that do not concern them."

"But this does concern me, padre," retorted the girl eagerly. "I went this morning with Signore Giovanni, the stranger who is lodging with us,—for he is a very good and kind man, padre; I went with him to the Aracœli to see the blessed Bambino and the shepherds and the Holy Virgin. But he did not kneel, and when I told him of the wonderful things which the Bambino had done, he would not believe me, padre, and he even once laughed in my face."

"Then he is not a good man," said the padre emphatically, "and he will not go to heaven, unless he changes his faith and his conduct before God takes him away."

Cranbrook, who had made several vain attempts to call attention to his presence, now rose and through the window re-entered his room. The snatch of the conversation which he had overheard had made him uneasy and had spoiled his happy Homeric mood. He was only too willing to put the most flattering construction upon Annunciata's solicitude for his fate in the hereafter, but he had to admit to himself, that there was something in her tone and in the frank directness of her manner which precluded such an interpretation. He had floated along, as it were, in a state of delicious semi-consciousness during the six weeks since he first entered this house. He had established himself firmly, as he believed, in the favor of every member of the family, from Antonio himself to the two-year-old baby, Babetta, who spent her days contentedly in running from one end to the other of a large marble sarcophagus, situated under a tall stone pine, a dozen

steps from the house. Monna Nina could then keep watch over her from the window while at work, and the high, sculptured sides of the sarcophagus prevented Babetta from indulging her propensity for running away. Pietro, a picturesque vagabond of twelve, who sold patriotic match-boxes with the portraits of Garibaldi and Vittorio Emanuele, had been bribed into the stanchest partisanship for the foreigner by a ticket to the monkey theater in the Piazza delle Terme, and had excited his sister's curiosity to a painful pitch by his vivid descriptions of the wonderful performance he had witnessed. Antonio, who was a quiet and laborious man, listened with devout attention to Cranbrook's accounts of the foreign countries he had visited, while Monna Nina sometimes betrayed an invincible skepticism regarding facts which belonged to the A B C of transatlantic existence, and unhesitatingly acquiesced in statements which to an Italian mind might be supposed to border on the miraculous. She would not believe, for instance, that hot and cold water could be conducted through pipes to the fifth and sixth story of a house and drawn *ad libitum* by the turning of a crank; but her lodger's descriptions of the traveling palaces in which you slept and had your dinner prepared while speeding at a furious rate across the continent, were listened to with the liveliest interest and without the slightest misgiving. She had, moreover, well-settled convictions of her own concerning a number of things which lay beyond Cranbrook's horizon. She had a great dread of the evil eye and knew exactly what remedies to apply in order to counteract its direful effects; she wore around her neck a charm which had been blessed by the pope and which was a sure preventive of rheumatism; and under the ceiling of her kitchen were suspended bunches of medicinal herbs which had all been gathered during the new moon and which, in certain decoctions, were warranted to cure nearly all the ailments to which flesh is heir.

To Cranbrook the daily companionship with these kind-hearted, primitive people had been a most refreshing experience. As he wrote to a friend at home, he had shaken off the unwholesome dust which had accumulated upon his soul and had for the first time in his life breathed the undiluted air of healthful human intercourse. Annunciata was to him a living poem, a simple and stately epic whose continuation from day to day filled his life with sonorous echoes. She was a modern Nausicaa, with the same child-like grandeur and unconscious dignity as her Homeric prototype. It was not until to-day that he had become aware of the distance which separated him from her. They had visited together the church of Santa Maria in Aracœli, where a crude tableau of the Nativity of Christ is exhibited during Christmas week. Her devoutness in the presence of the jeweled doll, representing the infant Savior, had made a painful impression upon him, and when, with the evident intention of compelling his reverence, she had told him of the miracles performed by the "Bambino," he had only responded with an incredulous smile. She had sent him a long, reproachful glance; then, as the tears rose to her eyes, she had hurried away and he had not dared to follow her.

While pursuing these somber meditations, Cranbrook was seated—or rather buried—in a deep Roman easy-chair, whose faded tapestries would have been esteemed a precious find by a relic-hunter. Judging by the *baroque* style of its decorations, its tarnished gilding, and its general air *à la* Pompadour, it was evident that it had spent its youthful days in some princely palace of the last century, and had by slow and gradual stages descended to its present lowly condition. A curious sense of the evanescence of all earthly things stole over the young man's mind, as his thoughts wandered from his own fortunes to those of the venerable piece of furniture which was holding him in its ample embrace. What did it matter in the end, he reasoned, whether he married his Nausicaa or not? To marry a Nausicaa with grace, was a feat for the performance of which exceptional qualities were required. The conjugal complement to a Nausicaa must be a man of ponderous presence and statuesque demeanor—not a shrill and nervous modern like himself, with second-rate physique and a morbidly active intellect. No, it mattered little what he did or left undone. The world would be no better and no worse for anything he could do. Very likely, in the arms of this chair where he was now sitting, a dozen Roman Romeos, in powdered wigs and silk stockings, had pined for twice that number of Roman Juliets; and now they were all dust, and the world was moving on exactly as before. And yet in the depth of his being there was a voice which protested against this hollow reasoning; he felt to himself insincere and hypo-

critical; he dallied and played with his own emotions. Every mood carried in itself a sub-consciousness of its transitoriness.

The daylight had faded, and the first faint flush of the invisible moon was pervading the air. The undulating ridge of the Sabine mountains stood softly defined against the horizon, and here and there a great, flat-topped stone pine was seen looming up along the edges of the landscape. Cranbrook ate hurriedly the frugal dinner which was served him from a neighboring *trattoria*, then lighted a cigar and walked out into the garden. He sat for a while on the balustrade of the terrace, looking out over the green campagna, over which the moon now rose large and red, while the towers and domes of the city stood, dark and solemn, in the foreground. The bells of Santa Maria Maggiore were tolling slowly and pensively, and the sound lingered with long vibrations in the still air. A mighty, shapeless longing, remotely aroused or intensified by the sound of the bells, shook his soul; and the glorious sight before him seemed to weigh upon him like an oppressive burden. "Annunciata," came in heavy, rhythmic pulses through the air; it was impossible not to hear it. The bells were tolling her name: "Annun-ciata, Annun-ciata." Even the water that was blown from the Triton's mouth whispered softly, as it fell, "Annunciata, Annunciata."

Cranbrook was awakened from his reverie by the sound of approaching footsteps. He turned his head and recognized, by the conspicuous shovel-hat, the old priest who had prophesied such a cheerful future for him in the hereafter. And was that not Annunciata who was walking at his side? Surely, that was her voice; for what voice was there in all the world with such a rich, alluring cadence? And that firm and splendidly unconscious walk—who, with less than five generations' practice, could even remotely imitate it? Beloved Annunciata! Wondrous and glorious Annunciata! In thy humble disguise thou art nevertheless a goddess, and thy majestic simplicity shames the shrill and artificial graces of thy sisters of the so-called good society. But surely, child, thou art agitated. Do not waste those magnificent gestures on the aged and callous priest!

"Thou art hard-hearted and cruel, Padre Gregorio!" were the words that reached Cranbrook's ears. "The Holy Virgin would not allow any one to suffer forever who is good and kind. How could he help that his father and his mother were not of the right faith?"

The padre's answer he could not distinguish; he heard only an eager murmur and some detached words, from which he concluded that the priest was expostulating earnestly with her. They passed down the long staircase into the lower garden, and, though their forms remained visible, their voices were soon lost among the whispering leaves and the plashing waters. Cranbrook followed them steadily with his eyes, and a thrill of ineffable joy rippled through his frame. He had at last, he thought, the assurance for which he had yearned so long. Presently he saw Annunciata stop, plunge her hands into a side-pocket, and pull out something which he imagined to be a key; then she and the padre disappeared for a few moments in the gloom of a deep portal, and when Annunciata re-appeared she was alone. She walked rapidly back through the garden, without being apparently in the least impressed by the splendor of the night, mounted the stairs to the terrace, and again passed within a dozen yards of where Cranbrook was sitting, without observing him.

"Annunciata," he called softly, rising to follow her.

"Signore Giovanni," she exclaimed wonderingly, but without the slightest trace of the emotion which had so recently agitated her. "You should not sit here in the garden so late. The air of the night is not good for the foreigner."

"The air is good for me wherever you are, Annunciata," he answered warmly. "Come and walk with me here down the long plane tree avenue. Take my arm. I have much to say to you:

'* * * In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,'
etc.

'In such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night.'"

She took the arm which he offered her silently, but with a simple dignity which a princess might have envied her.

"I cannot stay out long," she said. "My mother would miss me."

"I shall not detain you long. I have only a confession to make to you. I was sitting on the *loggia* this afternoon when Padre Gregorio came, and I heard what you said to him."

He had expected her to blush or show

some sign of embarrassment. But she only lifted her calm, clear countenance toward him and said:

"You were kinder and better than all the men I had known, and it gave me trouble to think that you should be unhappy when you die. Therefore I asked the padre; but I do not believe any more that the padre is always right. God is better and wiser than he, and God will find a way where a priest would find none."

There was something inexpressibly touching in the way she uttered these simple words. Cranbrook, although he was, for reasons of his own, disappointed at her perfect composure, felt the tears mounting to his eyes, and his voice shook as he answered:

"I am not afraid of my lot in the next world, Annunciata; and although it is kind of you to be troubled about it, I fear you can do nothing to improve it. But my fate in this world I yearn to lay in your hands. I love you very dearly, Annunciata, and all I need to make me what I aspire to be is to have you give me a little affection in return. What do you say, Annunciata? do you think you could? Would you be my wife, and go with me to my own country and share my life, whatever it may be."

"But signore," she replied after a moment's deliberation; "my mother would not like it and Babetta would cry the whole day long when I was gone."

"I am speaking seriously, Annunciata, and you must not evade my question. It all depends upon you."

"No, it also depends upon mother and Babetta. But I know you would be good and kind to me, Signore Giovanni, and you would always treat me well; for you are a good and kind man. I should like to be your wife, I think, but I do not know whether I should like to go with you across the great sea."

Cranbrook was hopelessly perplexed, and for an instant even inclined to question whether she might not be ridiculing him; but a glance at her puzzled face showed him that she was grappling earnestly with the great problem, and apparently endeavoring to gain time by uttering the first thought that suggested itself to her mind. The gloom of the plane-trees now enveloped them, and only here and there a quivering ray of moonlight pierced through the dense roof of leaves. The marble phantoms of the Cæsars gazed sternly at the daring intruders who had come to disturb their centuries' repose, and the Roman senator at the end of the avenue held his outstretched hand toward them, as if warning them back from the life that lay beyond the moment's great resolution. And yet, before the moon had faded out of the sky, the great resolution was irrevocably taken. When they parted in the hall, leading up to Cranbrook's room, Annunciata consented with the faintest show of resistance to being kissed, and she even responded, though vaguely and doubtingly, to his vehement caresses.

"*Felicissima notte*, Signore Giovanni," she murmured, as she slowly disengaged herself from his embrace. "You are a dear, good man, and I will go with you across the great sea."

IV.

SINCE their first parting, Vincent and Cranbrook had seen little of each other. They had met occasionally in the Vatican galleries, in the palace of the Cæsars, on the Monte Pincio, and had then stopped to shake hands and to exchange a few friendly inquiries, but Cranbrook, for a reason which he strove hard to embellish, had hitherto refrained from inviting Harry to visit him in his dwelling. The latter had of course noticed this omission, but had attributed it to a very pardonable desire on Jack's part to keep him in ignorance as to the real state of his finances. "He is probably living in some cheap hovel," he thought, "and he is too proud to wish me to know it. But he needn't be afraid of my intruding upon his privacy until he himself opens his door to me." Unfortunately for both, Harry was not destined to carry out this amiable intention. A hostile fate led him to encroach upon his friend's territory when he was least suspecting it.

It was a sunny day early in February. Antonio Cæsarelli had saddled an uncommonly hoary and wise-looking donkey, named Abraham, and, as was his wont every Saturday, had repaired with it to the Piazza dei Fiori, where he sold *broccoli* and other vegetables of the cabbage species. About noon, Annunciata came to bring him his dinner, and after having enjoyed for a while the sensation she made among the cabbage-dealers, betook herself on a journey of exploration through the city. Pietro's tale of the miracles performed at the monkey theater had given a lively impetus to her imagination, and being

unable to endure any longer his irritating airs of superior knowledge, she had formed the daring resolution to put his veracity to the test. She arrived quite breathless in the Piazza delle Terme and with much flutter and palpitation inquired the price of a ticket. The door-keeper paused in his stentorian address to the multitude that was gathered about him and informed her that ten soldi would admit her to the enchanted realm within. Poor Annunciata's countenance fell; she pulled her seven soldi from her pocket, counted them three or four times deliberately in her hand and cast appealing glances at the stony-hearted Cerberus. At this moment she discovered a handsome young gentleman who, with his eyes fixed on her face, was elbowing his way through the crowd.

"Come along, my pretty lass," he said, in doubtful Italian. "Put those coppers in your pocket and let me get your ticket for you."

Annunciata was well aware that it was a dangerous thing to accept favors from unknown gentlemen, but just then her conscience refused to assert itself. Nevertheless, she summoned courage to answer, though in a voice which betrayed inward wavering:

"No, I thank you, signore; I would rather not."

"Oh, stuff, my child! I wont harm you, and your mother need never know."

He seized her gently by the arm and pointed toward the canvas door which was drawn aside to admit another spectator. A gorgeously attired monkey, riding on a poodle, became visible for an instant through the aperture. That was too much for Annunciata's conscience.

"But really, signore, I ought not!" she murmured, feebly.

"But we all do so many things that we ought not to do," answered he, with a brusque laugh. "However, I wont bite you; you needn't be afraid of me."

And before she knew it he had pushed her in through the door and she found herself standing in a large tent, with long circular rows of benches which rose amphitheatrically from the arena toward the canvas walls. It was not quite to her taste that he conducted her to a seat near the roof, but she did not feel at liberty to remonstrate. She sat staring rigidly at the performances of the poodles and the monkeys, which were, no doubt, very wonderful, but which, somehow, failed to impress her as such, for she felt all the while that the gentleman at her side was regarding her with unaverted gaze. The thought of Signore Giovanni shot through her mind, and she feared she should never dare to look into his honest eyes again. Her heart kept hammering against her side, her blood burned in her cheeks, and she felt guilty and miserable. And yet she saw, in a sort of blind and unconscious way, that her escort was a very dazzling phenomenon, and in external finish much superior to her plain and unassuming lover. Gradually, as she accustomed herself to her novel situation, she began to bestow her furtive admiration upon the various ornaments which he carried about his person in the shape of scarf-pin and sleeve-buttons, and she also found time to observe that his linen and his handkerchief were immaculate and of exceeding fineness. The *tout ensemble* of his personality made the impression of costliness which, to her unsophisticated soul, was synonymous with high birth and an exalted social position.

"If only Signore Giovanni would dress like that," she thought, "how much more I should love him!"

That was a very disloyal thought, and her conscience immediately smote her. She arose, thanked her companion tremulously for his kindness, and hastened toward the door. When she was once more under the open sky, she drew a full breath of relief, and then hurried away as if the earth burned under her feet. It was nearly five o'clock when she reached the garden-gate of the villa; she paused for a moment to collect her thoughts, to arrange her excuses, and to prepare for the scolding which she knew was in store for her. She was just about to turn the key when, to her horror, she saw her unknown companion stepping out of a *fiacre* and fearlessly approaching her.

"Surely, child, you didn't imagine you could run away from me in that style," he said smilingly. "Our acquaintance is not to come to such an untimely end. You must tell me your name, and, I was going to say, where you live, but that key will relieve you from the latter necessity. But, in order to prove to you that I am an honest fellow and mean no harm to you, here is my card. My name is Henry Vincent, I am an American and—and—I should like to meet you again, if you have no objection."

Annunciata was now seriously alarmed.

"Signore," she faltered, "I am an honest girl, and you must not speak to me thus."

"By Jove! So am I an honest fellow,

and no one need be ashamed of my acquaintance. If you had anything to fear from me, do you suppose I would offer you my card and give you my name? But I *must* meet you again; if you don't give me the opportunity, I shall make my opportunity myself, and that might get you into a scrape and be unpleasant for both of us. Well, what do you say?"

The young girl stood for a while pondering. Her first impulse was to cut short the interview by mentioning Cranbrook's name and revealing her own relation to him. She had an idea that Cranbrook was a sort of national character and that all Americans must have heard of him. A second glance at Vincent's splendid attire, however, turned the scale in his favor.

"About noon next Saturday," she said, scarcely audibly, "I shall be in the Piazza dei Fiori. My father will be there, too."

With a swift movement she tore the garden-gate open, slammed it behind her and ran up the path toward the terrace.

V.

MARCH, the very name of which makes a New Englander shiver, is a glorious month in Rome. Then a warmer tone steals into the sky, the clouds become airier and more buoyant in color and outline, and the Sabine Mountains display, with the varying moods of the day, tints of the most exquisite softness and delicacy. Cranbrook, from his lofty hermitage, had an excellent opportunity to observe this ever-changing panorama of earth and sky; but it had lost its charm to him. The long, cool vistas between the cloud-banks no more lifted the mind above itself, pointing the way into a great and glorious future. A vague dread was perpetually haunting him; he feared that Annunciata did not love him as he wished to be loved; that she regretted, perhaps, having bound herself to him and was not unwilling to break loose from him. But what was life to him without Annunciata? He must bide his time, and by daily kindness teach her to love him. That she was not happy might have other causes, unknown to him. Her vehement self-accusations and tearful protestations that she was not true to him might be merely the manifestations of a morbidly sensitive conscience.

Vincent in the meanwhile had changed his attitude completely toward the old masters. After his first meeting with Annunciata, his artistic sense had been singularly quickened. He might be seen almost daily wending his way, with a red-covered Baedeker under his arm, to the gate of a certain villa, where he would breathe the musty air of the deserted gallery for hours together, gaze abstractedly out of the windows, and sometimes, when he was observed, even make a pretense of sketching. Usually it was Monna Nina or Pietro who came to open the gate for him on such occasions, but, at rare intervals, it happened that Annunciata was sent to be his cicerone. She always met him with fear and trembling, but so irresistible was the fascination which he exerted over her, that he seemed to be able to change her mood at will. When he greeted her with his lazy smile her heart gave a great thump, and she laughed responsively, almost in spite of herself. If he scowled, which he was sometimes pleased to do when Monna Nina or Pietro had taken her place for several successive days, she looked apprehensive and inquired about his health. The costly presents of jewelry which he had given her, she hid guiltily in the most secret drawer of her chest, and then sat up late into the night and rejoiced and wept over them.

As for Vincent, it must be admitted that his own infatuation was no less complete. He had a feeling as if some new force had entered his life and filled it with a great, though dimly apprehended, meaning. His thought had gained a sweep and a width of wing which were a perpetual surprise to him. Not that he reasoned much about it; he only felt strong and young and mightily aroused. He had firmly resolved to make Annunciata his wife, and he was utterly at a loss, and even secretly irritated at her reluctance to have their relation revealed to her parents. He could brook no obstacle in his march of conquest, and was constantly chafing at the necessity of concealment. He had frequently thought of anticipating Annunciata's decision, by presenting himself to her parents as a Crœsus from beyond the sea, who entertained the laudable intention of marrying their fair daughter; but somehow the character of Cophetua was ridiculously melodramatic, and Annunciata, with her imperial air, would have made a poor job of the beggar maid.

It was the tenth of March, 186–, a memorable date in the lives of the three persons concerned in this narrative. Cranbrook had just finished a semi-æsthetic and semi-political letter to a transatlantic journal, in which he figured twice a month as "our own cor-

respondent." It was already late in the night; but the excitement of writing had made him abnormally wakeful, and knowing that it was of no use to go to bed, he blew out his lamp, lit a cigar and walked out upon the *loggia*. There was a warm and fitful spring wind blowing, and the unceasing rustling of the ilex leaves seemed cool and soothing to his hot and overwrought senses. In the upper strata of the air, a stronger gale was chasing dense masses and torn shreds of cloud with a fierce speed before the lunar crescent; and the broad terrace beyond the trees was alternately illuminated and plunged in gloom. In one of these sudden illuminations, Cranbrook thought he saw a man leaning against the marble balustrade; something appeared to be unwinding itself slowly from his arms, and presently there stood a woman at his side. Then the moon vanished behind a cloud, and all was darkness. Cranbrook began to tremble; a strange numbness stole over him. He stood for a while motionless, then lifted his hand to his forehead; but he hardly felt its touch; he only felt that it was cold and wet. Several minutes passed; a damp gust of wind swept through the treetops and a night-hawk screamed somewhere in the darkness. Presently the moon sailed out into the blue space, and he saw again the two figures locked in a close embrace. The wind bore toward him a dear familiar voice which sounded tender and appealing; his blood swept like fire through his veins. Hardly knowing what he did, he leaped down the stairs which led from the *loggia* into the court, rushed through the garden toward the terrace, grappled for a moment with somebody, thrust against something hard which suddenly yielded, and then fell down—down into a deep and dark abyss.

When he awoke he felt a pair of cold hands fumbling with his shirt collar; trees were all about him, and the blue moon-lit sky above him. He arose, not without difficulty, and recognized Annunciata's face close to his; she looked frightened and strove to avoid his glance.

"The Holy Virgin be praised, Signore Giovanni!" she whispered. "But Signore Enrico, he seems to be badly hurt."

He suddenly remembered what had happened; but he could bring forth no sound; he had a choking sensation in his throat and his limbs seemed numb and lifeless. He saw Annunciata stooping down over a form that lay outstretched on the ground, but the sight of her was repulsive to him and he turned away.

"Help me, Signore Giovanni," she begged in a hoarse whisper. "He may be dead and there is no one to help him."

Half mechanically he stooped down—gracious heavens! It was Vincent! In an instant all his anger and misery were forgotten.

"Hurry, Annunciata," he cried; "run for a doctor. Great God! what have you done?"

VI.

SIX weeks later two young Americans were sitting on the deck of the Cunarder *Siberia*, which had that morning left the Queenstown harbor.

"Jack," said the one, laying his hand on the other's shoulder in a way that expressed an untold amount of friendliness, "I don't think it is good policy to keep silence any longer. I know I have committed my monumental piece of folly, as you prophesied, but I need hardly tell you, Jack, that I didn't know at the time what—what I know now," he finished, hurriedly.

"I never doubted that, Harry," answered the other with a certain solemn impressiveness. "But don't let us talk. I have not reached the stage yet when I can mention her name without a pang; and I fear—I fear I never shall."

They sat for a long while smoking in silence and gazing pensively toward the dim coast-line of Europe, which was gradually fading away upon the eastern horizon.

"Jack," began Vincent abruptly, "I feel as if I had passed through a severe illness."

"So you have, Harry," retorted Cranbrook.

"Oh, pshaw! I don't mean that. That little physical suffering was nothing more than I deserved. But a fever, they say, sometimes purifies the blood, and mine, I think, has left me a cleaner and a wiser fellow than it found me."

The steamer kept plowing its broad pathway of foam through the billows; a huge cloud of fantastic shape loomed up in the east, and the vanishing land blended with and melted away among its fleecy embankments.

"Are you perfectly sure, Jack," said Vincent, throwing the burning stump of his cigar over the gunwale, "that the experiences of the past year have not been all an excursion into the 'Arabian Nights'? If it were not for that fine marble relief in my

trunk which I bought of that miserable buffoon in the Via Sistina, I should easily persuade myself that the actual world were bounded on the east by the Atlantic and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. I was just considering whether I should try to smuggle it through the custom-house, or whether, perhaps, it would be wiser to give Uncle Sam his due."

"And what does the relief represent?" asked Cranbrook, half indifferently.

"It is a copy from an antique one. Agamemnon robbing Achilles of his——"

Cranbrook gave a start, and walked rapidly toward the other end of the boat. In half an hour he returned, stopped in front of Vincent, grasped his hand warmly and said:

"Harry, let us agree never to refer to that which is passed. In your life it was an episode, in mine it was a catastrophe."

Since that day, Annunciata's name has never passed their lips.

There is an epilogue to this tale which cannot well be left untold. In the winter of 187–, ten years after their first Italian sojourn, the two friends again visited Rome together. One beautiful day in February, they found themselves, perhaps not quite by accident, in the neighborhood of the well-remembered villa. They rang the bell at the garden gate and were admitted by a robust young man who seemed to be lounging among the overgrown hedges in some official capacity. The mossy Triton was still prosecuting his thankless task in the midst of his marble basin; the long stairs to the terrace were yet as damp and slippery as of old, and the noseless Roman senator was still persevering in his majestic attitude although a sprig of maiden-hair was supporting its slender existence in the recess of his countenance which had once been occupied by his stately nose. Vincent and Cranbrook both regarded these familiar objects with peculiar emotions, but faithful to their agreement, they made no comment. At last they stopped before the sarcophagus—and verily Babetta was still there. A clean and chubby-faced Italian baby with large black eyes rose out of its marble depth and hailed them with simple, inarticulate delight. Cranbrook gazed long at the child, then lifted it up in his arms and kissed it. The young man who had opened the gate for them stood by observing the scene with a doubtful expression of suspicion and wonder. As the stranger again deposited the child on the blanket in the bottom of the sarcophagus, he stepped up before the door and called:

"Annunciata!"

A tall, comely matron appeared in the door—and the strangers hastened away.

DICK.

SATURDAY evening, the 11th of January, 1873, I entered the ruins of the old dépôt at the foot of Lake street, in Chicago, to take the Michigan Central night express, for Ann Arbor. My half-finished cigar led me to enter the smoking-car, where I took the second seat from the rear, and presently began studying the very unusual company of passengers in front of me.

The car was nearly filled with men who were returning from California; a wild, rough set of fellows, who had gone out with high hopes and large prospects, but were now coming back disappointed and reckless. They were rudely dressed, and each man wore at his belt, strapped on outside his blouse, either a knife or a revolver, while arms of greater magnitude leaned against every seat.

The party had been traveling for more than three weeks, having been snowed in again and again on the far Western roads. Weary and desperate as they were, they sang roaring songs, and shouted and quarreled; but more than all, they drank. A large demijohn stood on a shelf in the front left-hand corner of the car, and from this the cups and bottles were filled from time to time as it became necessary.

As we swept around the head of the lake, we halted, for the first time since starting, at Michigan City. Here a new passenger entered the car and took the seat immediately behind mine. A hasty glance showed him to be a man of about thirty-five, stout, with dark complexion, brown eyes and hair, heavy mustache, and an air of vigor and business that made me look at him twice.

He wore a somewhat faded, shaggy overcoat, a fur turban cap, and heavy top-boots into which his trowsers were tucked. He had no baggage, but held a lantern in his left hand, swinging it carelessly between his knees and often looking thoughtfully at it for some minutes at a time. Again and again I found myself half turned in my seat, gazing at him.

Meanwhile the din and rowdyism in the car grew more and more boisterous. Presently one of the loudest and worst-looking of the company, having filled a large bottle from the tank in the corner, began to pass it to each one in turn as he staggered down the aisle. On he came toward the rear, drinking, cursing, yelling; and every man that he passed drank with him. At last he stood at the seat before mine. I saw that he was about to offer me the bottle, and to avoid him, I turned and looked out of the window. As he came even with me, he reached over and pulled me by the shoulder, forcing me to face him, and told me to drink. He was a well-built fellow, six feet and over, brawny, and with two navy revolvers in his belt, and a large dirk-knife at his breast, and he was thoroughly drunk. I looked him straight in the eye, but he only leered at me and renewed his demand. I apologized, told him I never drank, and begged off as best I could, but it was all of no avail. I tried to get out of the seat, and so out of the car, but he stood across the passage, and raising the bottle high over his head with one hand, he held me by the shoulder with the other, and with a terrible oath, commanded me to drink or he would break the bottle over my head. In stature I am five feet eight, and both Howe and Fairbanks agree that I kick the beam at one hundred and twenty-five. Under these circumstances, it occurred to me that discretion was the better part of valor, so, taking the bottle from his hand, I choked down a swallow of its vile contents.

Pushing me back into the seat, the ruffian proceeded to the stranger behind me and offered him the liquor. The man was bending over, holding his lantern with both hands, and slowly swinging it backward and forward. He raised his keen brown eyes to those of the rough, dropped his chin slightly, and then, without emotion, said deliberately,—

"Go to hell!"

The assailant was dazed for an instant, but recovered himself, and renewed his demand. Then the stranger set his lantern upon the floor, stood up to his full height, and said quietly:

"Stranger, I don't want no fuss with you, an' I don't calc'late to have any, but the best way for you to get clear of a knock-down 'll be to get away from here about as quick as you can! Do you hear?"

He looked him full in the eye, and stood there so quiet, yet so determined, that the drunken man, after eying him for a minute, dropped his head, turned, and went, mumbling, to the front of the car and sat down. The stranger stood till the man was seated, and then, seating himself, took up his lantern and quietly swung it as before. I was overwhelmed with shame, and turned and apologized to him.

The keen brown eyes looked frankly into mine as I spoke, and seemed to read me through and through. When I had finished, the man placed his hand almost tenderly upon my arm which rested upon the back of the seat, and said:

"Stranger, don't you fret. You did all right, for a man in your fix. It likely don't hurt you to take a swaller o' whisky, and it would 'a' hurt you to 'a' got a lick over the head with that bottle, the way that feller was handlin' it. You did the best thing for you. Now for me, the thing that I wont do, even if I have to be strung up the next minute if I don't, is to drink whisky!" And after a pause: "It warn't always so, though; for, God knows, I've drunk enough o' the stuff in my time. Lord, stranger, I've seen many a night such as these fellers is havin'. I've seen the time when I wouldn't 'a' asked nothin' better'n to 'a' done just as that feller did that come back here with that bottle a minute ago. But I quit about ten years ago, and since then I haint put a drop between my lips. I'd rather, a thousand times, be took home with a hole in me big enough to drive a yoke o' cattle through! You see, stranger, it aint everybody that's got such a wife as me; and when a man gets such a woman as mine—why, Lord bless you, stranger, if you only knew what a woman Dick is, and something o' what she's lived through, and how she's done it, you wouldn't wonder! You see the difference between you and me now, don't you? But don't you fret, stranger! you did all right."

He had taken his hand from my arm after the first few words, and sat there, swinging his lantern as he talked. At the mention of Dick his eyes grew strangely

bright. My interest in him grew, as he spoke, and when he stopped, as he did somewhat abruptly, I found myself exceedingly anxious to know more of him, and especially of Dick.

Dropping the subject immediately under consideration, however, I offered the ordinary comments upon the weather and the night. It was bitter cold, the thermometer ranging several points below zero. The moon was full and the sky was clear. The ground was covered with snow to a depth of nearly three feet on a level, and three locomotives were doing their best to "make time" with our train over the heavy track. The wheels ran on with that muffled, echoless hum which only deep snow and extreme cold can produce. The wheels hugged the rails with an icy crunching, while the frosty rattle of frozen iron made one feel that every piece of metal either on or under the train must be as brittle as glass. In reply to my remarks on these matters, my companion went on as follows:

"Yes, it's a bad night for a run, and it wouldn't surprise me any minute to see us go into the ditch. You see I know this road pretty well. I've been braking here on a through freight for something more'n a year now, and when a feller makes four trips a week over a road, in all kinds o' weather, and at all hours of the day and night, he gets to know the thing pretty well, after a while. We're on a pretty scaly piece o' track now, just comin' down to the bridge over Kenney's Run. The bridge went out last fall, and when they put it back they put in a lot of old rails that had been bent and straightened, and they're just about like a string o' clay pipe-stems to-night. If Jack don't take her slow over that hole he'll leave us all in it, as sure as —— there! I thought he'd pull her up. He's a mighty fine fellow, Jack is, and he knows what he's about. See him hold her level, now, 'round this curve just ahead."

As the train sped on, the noisy crowd, one by one, dropped off to a limp and maudlin sleep. My companion seemed pleased to talk and I was equally pleased to listen. Presently a little incident occurred that turned the conversation into the direction I had wished.

Looking out of the window over the snow that glistened under the clear, full moon, he pointed out to me a low log house, half buried in the snow, standing a few rods from the track. It was in sight but an instant as we shot by.

"There," said he, "is the old house where I was born, thirty-seven years ago come May. My father moved out here from New York, more'n forty years ago, when all there was in this region was bears, Indians, timber and ague. I've heard the old man tell about shooting bears right out o' the door o' that old house back yonder. He come out all the way in a wagon, and squatted here in the woods. Lord, he had no idea then that there'd ever be a railroad within five hundred miles of him. He was a regular old pioneer—the old man was—always wanted to be on the go. His name was George Whipple, and I was his oldest boy, and named after him, so I've always had to write 'Jr.' after my name. It's a pity folks can't find names enough for their children, without givin' 'em some that's been all used up in the family afore. But then it took a good many names to go 'round in our family. There was thirteen of us altogether, big and little, old and young. Well, my mother died when I was about fourteen, and after she died, my father married again in a few months. I don't blame him, the way he was fixed; you see he was poor, and had a lot o' children to be took care of, and he had to have somebody; so he got married.

"Well, me and the old woman he got couldn't agree, so I run away and went to Detroit, and began life for myself, a-settin' up nine-pins in an alley, in a whisky saloon. That's a bad place to begin, stranger; but that's the way I begun for myself, and that's where I begun to drink.

"I stayed there for a couple o' years, till I got tired o' that place, and then I went into a livery-stable. I worked there for about three years, till I was pretty near of age, and then I went South,—down to Knoxville, Tennessee, and went into the livery business there for myself. And there's where I first saw Dick. Her father was a planter; had a nice place, with lots o' niggers, about twenty miles up the country from Knoxville; used to live in big style, regular old Southern swell, in fact.

"I wish you could 'a' seen Dick, stranger, just as she was the first time ever I saw her. She'd come down to the ville on a visit to some folks I knowed. You see, it was one evenin', along about the last o' September, and a nigger come down to the stable and ordered up a carriage for the old man. Well, the horses was pretty nigh all out, for it was just as nice an evenin' for a ride as ever grew, and

everybody was makin' the most of it, and so I had to rig up a team of little black fillies, that we hadn't had in the stable very long, and daresn't trust to Tom, Dick and Harry to drive; so I made up my mind I'd go and drive 'em myself. I tell you they was beauties, stranger; pretty nigh full-blood Morgans,—just as clean-legged and smooth-built as they ever grow, and full o' life; 'd get up and go for all was out, and yet just as gentle as kittens, if you knowed how to handle 'em. I've drove a good many horses in my day, stranger, but I never found anything quite up to a Morgan, and these was just about as nice Morgans as ever I see.

"Well, I rigged up, and lit out. Up to the house, the folks was all ready, a-waitin' out on the porch; I never noticed much about 'em, when I first drove up. You see, when a feller is a-drivin' for folks o' that stripe, about all he wants to do is to 'tend to his team, and mind his own business generally. But Lord, stranger, just as I was standin' there, waitin' for an old woman to get in, I heard some one laugh, comin' down the walk. Heavens, stranger, if you only could 'a' heard that laugh! I turned 'round, and there she was! Bless your life, stranger, it aint no use for me to try to tell you anything about her. I might talk from now till we get to Jackson, and then you wouldn't be no better off 'n you are now. You see, Dick's one o' them kind o' women that you've got to see to know about. She was about fourteen then, not much bigger round 'n my thumb, not very tall, but slim and graceful as a greyhound. And her eyes, and her lips, and teeth, and hair! Oh, it aint no use, stranger, I can't tell you nothin' about her now, no more'n I could then. There aint but one such face in this world.

"Well, she come laughin' down the walk, and lit into the carriage as though she didn't weigh an ounce, and I shut the door, climbed up, and drove off. Lord, stranger, I never took another such a ride as that in my life, afore or since. Why it just seemed to me I was a-sittin' on a cloud, and drivin' an angel right through the sky without ever touchin' ground. You see, that little team was just what I wanted, just as much like dream horses as you could get, and I just gave the little gals the ribbons, and they took 'em, you bet.

"Well, we drove up the river, and then away back o' town, up in the hills, and then down the river, and then back to the house. Dick got out first and ran 'round to the horses and began pettin' Kit. (That was the off one—the same one that I'd been pettin' all the way.) She patted her neck and stroked her head, and, finally, she just put her cheek right down on the filly's face. Kit stood there as quiet as a lamb. And Dick stood there a minute, and then she looked up to me and spoke to me,—the first words she ever said to me in her life. She just looked right at me—I'll be blowed, stranger, if it don't go over me now, just to think o' how she looked at me that evenin'—and then she says: 'You must be good to her, mister driver, for she's little and nice, and not very strong. Fix her up good to-night, wont you?—for she's been an awful long ways for us, and looks tired, poor little thing!'

"Well, stranger, mebbe that filly didn't get well 'tended to that night,—mebbe she didn't! But as near as I can recollect, I didn't leave the stable till about three o'clock in the mornin', and I'll bet you I went into that stall more'n fifty times, to see if there wa'n't something I could do for that little gal.

"Well, all this time I'd been drinkin' pretty steady. I took a drink that night afore I went to drive them folks. I always drank then, right along; didn't think I could do without it. But the next mornin', when I got up, I went right down to the stable, and never took a drop—somehow I couldn't. The first thing I done, I went into Kit's stall and petted her a little, when the boys wa'n't lookin', just as Dick had done. Hanged if I didn't put my face right down against hers, just as Dick done, and felt myself blush clear up to my ears when I done it, too. I kept that filly for more'n five years after that, and I wouldn't 'a' sold her then, only I had to.

"Well, I didn't drink nothin' for more'n a week, and I kind o' kept alone by myself a good deal. Two or three times I went up by the house where Dick had been, but I couldn't get a sight of her. She told me afterward that she went home the next day, up into the country. Then the boys, they got to makin' fun of me. You see I'd quit drinkin', and gamblin', and swearin' mostly—though that was the hardest to get rid of; I haint got quite clear o' that yet. But the boys, they asked me when I got religion, and how soon I was goin' to preachin', and all that; Lord, they hadn't no idea what really was the reason for my doin' as I did, or I reckon they'd 'a' just

about run me out o' town makin' game of me. When they first begin blowin' I got mad about it, but I saw that only made things worse, so I finally give in, and went to drinkin' again.

"Well, by inquirin' 'round I found out where she lived, and who she was, and all about her. So, along the next spring, I went up that way, sort o' casual like, to buy some horses. I rigged up in the best I'd got, and I could sling it on pretty thick them days, too, if I tried, for it was afore the war and times was flush; I did a good business and owned all my stock. I got up there, and met the old man and talked business with him for a blind, and laid low and kept an eye out for Dick. I saw her at supper, and then I staid all night and spent the evenin' with the family. The old man had Dick play and sing for me. Lord, stranger, but she can sing! Oh no, she can't go so high as some of 'em; but somehow she's got a way of getting off a song that just double discounts anything else I ever heard.

"Oh, well, it's no use makin' a long story out of it! But anyhow, I used to go up there, off and on, for about two years, and I got well acquainted with her; and the better I got to know her, why, the oftener I went to see her. And then, finally, I got to takin' that little team o' blacks up there and goin' ridin' with her; and we used to ride, and talk, and have just the nicest times that two folks ever did have, I reckon. Well, one night we'd been a-ridin' till pretty late, and we got back and found all the folks had gone to bed. We drove up, and a nigger took the little gals to the barn, and Dick and I went and brought some chairs out onto the porch and set down. You see it was along in the fall, and cool nights, and it was full moon, and the porch fronted the south, and it was just too nice to go off and leave. So Dick and I set down there, and didn't say much for a good while—just looked at the sky and the hills and woods. It was about such a night for moonlight as it is out there now, only there wa'n't no snow. Well, while we'd been ridin' I'd been tellin' Dick about my life, and what a rough time I'd had, and all that; and she'd said just the best things to me about it, and told me how sorry she was for me, and so on; and sittin' there on the porch, we got to talkin' the matter over again; and finally, the first I knowed, I'd said it—just asked her to marry me, fair and square! Well, you just ought to 'a' seen her, stranger. She was sittin' in a kind o' low chair, and the moon was a-shinin' right square into her face, so that I could see her just as plain as day. She sat right still and trembled, and just looked right down at her feet, and that made her eyelashes come clear down on to her cheeks. And she's got the longest and cleanest-cut eyelashes I ever see. Well, she never said a word for more'n five minutes. Lord, it seemed like a young eternity to me! And then she looked up, and her eyes was brim full o' tears. She didn't really cry, you know, but just had her eyes full o' tears ready to fall, and tremblin' like, there in the moonlight; and she looked right at me for a minute, and then she says,—and her voice kind o' shook a little when she talked,—'Why, George! What made you say that?' (You see she'd got to know me so well that she just called me George without thinkin'.) 'I'm nothin' but a little girl, and you are a man grown. I never thought you come to see me because you wanted to marry me, but only because you liked me, just as I liked you.' Now wa'n't that a great speech to make to a feller? Oh well, I took it all back, told her to play I never said it, and all that; but somehow, after that night, she always seemed different. It just appeared as if she growed into a woman all in one night.

"It was a long time afore I ever said anything more to her about it. In fact, I don't know as I ever would 'a' said anything about it again, if she hadn't 'a' give me a chance to. I used to go up there, just the same, and go ridin' with her, and all that,—and we used to talk just the same, only about that. But one night, I was sittin' alone out on the porch, where I'd been smokin' with the old man, and the first thing I knew she come and kneeled right down afore me, and put both her hands into mine, and she says, 'George, I never answered that question you asked me so long ago. You haven't forgot it, have you? I've been thinkin' it all over, ever since, and I know now that I've loved you all the time. I don't quite see how it is that you should love me; but I know you do, or you wouldn't say so, and so I've come to say yes.' Well, stranger, may be you know a little how it is yourself about such times. But any how, right there, on that old porch, begun a little heaven below for me and Dick, and it haint let up yet, and we've seen some pretty rough times too, since then."

He paused suddenly, bending forward and listening intently; then, with a slight nod, he said, "That's all right. I was just

waiting for us to strike a bad joint on this grade. But Jack is up to it." He then resumed:

"This was along in the fall. The old man give his consent, for I was gettin' on fine,—reckon I was good for about ten thousand them times,—and we never set no time to be married. But along in the winter I had a hard run o' luck. First I went on a note for a feller, and he broke, and I had to make it up. It was for somethin' over six thousand, and it run me pretty close to make the raise. That was when I sold Kit. Lord, but I did hate to see her go. But the money had to come. Then, after that, one Sunday night, when I was up to see Dick, the stable got afire, and burned up pretty much all I had left. Then in the spring the war broke out, and I always was a-blowin' round, talkin' just what I thought, no matter who heard, till finally it got too hot to hold me in that region any longer, and so I sold out most o' what I'd got left, and skipped out between two days, and got off to the North. I didn't get a chance to see Dick afore I left. Of course we all expected the thing 'd be all over in a few months any how, and then I thought Dick and me'd be all right again. So I come up here to Jackson, and pretty soon enlisted in the Michigan Cavalry, and went south again. For about a year we was with Halleck over on the Mississippi, but after a while I got transferred to Burnside's division, when he was over in East Tennessee after the Rebs, and went with him up to Knoxville, and you see when I got there I was on my old stampin' ground. Lord, I never thought I'd come back to the old town that kind o' way.

"Well, of course I was all the time thinkin' about Dick, and when I got back to the ville I was going to go right to work to hunt her up. But you see old Longstreet got after us,—got in below us, you know, and shut off our grub, and it took about as good as we'd got in the shop to hold things level for a while. Pretty soon, we got a whack at the old devil down at Fort Sanders, and we just everlastingly cleaned him out. That let up the siege, and we went back into Knoxville, and a part of us boys was detailed to guard the city. While the siege was goin' on things had been runnin' pretty loose all over town, and they looked kind o' rough; so, along about the middle o' January, I was put in charge of a squad o' men and teams to tidy up the city.

"All this time I hadn't heard a word from Dick or knowed a thing of her. You see, here it was more'n two years and a half since I'd seen her. But bless your soul, stranger, don't you think I was afraid she had gone back on me—not much! That aint her style. You see, when a woman does as Dick did that night out on the porch, she aint agoin' to give up and take the first feller that comes along. Oh, I know there's plenty o' men—and women, too, for that matter—that says they will; but such folks haint never known such a woman as Dick.

"Well, one day I was out with my men clearin' up, and I rode into a back yard—I was on horseback—where there was a big pile o' chips, kind o' all scattered round. I got off my horse, and went to the back door and knocked. A woman come to see who was there, and I told her that if she didn't take care o' them chips I should have to, and if she'd got a rake, I'd help her get 'em into shape; and we talked away there a while. She was kind o' sassy; some o' them Reb women was just old business in goin' for the boys, and givin' 'em fits gen'ally. So I stood there talkin' with the old lady, and kind o' devilin' her a little, and the door swung open a little more, and I saw there was another woman in the room. I saw her dress right through the crack between the door and the frame. I didn't think much of it in particular, though I always did somehow feel a little kind o' red in the face and sink-hearted like, when I'd see a woman that I couldn't get a fair enough sight at to tell what she looked like, especially if she was about Dick's size.

"While me and the old woman was talkin' there, this other woman somehow edged out, little by little, till the first I knowed I looked up, and as sure as shootin', stranger, there stood Dick! She was a little taller than when I saw her last, and looked pale and tired and anxious like, just as though she was a-watchin' and a-watchin' for something to come, and was all tuckered out waitin' for it.

"I tell you, it was about as much as I wanted to do to stand still, for about a minute. I knowed her as soon as I got my eye on her, but she didn't know me, for sure. You see I'd changed since she saw me last. I'd been drinkin' right along, and was red in the face, and had a full beard,—I always shaved, as I am now, in the old days,—so it wa'n't no wonder she didn't know me. But I just stopped

short on my racket with the old woman, and looked Dick right square in the eye. I couldn't stand it no longer, and I just says, 'Dick!' and then—— There it is again, stranger! You see, when a fellow is talkin' about such things as these, there aint no words good enough to tell all you mean. For, you see, that little old time out on the porch begun right over again, just as though it had never stopped, and three years seemed like no time at all. She'd been in the city all through the siege, but somehow I'd missed her till then. But after that, of course, we was happier than ever.

"Her father had lost all his property, pretty near. His niggers had all run off, and the old man was in a bad fix. He was up at the old place, doin' the best he could to get along, and Dick was stayin' with her aunt in the ville. Dick told me that, after I skipped off north, her father said she should never marry that Yankee scoundrel; but that didn't make no difference. You see she's quiet enough, Dick is, but she's got a will of her own.

"But I wa'n't in no hurry about gettin' married. And so things run along for quite a while, till it got to be almost summer, —sometime about the middle o' May,— when things took a turn we weren't a-lookin' for.

"You see, I'd been drinkin' right along all this time. I never used to drink days when I was goin' up to see Dick, but all the rest o' the time, I was pretty full. I used to gamble, too, for all that was out.

"One day, it was the 19th o' May,—I'd been playin' draw poker all day long, and it seemed that day as though the more I drank, the better luck I had. Just about dark, I got orders to rig up a train o' wagons, and go down the country, across the river, for forage, that night. So I got out, and was just about ready to start, when one o' the boys come to me and says, 'George, do you calc'late to ever cage that canary o' your'n up there on the hill? If you do, you'd better be about it; for I heard to-day that the old man was in town, and that he allows to run her off to-night!' It beats every thing, stranger, how some such thing as that 'll brace a feller up when he's full. I was as sober as I am now inside o' two minutes. I turned 'round to the feller that told me, and says I, 'Charley, you take this train down the river, and get the boys to loadin' up, and I'll be there sometime in the night, to come back with you.' Well, I rode right off to the house where Dick was stayin', hitched my horse, and went in. As good luck would have it, the old man wasn't about, and Dick come runnin' to me as pale as a sheet, and tremblin' like a leaf, and told me that it was true, her father was goin' to run her off. Says I, 'Dick, look here. Do you want to marry me, just as I am, and to-night?' And she just come up and put her arms around my neck, and hid her face on my shoulder, and says, 'George, I'll marry you any time, and the sooner the better, for I can't be parted from you again.' Says I, 'That's all right, little girl! Just you put on your sun-bonnet, so as the folks wont think nothin' about it if they do see you, and go down to head-quarters, and I'll go and get the chaplain.'

"Well, as soon as we got the thing fixed up, I took her down to the hotel,—they'd just got a little house started there,—and I give the landlord a hundred dollars; told him that was my wife, and that he must keep her till I come back, for I'd got to go, and there might be some trouble; but if there was he must see her through. Then I went with Dick to her room, took off her sun-bonnet, kissed the tears out of her eyes, and then mounted my horse, and struck out.

"The old man come down after I was gone, but he found out it was all over, and no use raisin' a row, so he just made the best of it, and give Dick his blessin' like a sensible old davy as he was. You see, such old fellows hate to get beat, like the very devil, but just you clean 'em out, on the square, once or twice, and they'll come down as handsome as you please.

"Dick and I staid at the hotel for a couple o' weeks or so, and ther we went to keepin' house. You see, the chances was that we should have to stay where we was for a good while, anyhow, and Dick wanted to keep house, so I let her. I was pretty flush for a while after my run o' luck on poker, and I made the most o' what I got on that haul. We got a nice little brick, that I could rent cheap, and bought a lot o' condemned Reb furniture, and set up in good style. The furniture was some of it A1. We had a mahogany bedstead, big high head-board, you know, and tall posts for curtains, and a rosewood dresser, and fine chairs, and all that sort o' thing. It was just nobby; and the way Dick used to fix up that house was a caution, I tell you. I got a nigger woman to do the

work, and the first thing we knowed, why here we was, all set up, as if for keep.

"But you see I kep' on drinkin' pretty steady all the while. That night when Dick and I was married, and I went ridin' off alone, down the river there, I got to thinkin' over this drinkin' business, and about concluded I'd quit; but when I got back, of course the boys made me set 'em up for the weddin', and that got me started again, and when a feller gets started once, stranger, you see it's pretty hard to stop. But I took it kind o' easy, and was careful never to get chuck full, and I got along so well, that way, that I just about begun to think I could do that thing, right along, just drink enough, and let the rest alone. But I tell you, stranger, if a feller thinks he's agoin' to play that game, and win, he's fooled, sooner or later, you bet; it'll beat the oldest man that ever lived.

"But everything went on smooth as a dollar for about three months, and Dick grew better and better, every day, and we was as happy as the day was long,—all only my drinkin'.

"But one day, along in August, it was all-killin' hot, and I got to goin', and was full afore I knew it, and the boys took me home at night drunk as the devil! Oh, my God, stranger! it don't seem as though it could be true, but it is: I was just beastly drunk—mad drunk. I yelled, and cursed, and tore 'round gen'ally. But Dick just got the boys off that had brought me home as quick as she could, and then she got my feet into hot water, and bathed my head, and bound it up with cold cloths, as tender as though I'd been a baby. After a while she got me quiet, and I went to sleep, and slept like a log, till morning.

"When I woke up, about four o'clock, I was lyin' on the front side o' the bed, with my face to the back. There was a lamp burnin', and soon as ever I opened my eyes, I saw Dick lyin' there lookin' right at me, and she says, 'George, do you want anything?' just as though I was the weakest and sickest man in the world, and she just dyin' with pity for me. My head felt as though it was about as big as the moon, and my throat was as dry and hot as the road to hell. So I told her I'd like a drink o' water but that I'd get up and get it. But afore I could stir, she'd bounced out over the foot o' the bed, and had it for me. It was the first time Dick had ever seen me drunk, or anything but just as kind and gentle as I knew how to be; but she never said a cross word to me. She never cried and took on, the way some women does; but was just as kind and lovin' to me, as though I was the best man in the whole business. Oh, I tell you, Dick's a woman, she is!

"But, stranger, you can't have much notion o' how I felt, about that time. You see if a woman snarls 'round, and cries, and snuffles, and calls in the preacher to pray with you, and talks to the neighbors about such things, why, then, it kind o' gives a feller some excuse for goin' to the devil; but to have her do as Dick did,—never say one word o' blame,—why, then, you see, it don't give a feller anything to go on, and it just cut me up worse'n anything ever I struck afore in my life.

"Well, we got up and got some breakfast, and then we went into the little parlor we had, and I took Dick on my lap, and pulled her head down on my shoulder, and put both arms around her, and then I couldn't stand it any longer; and I just broke right out, 'Oh, Dick!' but that was as far as I got, for then we both broke down and cried. Lord, stranger!—to think o' Dick doin' that, and my makin' her do it.

"After a while I said, 'Dick, by the ever-livin' God, this shall never happen again!' but she put her hand over my mouth, and says she, 'Hush, George. Don't say such an awful thing.' You see Dick's religious, and she couldn't bear to hear me say such a fearful oath. 'Don't say so,' she says, 'for if you can't keep such a vow, don't make it, and break it, for that will only make a bad matter worse.' And then says she, 'George, you know it will just about kill me to have you drink so, but I don't care for that; it'll kill you, too. So, if you can quit, do, and I'll do everything in the world for you." And then she hid her face again, and cried. Oh, it seemed as I should go wild! I sat there and held her, as she sobbed, and cursed myself, to myself, for a heartless devil. I couldn't find curses bad enough for me; but the more I cursed myself, the worse I seemed. And pretty soon Dick looked up, and she says, 'George, am I to blame for this? Have I been a kind of poor, weak wife to you, instead of the good, noble woman you deserve, and so you've been disappointed, and gone to drinking on account of it? Oh, if I have——'

"I didn't hardly mean to tell you that last, stranger; but you see I'm at it, and I might as well tell it all. Did you ever hear

anything like it in all your life?—to have her blame herself for my drinkin', when I'd been at it for more'n ten years, and wa'n't fit to be thought of in the same year with her! But that's just like Dick. Oh, she's a woman, she is! I can't tell you anything about it, stranger. But anyhow, I just promised Dick by all that was holy, that this should be the last time, and I'd quit forever. And I meant to keep my promise, when I made it. I did, so help me God!

"Well, we sat there, and by and by Dick felt better, and she said just the best things to me,—didn't say one word against me, you know, and kind o' kept talkin' quiet-like about other things, till we both got to feelin' happy again, almost as though nothin' had gone wrong. And then, just afore I had to go, Dick says, 'George, I want to say a little prayer.' And so we kneeled down together, and she put both her hands in mine and hid her face on my neck, and she prayed. She says, 'Oh, Father in heaven, help George to be what he really is, the best man in the world; and help me to be to him the best wife that ever lived. Amen.' Stranger, there aint many words in that prayer; but if the best preacher that ever went to glory had 'a' prayed a month, he couldn't 'a' said anything better'n that.

"And then we stood up, and Dick kissed me, and I went out and started down to head-quarters.

"Now, it may seem strange to you, and almost out o' reason, stranger; but as sure as you live, after all that, prayin' and all, *I stopped and got a drink afore I got down town!* It's a fact! Not fifteen minutes after Dick had said that little prayer, and I'd swore I'd never touch another drop, I'd swallowed a glass o' whisky straight. That seems awful, don't it? Well, it was; but it didn't seem so to me then. I didn't mean to be such a confounded liar and sneak as I really was. You see, I made myself think it was the best thing to do. As Joe Jefferson says in 'Rip,' I thought I wouldn't count that time. (I tell you he can play that enough to raise a feller's hair, that knows what's-what.) You see, I was all unstrung in my nerves from my spree the day afore, and Dick gettin' hold o' me the way she did unstrung me all the worse; and I thought I'd take just one glass for medicine—just to brace up, you know, and steady my nerves. That's the way I reasoned to myself. But it was all a fraud—just a hellish fraud, and nothing else. What I really wanted was straight whisky, and that's the way with all these fellers that quit only just for medicine, and take bitters, and blackberry cordial, and tincture o' rhuburb, and all that kind o' truck. Oh, I know how they do, for I've been there, and lied it out with the best of 'em."

The train stopped at a station and my companion stepped out upon the platform to banter the boys who were braking a down freight. Returning, he went on:

"I tell you, stranger, man's a curious animal. He'll not only lie to others about whisky, but he'll lie to himself. He'll lie just as fast as he can talk, about anything connected with his drinkin'. That's a pretty rough thing to say, but it's so, and there's millions o' men'd tell you so, if they'd be honest, but they wont be, that's what's the matter with 'em. You see, what a man wants is somebody that he can go to, and just know that they know him from head to foot,—know how infernally weak, and sneakin', and lyin', and mean he is, on this whisky business, and then give himself up and tell 'em the whole thing, just as it is, keep nothin' back, and then have 'em keep track of him. I don't mean in any sneakin' kind of a way, as though they kind o' felt above him, and looked down on him, as though he was a poor devil that they had to be bored by lookin' after; not that, but look after him as a mother would after her baby that was weak, and sick, and couldn't go alone, and had to be helped. I tell you that's what a feller wants when he gets to goin' on whisky! But, Lord, just signin' a pledge don't amount to much, to a real old soaker, if he haint got some friend to back him up.

"Now, you see how it was with me. I promised, just as sacredly as I could, never to drink again, and I meant to do as I said, and yet I've told you just what I did. You see, *I got off alone and got beat by a good excuse*. Well, I took one drink and it steadied me down, and made me feel so good, that pretty soon I took another. You see, I thought then I'd kinder taper off, and it would be easier. That's another good excuse, you see. And that night I went home and spoke up as cheerful to Dick as though it was all right, and I'd kept my word, and she let on as though she thought I had. *And that's where we both missed it!* You see, Dick knew I'd been drinkin', but she loved me so she couldn't bear to let me know she did, and I thought I'd drunk once, and she didn't find me out, and so I

could again. But the thing run along, and every day I'd drink more or less, and just a-cussin' myself for it every time, too, but still keepin' at it, till one day about a month after my first spree I got to goin' again, and it was the same old story right over, only worse. Stranger, there aint nobody but what's been through something o' the kind that knows anything about it.

"Well, I was brought home again drunker'n ever. But Dick was just the same. She never said, 'I told you so,' or anything like that, but got right to work to get me through, as she did afore, only gentler and better, if such a thing could be.

"It's no use tellin' you about gettin' over that time. It was just about as it was afore, only I was more discouraged, and Dick better and braver'n ever.

"I wanted to promise her again, that this should be the last time, but she said no, as she did afore. But I promised, anyhow, and Dick prayed God to help me to keep my promise, and I meant to, then, more'n ever before; but inside of a week, I was at it again, on the sly. I didn't let even the boys know o' my drinkin'. And I tell you, stranger, when it comes to that, a fellow's got about as low down as he can get.

"So I kep' on till about the first o' November, lyin' to get my liquor, lyin' about drinkin' it, and all the while thinkin' I'd stop. But one day I got on a slide again, and I don't believe I ever did get so full afore. I was fightin' drunk, and that night the boys carried me home on a shutter. Oh, I was used up bad. But Dick begun on me just as before, without a word.—— I don't hardly know whether to tell you all o' this or not, stranger.—Yes, I will—you wont know all o' what a woman Dick is, if I don't.

"Well, after the boys went away, and Dick was workin' over me, I got wild. I raved, and tore 'round the house, broke the furniture, drove the nigger woman out o' the house, and worse'n all, I—I struck Dick! Yes, I did, stranger,—struck her right over the head, with the round of a chair, and cut a gash two inches long, just over her left eye. She carries the mark o' that blow to this day.

"The blow knocked her down for a minute, but she got up and never minded herself, but just 'tended to me, and the blood a-runnin' all down her face—Dick's face, you understand. Well, when I see the blood on her face it kind o' scared me, and after a while Dick got me quiet and off to sleep, and then she went out and got the surgeon, and had her forehead sewed up, and then come back home and sat up with me all night. Oh, you don't begin to know yet what kind of a woman Dick is! That's what she did, stranger. There aint one woman in a million that would 'a' done it, but she did, and would 'a' done it again, if she'd had to, God bless her.

"When I woke up in the morning, Dick was movin' 'round the room tryin' to get a little breakfast. You see the nigger didn't come back after I drove her out, and I don't blame her. I rolled over and got out o' bed, pulled on my clothes, and chucked my feet into an old pair o' slippers, and shuffled toward the door. Dick says, 'Where are you goin', George?' 'I'm goin' out to get a drink,' says I, as harsh as I could speak. (I never spoke to her like that when I was sober, afore or since.) 'I'm gone to the devil any how, and I might as well make a clean job of it while I'm at it. I've been drinkin' right along ever since I promised you to quit, and I can't stop, so I might as well go fast, while I'm goin',' and I started out. Then Dick says, 'George, you needn't to go, I've got some whisky here.' And she went to the closet and took out a quart flask, full, and give it to me! She did, for a fact, stranger! *She'd gone out in the night and got that bottle filled for me to drink!*

"Well, I drank about half the bottle without ever takin' it from my lip and between then and eight o'clock I drank the balance. That steadied me a little, and I eat a little breakfast, and then I went and sat down on the bed by Dick. I didn't say a word. What could I say? I just set down and took hold of her hand. Oh, my God, stranger! It makes me almost faint now to think o' that mornin'.

"Dick was pale, her head was bandaged up, and she'd been sittin' up with me all night. But she let me take her hand, and hold it, too. And she never said one word against me for drinkin', or breakin' up the furniture, or strikin' her, or anything. And we set there, that way, for about five minutes, not sayin' a word, but just lookin' down on the floor and thinkin'. And then Dick says, quiet like, 'George, you can't last long at this rate. I've knowed all the time since you come home that first night, that in spite of all your promises, you was drinkin' all the time, and I did wrong not

to let you know I knowed it, but I didn't think it would ever be so bad as this. But George, even if you have got so in the habit of drinkin' that you can't stop, can't you do this?—get your liquor and bring it home and drink it here, and not try to deceive me, or have those awful men bring you home so off from the street.'

"I tell you, stranger, that let daylight through me. I saw then that Dick knew me through and through,—that she knew what a lyin' devil I'd been, and had knowed it all the time. Pretty soon she put her arms around my neck, and said, 'George, you know I'd die in a minute to save you. I promised, when I married you, that I'd stand by you, and be a true wife to you, as long as I lived, and I'll do it; for in your heart of hearts you're the best man in the world, and I can't bear to have you away from me when you're wild with liquor. Oh, George, George! you must not get away from me. I know it all. You are a noble man, but the fiends have got hold of you, and made you what you never shall be; for you and I together will beat them, with God's help and blessing. You must tell me everything after this, and I'll do the same to you. If you must drink, drink here at home with me, and never try to deceive me; but love me, and trust me, and I will you, and then we'll win, for God will bless our honesty and love.' That's what she said, stranger. 'You needn't promise me that you wont drink,' she says, 'only, if you do drink, come and tell me all about it, and just how you broke down, and we'll try again to make that weak place strong. If you can help it, don't ever drink without askin' my advice about it. Don't make excuses why you should drink, without tellin' me about them, and together we can do what we can never do apart.'

"Well, stranger, that got me! You see, there wa'n't nobody, nor nothin', in heaven or on earth, that could 'a' done for me what Dick did. And she just said another one o' them little prayers o' hers, and then I kissed her and prayed the first real prayer I ever prayed in my life,—just prayin' God to bless her,—and then I went out to my work. And afore God, stranger, from that day to this, I've never put a drop o' liquor between my lips, and I never will! As soon as I see that Dick knowed it all, and made up my mind to go to her when I couldn't go alone—then I was all right.

"And so I quit, and all hell couldn't make me begin again, and Dick knows it. She never says anything to me about it, never asks me about it, or suspects me; but we just understand each other in a quiet way, and that's enough. I've learned to distrust myself and to trust Dick. Oh, Dick's a woman, she is!

"We've had a lot o' trouble since then, but we've been mighty happy, and Dick's always tryin' to comfort me and help me, and keeps up wonderful herself.

"Lately she's been beggin' me to leave the road. She's lonesome, I'm away so much, and I've been thinkin' for a good while I'd quit, and now I've made up my mind to, any how. The last trip but one that I made, one of the boys that was brakin' on the freight just ahead o' ours, fell off between the cars somehow, and was all cut up. Well, Dick found out about it, and it nearly set her wild, for she said I'd be brought home that way sometime, and then she'd be left all alone. And she begged me so hard that I told her I'd quit.

"So after I got into Chicago this mornin', I took the passenger back to Michigan City, to meet the pay-car there, and get my discharge. I can get something to do, I know, and Dick says if I can't she's got a sewin'-machine and two wash-tubs, and she'll take in sewin' and washin' rather'n have me on the road. But I don't think I see her doin' that, just yet,—not while I'm alive.

"It'll be two o'clock to-night when I get home, but Dick knows I'm comin'. I telegraphed her this evenin', and she'll be up, and have the coziest little fire and the nicest cup o' coffee, and a little supper made up, that ever was in all the world. And she'll hear me come a-crumpin' along on the sidewalk, and she'll open the door and the light'll shine out —— oh, say, stranger, you couldn't stop over one train and come up and see Dick, could you? Oh well, that's so, 'business is business,' and if you can't, why it's all right; only I'd like to have you know Dick, that's all. For she's the best woman the Lord ever made, and, in spite of all our troubles, she's one o' the happiest women that lives, and I reckon that man don't breathe that's any happier or prouder'n I be. I don't, stranger, for a fact.

"Well, here we are, all safe as a dollar. I thought Jack 'u'd take her through all right. 'Taint every feller that could 'a' done it though, you want to know. Goodnight. I've talked a good deal to you,

but then I've had something good to talk about, that's one thing sure. Good-night! God bless you!

"Oh! I say, stranger, Jack has pulled her down a little further'n common to-night. The brakes didn't hold, I guess, and if it was daylight, I could show you the house where we live, right from here. It's up on the hill, right up to the head o' this street. I'll tell you, though; the train 'll stand here ten minutes, while they change engines, and, if you was to keep watch, may be you'd see the light shine out when Dick opens the door! Good-night. Good-night, stranger!"

He stepped briskly out along the walk, swinging his lantern as he went. I stood and watched the swaying spark far up the street, following it, as on another morning, and in another land, a band of hopeful hearts followed the light that led them to the place where Love Divine had made its home. It grew fainter and fainter in the distance, but ever swung to and fro, till, like the star of old, it came to the place where Love was, and there, like that, it stood.

Suddenly a broad gleam of golden light flashed out into the darkness. It glimmered for a moment and was gone. The door had closed upon George and Dick, shutting them into the sacred radiance of their home, and into my heart forever.

THE UNKNOWN SHIP.

THE white foam broke the livelong day;
The scudding clouds hung harsh and gray;
The sea-mew fled; and cold and dead
The near horizon lay.

Over the shingle's slippery path
The hissing waters slid in wrath,
Cutting the long brown sea-weed down
As a mower cuts his swath.

The rack of a wild, disheveled sky
Flashed on, as war-steeds frighted fly;
And the swollen sea, like a life to be,
Broke with a bitter cry.

Far up, the coast-lamp's fiery head
Watched like a watcher of the dead;
Misted and dim the sea-line's rim
Dipped in its ocean bed.

What is that form so far away,
Mingled and mixed with the dying day?
Nay! 'tis no form, but a phantom born
From the wraith of the dashing spray.

Born of the spray—the billow's sheath!
The shipwrecked mariner's funeral wreath!
The foam that flies in drowning eyes,
Choking the struggler's breath!

What is yon form? It is gliding nearer;
Bold is the hand of its ghostly steerer!
"Down, helmsman, down!" but the hoarse waves drown
The ears of the phantom hearer.

The twilight shuts like a prison door;
Louder and shriller the breakers roar;
And the wind's wild rout blows the watch-fire out,
Built up on the rocky shore.

All night long the gale had sway;
Men shuddered and dreaded the dawning day;
Till the morning came with an angry flame
Where the sky and the waters lay.

But where was the unknown ship that passed
With her sails blown out on the streaming blast?
With her silent crew and her weird lights blue
At the peak of her straining mast!

She loomed through the tempest; she vanished away
In peril and storm ere the break of day:
Thus the story is told! for never hath rolled
Cargo nor coffer from cabin or hold,
Corpse of sailor nor glittering gold,
To the beach of that rock-bound bay.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Popular Wisdom.

A DISCUSSION has recently been brought to a close in "The Nineteenth Century," under the title, "A Modern Symposium," on the question: "Is the popular judgment in politics more just than that of the higher orders?" The leading participants in this discussion were Messrs. Gladstone, Grey, Hutton, Lowe, and Lord Arthur Russell. The most that seems to be proved is that much may be said on both sides, though the preponderance of opinion seems to be on the affirmative side of the question. Much is made in the discussion of the parliamentary history of the last seventy years, in its exhibition of the popular judgment upon political matters. After all, Mr. Lowe puts the matter in a nutshell when he says: "Take two persons, one from the lower and one from the higher classes, and propose to them any political question,—which will be likely to give you a right answer, the man who has had some kind of education, or the man who has not passed beyond a very moderate acquaintance with reading and writing, probably somewhat the worse for wear?" The massing or multiplication of ignorance can hardly amount to wisdom. The best men will do the best thinking and the best work.

We have in this country, as they have in England, the curse of trades unions, and it seems to us that the management of these in America has pretty conclusively proved that what would be called in England the "lower orders," have the very poorest judgment. Certainly, no educated, intelligent man, or body of men, would pursue the course of these men in the management of their interests. Nothing more utterly suicidal can be imagined than the policy which inaugurates and perpetuates strikes, and organizes for labor a struggle with capital as its enemy. In the long depression of industrial interests from which this country has suffered, we have seen capital keeping labor employed, sometimes at a loss, never at a profit, and always for the benefit of labor, while labor has quarreled with its bread and butter. Even under these extreme circumstances, laborers have struck for higher wages, and compelled the closing of mills and the shutting down of gates; and when business has revived, and capital has at last won its chance for a modest remuneration, the most unreasonable demands from labor have made its enterprise a torment. Nothing more unfair than the demands of labor, and nothing more unwise than its action, can be imagined. Everybody but the laborers themselves have seen that they have done themselves harm and not good, and that the result of their policy has been bad upon every interest involved. Certainly we are not to regard the outcome of trades unions in this country as an evidence of the superiority of the judgment of the common people in politics. Men who manage their own affairs so badly can hardly be regarded as fit men to guide the state. Men who are incapable of seeing that other interests beside their own must thrive, or the latter can have no basis of thrift, could not be trusted with legislation.

We doubt whether there was ever a time in the history of the country when Congress was more a representative of the popular will than at present, and we have good reason to believe that the nation

has never seen the time when every good interest was in such dread of Congress as it is at present. If Congress could not meet again for the next five years, there is hardly an interest or a class in the community that would not feel profoundly relieved. The members of both houses have, in so many instances, come from their constituencies so possessed by and charged with crude theories of government and finance, based in popular ignorance and caprice, that the country at large has no faith in them. The popular estimate of the silver question and the soft money question, in many localities that make themselves felt in Congress, is absolutely dangerous to every political, commercial and industrial interest. There are multitudes to-day who honestly believe that the resumption of specie payments is a great public calamity—that an honest dollar is a curse to a poor man—that the poor man is harmed by the fact that a dollar in paper is as good as a dollar in gold. Still the heresy lingers in the popular mind in many localities that money can, by some process, be made cheap, so that by some hocus-pocus the poor man can get hold of it without paying its equivalent for it. They do not reason upon the subject at all. They seem incapable of understanding that no value can be acquired without paying for it, and that a good dollar will buy just as much more of the commodities of life as it is dearer than "a cheap dollar." They have but to look back a few years to the time of cheap money: their labor, it is true, commanded nominally a large price, but their rent was twice what it is now, and food and clothing were proportionally dearer than they are now; but this seems to teach them nothing. They seem incapable of comprehending the fact that by an unchangeable law money will command only what it is worth, and will certainly command from them what it is worth. They have an idea that there should be more money when it is the testimony of all who know that the volume of money is quite large enough for all purposes, only it cannot be had without rendering an equivalent for it. It has to be worked for and earned, but when it is acquired it is good money, without any discount,—competent to enter the markets of the world on even terms.

The popular estimate and treatment of the silver question are as wild as the popular estimate and treatment of the soft money question. The effect that silver was to have upon the laboring man's interests was to be little less than miraculous. It was to increase his debt-paying power. No wise financier could see how this was to be done. Nobody wanted the silver to handle, and nobody wants it now, when he can get gold or paper, but there were sections of the people represented in Congress, who believed there was in silver a panacea for their financial ills; but they have learned that a silver dollar costs as much as any other dollar, and that its coinage does nothing toward putting it into their pockets. So the dollars which everybody dislikes accumulate in the treasury, and go on accumulating, for the business world has no use for them.

Nearly all these financial schemes have had their birth in ignorant brains, have been adopted by ignorant people, and pushed in Congress by demagogues fresh from the people, and sworn to the service of those who sent them. These men, representing these people, are the bane and terror of the country, in all its great interests and enterprises. So true is this that the one danger that stands as a menace of all national prosperity and safety is Congress. We dread Congress as we do pestilence. It is a stench and an abomination. It was well that the writers of "A Modern Symposium" did not appeal to the present conduct of American affairs for evidence of the superiority of the political wisdom of the common people. They certainly would have appealed in vain. Everything in our history shows us that brains, well cultivated, are needed for government. In great crises, when the moral element is involved, when right and wrong are to be decided upon, and the patriotic sentiment and impulse are to be appealed to, the people can be trusted, but of the science of government, of true political wisdom, and of the knowledge of political economy, they are as innocent as children, and cannot be trusted to take care of themselves.

Good Talking.

THERE is an impression among people who talk and write that the art of conversation has died, or is dying out; that there are not as many remarkable talkers in the world as there were, and that the present generation will leave no such records of brilliant conversation as some of its predecessors have done. We suspect that the impression is a sound one, and that for some reason, not apparent on the surface, less attention has been bestowed upon the art of talking than formerly. It may be that the remarkable development of the press which has given opportunity for expression to everybody, with a great audience to tempt the writer, has drawn attention from an art demanding fine skill, with only the reward of an audience always limited in numbers, and an influence quite incommensurate with the amount of vitality expended.

Still, there are doubtless many who would like to be good talkers. Social importance and consideration are perhaps more easily won by the power of good talking than by any other means, wealth and the ability to keep a hospitable house not excepted. A really good talker is always at a social premium, so that a knowledge of the requisites of good talking will be of interest to a great many bright people. For it must be confessed that men's ideas of the art are very crude and confused. When we talk of "the art of conversation" people really do not know what we mean. They do not know what the art is, or how it may be cultivated; or, indeed, that it is anything more than a natural knack.

The first requisite of a good talker is genuine social sympathy. A man may not say, out of some selfish motive, or some motive of personal policy, "Go to! I will become a good talker." He must enjoy society, and have a genuine desire to serve and please. We have all seen the talker who talks for his own purposes, or talks to please himself.

He is the well-known character—the talking bore. The talker who gets himself up for show, who plans his conversations for an evening, and crams for them, becomes intolerable. He lectures: he does not converse; for there is no power of a talker so delightful as that of exciting others to talk, and listening to what his own inspiring and suggestive utterances have called forth. Genuine social sympathy and a hearty desire to please others are necessary to produce such a talker as this, and no other is tolerable. Social sympathy is a natural gift, and there is a combination of other gifts which constitute what may be called *esprit*, that are very essential to a good talker. This combination includes individuality, tact and wit—the talents, aptitudes, and peculiar characteristic charm which enable a man to use the materials of conversation in an engaging way, entirely his own; for every good talker has his own way of saying good things, as well as of managing conversation based on his *esprit*.

Yet it is true that there are no good talkers who depend upon their natural gifts and such material as they get in the usual interchanges of society. For the materials of conversation we must draw upon knowledge. No man can be a thoroughly good talker who does not know a great deal. Social sympathy and "the gift of gab" go but a short way toward producing good conversation, though we hear a great deal of this kind of talk among the young. Sound and exact knowledge is the very basis of good conversation. To know a great many things well is to have in hand the best and most reliable materials of good conversation. There is nothing like abundance and exactness of knowledge with which to furnish a talker. Next to this, perhaps, is familiarity with polite literature. The faculty of quoting from the best authors is a very desirable one. Facts are valuable, and thoughts perhaps are quite as valuable, especially as they are more stimulating to the conversation of a group. The talker who deals alone in facts is quite likely to have the talk all to himself, while the man who is familiar with thoughts and ideas, as he has found them embodied in literature, becomes a stimulator of thought and conversation in those around him. Familiarity with knowledge and with the products of literary art cannot be too much insisted on as the furniture of good conversation.

Beyond this, the good talker must be familiar with the current thought and events of his time. There should be no movement in politics, religion and society that the good talker is not familiar with. Indeed, the man who undertakes to talk at all must know what is uppermost in men's minds, and be able to add to the general fund of thought and knowledge, and respond to the popular inquiry and the popular disposition for discussion. The man who undertakes to be a good talker should never be caught napping, concerning any current topic of immediate public interest.

How to carry and convey superiority of knowledge and culture without appearing to be pedantic, how to talk out of abundant stores of information and familiarity with opinion without seeming to preach, as Coleridge was accused of doing, belongs, with the ability to talk well, to "the art of conversation." It has seemed to us that if young people could only see how shallow and silly very much of their talk is, and must necessarily be, so long as they lack the materials of conversation, they would take more pains with their study, would devote themselves more to the best books, and that, at least, they would acquire and maintain more familiarity with important current events. To know something is the best cure for neighborhood gossip, for talk about dress, and for ten thousand frivolities and sillinesses of society. Besides, a good talker needs an audience to understand and respond to him, and where is he to find one if there is not abundant culture around him?

A Reply from Mr. Kiddle.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Henry Kiddle:

To the Editor of Scribner's Monthly:

Will you permit me the privilege of a reply to the paper on my book which you published in the July number of the Monthly?

This book has received a peculiar treatment at the hands of critics,—very naturally, of course, and certainly not unexpected by me. The history of literature shows that of all writers literary critics are the most shallow, the most pretentious and dogmatic, and the most unreliable in their judgment and utterances. Of my book you say, "It has come, and has *gone*"; but this statement only shows how little you really know of the success of the book thus far, and how unable you are to judge of its future. The class for whom you write may, indeed, reject it upon your arbitrary dictum; but tens of thousands who never read a page of Scribner will peruse this book with satisfaction, and "pass it around" to be read by others. Were you to read the letters which I have received from those who have read the book faithfully and humbly, you would perceive your mistake in the form of the participle used, and say not "gone" but "*going*."

Now, my dear sir, will you seriously assert that you have fairly reviewed this book? Ignoring every claim set up, and sought to be established in this certainly remarkable volume, you have undertaken to judge it exclusively from a literary stand-point; and even from this stand-point you have misjudged it—denounced it not only wrongfully and unjustly, but in terms which should never have fallen from your pen—in language which I can show is far more deficient in rhetorical and grammatical propriety than any which you can point out in my book. You say: "There is not one sentence in it, from beginning to end, to indicate a heavenly origin, but everything to show that it is the offspring of a very commonplace and immature mind;" that its literary quality is "simply and irredeemably wretched;" that all the communicating intelligences "write exactly alike;" that all "utter the same 'hifalutin'' pious slang;" that it is "simply impossible bosh;" that the communicating intelligence must be an "unconscionable liar;" etc., etc. Are these the choice phrases and epithets,—is this the pure English that "passes muster" in a magazine office?

To disprove your sweeping assertions, I should have to quote a large part of the book; but I will cite a few passages that seem *to me* to "indicate a heavenly origin":

1. [From Bryant.] "In my own home on earth, I was respected for talents and mental capacities; while *here* I exhibit characteristics that outshine human faculties, and all the actions of my life stand forth in my external appearance, as never to be conceived of by mortal power. Take heed, friends, that in this judgment each day, each hour, each moment, bear testimony to the righteous working of your souls for God's glory."

Now, I ask, does not that express a most important, nay, an awful truth, with an appropriate injunction? And could it have been said in much better or stronger language?

2. [From J. Edmonds.] "Think of a life of sin to be gazed at by a multitude of angels, good and bad. Will you be satisfied to say Amen! to that? Alas! methinks, you will strive to hide yourselves under your *lies*, if you can find a spot to escape to. But in this you will never succeed, *for the eyes of the blind see there*, and the picture, as it were, which you present, is one of pleasure or disgust."

In other words, in spirit life, you appear to yourself and to others *just as you are*.

3. [From Dr. Muhlenberg.] "Earnestly I entreat you as the sons of God to do good deeds, to clear your heart from malice and hate; to practice the teachings and sacred precepts of your Bible, and to love God *as we spirits* delight in doing; and oh! oh! the light of earth will flee away to enchanting visions of rapturous bliss."

Certainly this *appears* to have a heavenly origin.

I refer you also to the communications from Edgar Poe, Bishop Janes, and several of those from Judge Edmonds, for specimens of heavenly thoughts in good English. If all this is "simply impossible bosh," according to your taste and conception, I can only say I am sorry for such a taste. To my mind it presents considerable divinity, both in thought and style; and many of the statements made are such as could have emanated only from those having experience in the world beyond our own.

Now as to the literary objections. These are of course hard to meet, since there is no fixed standard of literary or poetical excellence. You say, "Byron simply could not have written these lines, and every literary man in the world knows it." What lines do you refer to? To the following, descriptive of the spirits in darkness?

"Oh! my friends in God's love, whose hapless fate
It is now to feel, when, alas! too late,
The sorrows that come from a sinful career,
Not mine to exult; but in anguish and fear
To gaze into that dark abyss of wo, where
They are suffering the horrors of black despair;
While sighing and mourning, and lingering awhile
Round the sacred ashes of a funeral pile.
Oh! dark is the vision for them and for me,
For, alas! too plainly my spirit can see
That no ray of light is around them thrown,
All hope in the mercy of God having flown."

Now, I ask which is the more poetical, correct in rhythm and expression, and the more beautiful in imagery,—the above, or the following, from Byron's poem, "The Island," descriptive of the shipwrecked mariners?

"But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,
Their constant peril, and their scant relief;
Their days of danger, and their nights of pain;
Their manly courage even when deem'd in vain;
The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
Known to his mother in the skeleton;
The ills that lessen'd still their little store,
And starved even Hunger till he wrung no more."

In this brief article, I cannot discuss the points you raise in regard to Shakspere. Your dictum at the close of the article shows so clearly your utter ignorance (excusable, of course) of the whole subject of which this book treats, that it only provokes a smile, and I let it pass.

Now, Mr. Editor, you speak very kindly of me as a man and an official. You accredit me with far more ability than I claim. We have been so circumstanced as to know each other very well. Now, it does of course appear to you astonishing that such a "hard-headed, keen-minded possessor of common sense," as you say the editor of this book is, should have presented this narrative to the public. Your present solution is that he has suddenly lost all the good and strong mental qualities you attribute to him; but let me ask you to reconsider this solution, and see if you cannot devise another. Suppose all these messages are really authentic; and suppose also that you had had the *actual experience* in receiving them, and were convinced of their authenticity, and their importance to the world in its present state of materialism, infidelity, selfishness, vice and crime; would you have been willing to face the scoffing and derision of the world in performing your duty to make them known to mankind? Well, this is what I have done; and I have never wavered in my faith that the future results will fully justify me in the sacrifice which I have made.

Very truly your friend,
HENRY KIDDLE.

[1. We admit the above reply for the same reason that we originally noticed Mr. Kiddle's book—from personal regard for the author, and not on account of any special importance in the book itself.

2. When a man cites such extracts as the above, to prove the heavenly origin of "Spiritual Communications," there is, of course, nothing to be done with him. We can only fold our hands helplessly, and exclaim: "Is it possible that an educated man, in his senses, can put forward this twaddle and doggerel, and earnestly argue his justification from it?" Think of the dear, modest, old Bryant, talking about himself in the way the extract represents! And think of Dr. Muhlenberg exclaiming: "And oh! oh! the light of earth will flee away to enchanting visions of rapturous bliss!" Things like these amount to inexcusable slanders upon the dead.

3. Mr. Kiddle calls attention to his heroism in promulgating his book. We could have more respect for this if we did not so profoundly pity the weakness and credulity which first accepted the "communications" as genuine, and the blindness which has thus far failed to discover in these crude and insignificant utterances the poor, thin rhapsodies of his mistaken children.

4. We understand the character of Mr. Kiddle's audience and do not doubt that it will be large among those already prepared to accept him and his book. The people who, the other day, in a Western town, held a wedding party for the marriage of a daughter in the spirit world, who died three weeks old, to a son of President Pierce, have, doubtless, a copy of Mr. Kiddle's book in the house. They are, we presume, just as firm in the belief of this marriage, in a country where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage," as Mr. Kiddle is in the authenticity and importance of the celestial nonsense contained in his book, and can offer just as good reasons for it.

5. We have watched the effect of the delusion which has taken possession of Mr. Kiddle upon a great number of people. When it has seized upon a gross man it has usually purified him at the beginning, by a very natural process; but there is no growth in it, and it has usually ended in a process of degeneration. Men cannot live upon the east wind. We dismiss Mr. Kiddle sadly and hopelessly to his new companionships and new influences.]

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Parlor Plays.

MR. EDMUND W. GOSSE, one of the younger members of the choir of English singers, after having ventured on a tragedy, has now written a play in verse, for amateur actors of tender years. Mr. Gosse has called his play "The Unknown Lover," and he prefixes to it an essay on "The Chamber Drama in England." By the term "chamber drama" he means plays written for amateur actors and acted by them; and Mr. Gosse sets forth a goodly list of chamber dramas, beginning with Daniel's "Cleopatra," and certain of Ben Jonson's masques and the "Comus" of John Milton. Parlor players and private playwrights can find in Mr. Gosse's list a noble pedigree; and they will find there, too, this defense of the amateur actor: "The taste for acting seems inherent in the human mind. Perhaps there is no imaginative nature that does not wish, at one time or another, to step into the person of another, to precipitate his own intelligence on the action of a different mind, to contemplate from the interior, instead of always observing the exterior. To act a part is to widen the sympathy, to increase the experience, and hence the diversion of private theatricals has been held to be no small part of education by some of the most serious of men." Mr. Gosse does not here make mention—as well he might—of the Latin play annually performed at the Westminster Public School, nor of the custom, well-nigh universal in schools of the last century, of getting up a play, in which the scholars acted, while one of the teachers recited a prologue or an epilogue of an elegant Latinity, and of his own making. Nor in his list of private plays does he put the first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," by Nicholas Udall, of King's College, Cambridge,—where Queen Elizabeth, in the summer of 1564, was entertained by the performance of a later play of the same writer's, a tragedy, "Ezechias," a sacred drama founded upon the Second Book of Kings. Nor did Mr. Gosse—being a Briton, alas!—put in his list "The Mercenary Match," a tragedy "written by Barnaby Bidwell, Esq., and played by the students of Yale College, under the auspices of the late Rev. Ezra Styles, D.D., president." "The Mercenary Match" is one of the earliest of American plays, and is qualified by Dunlap, the historian of our stage, as a "very pleasant and laugh-provoking tragedy."

Mr. Gosse's play is much what might have been expected from the preface, although, as is often the case, the portico is more imposing than the edifice behind it. "The Unknown Lover" is in blank verse; its four acts are contained in thirty-one openly printed pages; it is simple and altogether slight, and reminds one of the pretty and unpretending little proverb-plays of which the French are prolific, and which they wisely limit to one act. But in spite of its slightness, "The Unknown Lover" would on occasion serve; in a country-house full of children at Christmas, or in a summer hotel where there were four bright young people fairly in their teens, it might be attempted with success.

For children of a larger growth, young men and maidens, in the spring when vagrant fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and therefore feels the need of something higher in tone and fuller of poetry than the ordinary dialogue play, what can be better than the fairy comedies of Mr. W. S. Gilbert? They are in general easy to mount and to dress. "The Princess" is perhaps too involved, and "Pygmalion and Galatea" is doubtless too difficult; but "The Palace of Truth" and "The Wicked World,"—why are not these just the thing for ambitious amateurs? In "The Wicked World" there is but one scene for the three acts; it may be noted, also, that the author has even chosen to obey the pseudo-classic unity of time, and the single action of his play takes place in its one scene, within the space of one day.

And this suggests another remark. In the ever-changing and ever-improving physical conditions of the stage, it has at last become evident that it is always advisable and generally possible not to change the scene during the act; that is, to play each act in a single scene. And this principle has been applied to old plays as well as new,—even to Sheridan and Shakspere. "The School for Scandal" has been arranged, with but very slight alteration, to be shown in five consecutive scenes. And in all the recent magnificent revivals of Shakspere's plays an attempt has always been made to bring them, too, under the new conditions, and with singular success. It cannot always be done, but a great simplifying of action and place is possible. This is what those who have prepared the new acting versions of Shakspere have tried to do. Those who prepared the old acting versions—Colley Cibber, David Garrick, John Philip Kemble—had no such idea, and their alterations of Shakspere (the regular acting edition, as it is called) is now not merely a little behind the times, but wholly out of date. And therefore, amateurs who intend rashly to risk themselves in a Shaksperean play, or wisely to confine themselves to a single scene from Shakspere, will do well to avail themselves of the aid of the series of "Prompt-Books" of standard plays, as acted by Mr. Edwin Booth and edited by Mr. William Winter. Here they will find the result of the collaboration of literary skill and trained technical knowledge of the theater; and this result approaches closely the ideal acting edition of Shakspere.

In this department, in the number of this magazine for November, 1877, a writer gave a list of French plays suitable for reading aloud or acting by American amateurs, vouching for their innocuousness and seeking to combat the notion that the dramatic literature of France is wholly given over to the

devil. A few additions to that list are here made. "Le Piano de Berthe," of Barrière; "La Fée," of M. Octave Feuillet; and "Un jeune Homme qui ne Fait Rien," of M. Legouvé, are in one act; the last little comedy is in verse, but it is easy and flowing verse, not very difficult. In two acts is "Le Gentilhomme Pauvre," by MM. Dumanoir and Lafargue, a charming and especially to be recommended play, of which the English version is called "The Poor Nobleman." In three acts there are "Les Vivacités du Capitaine Tic," an amusing and lively little comedy by M. Labiche, and "Par Droit de Conquête," a vigorous and virile play, by M. Ernest Legouvé, interesting and healthy. Among the longer and more important French dramas which the American young lady may safely venture to read are "Les Faux Bonshommes," of Barrière; "Le Duc Job," of Léon Laya; "Le Marquis de Villemer," of George Sand; and "L'Honneur et l'Argent," the fine rhymed comedy of François Ponsard.

Other volumes have been issued of the "Théâtre de Campagne," the two earlier volumes of which were highly commended in the paper in the November number. They contain various little plays in one act, in prose and verse, with two, three, and four parts each, sparkling and airy, and likely to suit the taste of the general reader and the amateur actor. A comedy by M. Henri Meilhac is not so innocent; but I doubt whether any honest American girl could see deep enough into the Frenchman's wit to detect any harm in it, and so its presence need not rule out the volume which holds it. Besides these comedies, there is a poem by M. Alphonse Daudet, the author of "Jack," called "Les Prunes;" it is written in triolets, and is the first instance of a poem of eight stanzas written successfully in this most difficult and peculiar meter.

Arthur Penn.

A Short Essay on Washing.

Experienced housekeepers very seldom give clear and positive instructions in housework. Their success seems to be the result of some uncommunicable knack. Years of experiment and uncertainty appear to be required in reaching positive knowledge in regard to housework, and that a knowledge which must die with the discoverer.

Whoso desires to escape all uncertainty in one important department of housework, is recommended to read the following complete guide to the whole art of washing.

To begin with, clothes should not be soaked overnight; it gives them a gray look, and the soiled parts lying against the clean portions streaks them. Before beginning to wash, the clothes should be assorted, and the fine ones kept separate all through the washing. Rub the clothes in warm—not hot—water. Hot water sets, instead of extracting, the dirt. Turn them and rub them till perfectly clean in the first water. If the water becomes much soiled, throw it out and take fresh, for if the water is allowed to become very much soiled, the clothes will be dingy. The clothes should then be rubbed out as thoroughly in the second as in the first water. No amount of rinsing or boiling will ever make clothes white which have not been thoroughly rubbed out.

After the second rubbing, put the clothes in cold water to boil, without rubbing soap on them or putting soap in the water; they are soapy enough. Too much soap makes clothes yellow and stiff. As soon as they begin to boil, remove them to the "sudsing"-water. If they boil long, they will be yellow. Let each article be well "soused" up and down in the sudsing-water, rubbing them out thoroughly with the hands, to get the suds out; wring dry and throw in the "rinsing-water," which is the last water. Let this be slightly blued. Excessive bluing is the careless washerwoman's refuge. The rinsing is to be as thorough as the sudsing.

After rinsing, starch. The old-fashioned idea, that clothes require to be dried before being starched, is not sustained by intelligent observation. Dip the articles in boiling hot starch, plunging the hands constantly into cold water, to prevent their being scalded, and rubbing the starch well in.

Next hang out, and be sure to stretch every inch possible to the sun and the wind. Garments hung double, or in bunches or festoons, will not bleach.

Wash flannels in lukewarm water, and rinse in water of the same temperature. Avoid rubbing soap upon the flannels. Stretch them, when thoroughly clean, snap them energetically, and hang them up immediately,—by the fire if the weather is bad. Two waters are enough for flannels.

When sprinkling clothes, dip collars, cuffs, and shirt-bosoms in cold starch, made so thin as to look like water with a little milk in it. Clothes starched thus need no wax, lard, nor other preparation to make them iron easily. A smooth, dead white is generally more highly esteemed now than the glazed look which shirt manufacturers give to their linen.

Clothes washed by the above directions will be white as the driven snow.

Mary Dean.

All-wool dress goods or colored flannels should be washed out quickly in tepid water, rinsed in water of the same temperature, wrung dry, and then folded up for a time, together with one or two sheets, so that the moisture shall be extracted by the cotton or linen; they should then be ironed till dry. A patent wringer (made of India rubber rollers, which can be adjusted) is almost indispensable in washing. It does not wear the clothes like the twisting and wrenching of hand-wringing, and saves the most exhausting part of the wash, besides leaving the clothes drier than can be the case with ordinary hand-wringing.

Salt or beef's-gall, in the water, helps to set black. A table-spoonful of spirits of turpentine to a gallon of water sets most blues, and alum is very efficacious in setting green. Black or very dark calicoes should be stiffened with gum-arabic,—five cents' worth is enough for a dress. If, however, starch is used, the garment should be turned wrong side out.

S. B. H.

Fall Work in the Rose Garden.

THE fall months afford a very favorable season for starting new plantations of roses.

All of the improved varieties are apt to be covered with a fresh and profuse bloom in September or later, and after the flowers drop, the buds will be found in the state best adapted for putting forth new shoots, and the process of rooting will also take place readily if slips are now cut from the parent stem, and set out and properly cared for in suitable soil.

. If it is desired to make the attempt on a large scale, select a spot in your garden close to a north wall, or at least, so situated as to be protected in some way against the blasts of the north wind. Dig out the ground, if of hard clay, to the depth of one foot, making a trench about one yard long, and filling it half up with rich manure; then put in a layer of good garden-loam, and on top of that at least three inches of clear sand. Set in your slips with their lower ends slanting from the north, and be sure to fix them firmly in the sand. Let the slips be placed about four inches apart. They will need no protection from sunshine, unless the weather is exceptionally hot. But when the winter approaches, cover them with boughs of evergreen, or with a slight structure of a few planks. Leave them undisturbed till the weather has become settled in spring, when many of them will be found to have taken root. Prepare the ground into which they are to be transplanted just as for tomato-plants, and do not let the distance between them be less than three feet. We find that roses grown in this way, at home, make much more vigorous, hardy plants than those forced by the florists in hot-beds; the experiment having been tried of raising them side by side, it was found that in one year those grown at home had gained largely upon those purchased abroad.

Roses may also be propagated from the slip by rooting them in water, and then transferring them to small pots, where they can remain until large enough to take their permanent places upon the lawn or in the flower-garden. The water should be put in black or dark-green bottles, and a little raw cotton wrapped around the slip. The water need not be changed except occasionally, but the bottles must always be kept filled up to the neck.

M. S. S.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Stickney's "True Republic." *

THE indignation which the average voter of intelligence feels when he sees incompetent men forced upon him as candidates for office under the general and State governments, finds its outlet for the most part in the daily press, where the politician and party hack furnish the chief subject for chronic grumbling. Now that really great questions are not before the country, the impudence of the politicians in the Republican and Democratic ranks becomes painfully clear. Which is the better? the voter keeps asking; and since both parties are so worthless, can we not have a third that will deal with real issues and no longer use the old transparent stalking horses to cover their desperate hunt for office and the patronage of office? Indeed it is safe to say that one-third of the Republicans throughout the country and a large portion of the Democrats, including the best material of the Democratic party, simply adhere to their own standard owing to the dishonesty and imbecility of the men in positions of trust among their opponents. It is a fact that there are more recent examples of Republican misconduct than Democratic, but alas, that is simply because the Republicans have had their innings. Where the Democrats get the upper hand they outvie the Republicans in brazen disregard of honesty and justice. With both parties, according to our system of government the old rhyme is true:

> The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
> The devil was well, the devil a monk was he!"

It is to the task of pointing out the reason for this state of things and of indicating a remedy, that Mr. Stickney's book addresses itself. He tries to take an entirely impartial view of the matter. If one can gather so much from these pages, it would appear that during the war Mr. Stickney had Republican leanings; but that since then he has become hostile to the dominant party,—a course, it need hardly be said, which is by no means uncommon, and which inheres naturally in the system of our politics. When a party grows careless, from long continuance in office, enough disgusted voters turn to the other side and bring the balance down.

Mr. Stickney, however, wants all the old balance system done away with. His thesis is to prove that parties are wrong in themselves; that they have started in our country questions of entirely secondary importance, and made them the cause of foreign and civil wars; that when the country has been plunged into danger, they do all they can to thwart action and pile up expenses; that they seldom or never attempt the reform of actual evils, but are chiefly kept alive to gratify personal greeds and ambitions. These ambitions the politicians are enabled to gratify, owing to the short tenure of office. They are able to make a living and a trade of politics, because our changes of officials are so incessant that new combinations are forever forming, which these politicians exist to control. Tenure for life, or during good behavior, is Mr. Stickney's remedy for the evils of bad officials and of politicians. With one exception, he thinks the offices should not be filled by popular election. The President or Chief Exec-

* A True Republic. By Albert Stickney. New York: Harper & Brothers.

utive should be elected by the process now in vogue; but all below him should be appointed by him and his appointees downward. Believing that the people of the United States would elect for life only a good incumbent, and believing, further, that such incumbent, having no ambition beyond, would make wise selections of life incumbents for the various departments of state, Mr. Stickney proposes to do away, at one stroke, with the tedious, expensive, and demoralizing present system of elections, and carry in the train of that change, the reforms of the Civil Service which, under three successive presidents since the war, it has been essayed in vain to carry out.

Before formulating the grievances of intelligent voters, Mr. Stickney points out the inadequacy of the governmental system of Great Britain, to serve as an answer to those Americans who, captivated by the exterior of things, imagine that a centralized government of that stamp is better than our own. But the greatest space is given to showing the failure of our system in the new combinations of population of to-day, and to a demonstration that we can move forward only by a reform of our own plan, in accordance with modern needs, not by reverting to models now existing among population quite different from ours in Europe. This writer is not alone in his criticisms, nor is he the first who has suggested many of the changes given in this volume. Dr. C. C. P. Clark, of Oswego,* issued last year, on his own account, a book taking somewhat similar ground. There is no evidence that Mr. Stickney has seen this book, which has had little circulation, and both may be looked upon as independent evidences of the profound dissatisfaction of thinking men with the present state of affairs. Dr. Clark is a physician of this state; Mr. Stickney is a lawyer of good standing in New York city; both are trying to forge a plan by which our public officers shall be appointed from the best material, retained in office as long as they work well, and thus be encouraged to make themselves as learned and skillful in their own department as any professional man in private life.

It is a pleasure to read Mr. Stickney's clear-cut, logical summary of the question. It is true that his own profession gives a color to his views. The book reads somewhat in the nature of an indictment. He would strike still further at the election of judges, for the ultimate verdict on all political questions should be the bench, and it is therefore imperative that the bench be kept unswayed by private or partisan influences. It will be charged that he is too impatient of things as they are, too sweeping in his changes to hope from practical use of his plan. Notwithstanding his leaning toward the Democrats, Mr. Stickney is really a centralizer. He is the antipodes to all that the Democrats profess to seek. His life tenure of office will be called the institution of an aristocracy, and his proposed withdrawal of the power of the people to vote for anyone except the President, a sinister attempt to deprive men of their sovereign rights. He does not sufficiently appreciate the strength of the American fear of usurpation, although the noise made about "Cæsarism" and "the man on horseback" might lead one to think that it is a bugbear full of life. Mr. Stickney also forgets, or does not deign to consider, how much our present vicious and irresponsible system does for the education of the common voter. The next thing after abolishing short tenures of office and the consequent excitement at the polls, would be a change in the jury system, by which, as at present managed, the dullest minds are selected and able lawyers are enlisted in order to hammer ideas into them. But in spite of its radical, and, perhaps, premature nature, Mr. Stickney's thesis is most suggestive and admirable. It would have a good reason for existence if it did nothing more than insist upon it that the American theory of any man being good enough to fill an official position, is foolish, wasteful and perilous.

*The Commonwealth Reconstructed. By C. C. P. Clark, M.D. New York: A S. Barnes & Co., 1878.

Jeffries's "Color-Blindness."*

IT was by a letter addressed to Joseph Priestly by Joseph Huddurt in 1777, that the defect of color-blindness was first brought to the attention of the scientific world. It does not appear, however, that any further immediate consideration was given to the subject. It was toward the latter end of the century that the great Manchester *savant*, John Dalton,—through his atomic theory the founder of modern chemistry,—made the first important contribution to the study of the subject, taking his own case as the text. He suffered from red-blindness, and the story of how he was beguiled into wearing the scarlet gown of the doctorate to which he had been elected, and against the color of which his scruples as a Quaker led him to rebel, is well known.

In 1855 came the work of Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh, the first regular treatise on the subject. From that time the question did not excite any very marked interest among physiologists, and scarcely any at all among the outside world until the publication in 1877, just a century after attention was first called to the subject, of the work of Professor F. Holmgren of the University of Upsala, Sweden, entitled "De la Cécité des Couleurs, dans ses Rapports avec les Chemins-de-fer et la Marine" (Stockholm, 8vo, pp. 144). †

Holmgren's plan for the determination of color-blindness does not contain anything original either as regards the materials (colored Berlin wools) or the method (comparison of the colors and shades, independent of their names). Seebeck had used the materials and the method years before. What Holmgren did was to shorten the method without lessening its accuracy and thus make it practical for extensive examinations. By Seebeck's method more than twenty-five persons could not be examined in an hour, whereas, according to Holmgren's plan a hundred or more can be examined in that time. Holmgren's method

*Color-Blindness: Its Dangers and its Detection. By B. Joy Jeffries, A.M., M.D., etc.: Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

† An abridged translation of this work is to be found in the Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1877.

is as follows: A large assortment of Berlin wools of all colors and shades of color (150 to 200 skeins) is spread before the person to be examined, and a bright green skein (not inclining to either yellow or blue) is laid aside as a "sample." He is then told to select from the pile those skeins which appear to him of the same color but of different shades, *i. e.*, lighter or darker. If he can make this selection properly he is not color-blind. If, however, he lays by the "sample" other colors, particularly brown or gray, he is color-blind. This examination, when the person examined is one of ordinary intelligence, is made in a minute or even less time and the question of color-blindness is settled. Practically, this is sufficient, but if it is desired to know the particular color to which the individual is blind, another examination must be made. At present three kinds of color-blindness are recognized—corresponding to the three so-called primary colors red, green and violet or blue. As violet, or blue-blindness, is exceedingly rare, an examination as to the first two is sufficient, particularly as they are the two colors most important in practical life. In this second examination, a pure purple is laid aside as a "sample" and the person examined is told to select shades appearing to him like it. If he selects grays or greens he is green-blind; if violet or blue he is red-blind; if orange or yellow he is violet-blind. The reasons leading to this differential diagnosis are too elaborate to be considered here, and for them the reader is referred to Holmgren's book, or to that of Dr. Jeffries.

This volume is the third monograph that has been written on the subject, and appears in a rather startling binding of red, green and violet. It is but little more than a transcript of Holmgren's and Wilson's books—page after page of translations being given, particularly from the former. But it has a value of its own, since it corroborates the methods and results of Holmgren and adds a very large number of examinations to the statistics. Up to the time the book went to press, Dr. Jeffries had made over 18,000 examinations, of which over 10,000 were of boys.

As the work is intended for the laity as well as the profession, it is written in as untechnical language as the nature of the subject will admit of, and each chapter is made, as far as possible, independent of the others. Taken as a whole, the work is perhaps the most complete to be found in any language. The eighteen pages of closely printed bibliography appended to the work are worthy of particular attention. The results of examinations made in various parts of the world to this time, aggregating over 100,000, show that one male in about every twenty-five whites (four per cent.) is color-blind in a greater or less degree. It would seem from a limited number of examinations of Jews by Cohn and Magnus in Breslau, that this race is more subject to color-blindness than Christians, and from some examinations by Dr. Swan M. Burnett, of Washington, of the negroes in the public schools of that city (3,050 in number), it appears that that race is less affected with the color-blindness than the white race. The female sex is rarely affected—only about one in four hundred. As a rule the defect is congenital, though it is sometimes acquired through disease, and it is frequently hereditary.

The importance of a true sense of color to railway and marine employés, where the lives of many persons depend on a proper discrimination between a red (danger) and a green (safety) signal is apparent, and it is evident that a law should be passed requiring an examination of such employés in respect to their color-sense. Dr. Jeffries has succeeded in having such a law passed by the Massachusetts legislature, and it is to be hoped, in the interest of humanity, that the matter will be pressed to the same result in all the states, or in our national Congress.

An Editor and his Correspondents.*

If there is any one man more than another who is entitled to consideration it is the editor of a magazine; for whatever he may do he is certain to make enemies, and tolerably certain to lose friends. Of course, rejected contributors dislike him. "And equally of course accepted contributors like him," one would think; but unfortunately the rule does not hold good, for nine times out of ten the most unreasonable contributor is the one who has been accepted oftenest, and who ought to be the most considerate. He is the one from whom the long-suffering editor prays most fervently to be delivered, for he knows how to plant—and generously does plant—the sharpest thorns in his cushion. Such an one was Lord Brougham, who was as great a bully in literature as in politics, and whose correspondence with Mr. Napier must have been a constant source of irritation to that gentleman. Who Mr. Napier was does not particularly concern us, except that he was the editor of the Supplement to the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and, at a later period, of the "Edinburgh Review." He was not a man of brilliant talents; but he was a man of strong sense and sound judgment, or he would not have been selected as the successor of Lord Jeffrey, nor could he have filled his place, as he did, for upward of eighteen years, greatly to his own credit and to the success of the "Edinburgh Review." There was no reason to have thought that he would make a mark in literature, for his talents as a writer were by no means remarkable; but he has done so, nevertheless, through his connection with greater writers than himself, over whom he exercised editorial authority, and with whom, by virtue of that authority, he was compelled to correspond largely. It is by this correspondence, of which only a vestige of his share has been preserved, that he is likely to be remembered. It is interesting from the light which it sheds upon the relations that existed between the editor of the "Edinburgh Review" and his contributors, and portions of it are curious ad-

* Selections from the Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier, Esq. Edited by his son, Macvey Napier. London: Macmillan & Co.

ditions to the literary history of the time. What can be more curious, for example, than Jeffrey's critical estimate of Bryant: "He is Felicia Hemans in breeches"? Equally curious is Carlyle's depreciation of Byron less than ten years after his death: "His fame has been very great, but I see not how it is to endure; neither does that make *him* great. No genuine productive thought was ever revealed by him to mankind; indeed, no clear undistorted vision into anything, or picture of anything; but all had a certain falsehood, a brawling, theatrical, insincere character. The man's moral nature, too, was bad; his demeanor as a man was bad. What was he, in short, but a huge *sulky dandy;* of giant dimensions, to be sure, yet still a dandy; who sulked, as poor Mrs. Hunt expressed it, like a schoolboy that had got a plain bunn given him instead of a plum one? His bunn was, nevertheless, God's universe, with what tasks are there; and it had served better men than he. I love him not; I owe him nothing only pity and forgiveness; he taught me nothing that I had not again to forget." But Carlyle was not to have it all his own way; for, about a month after penning this, even-handed justice, in the person of Jeffrey, commended the poisoned chalice to his lips, in the shape of a letter to Mr. Napier: "I fear Carlyle will not do,—that is, if you do not take the liberties and the pains with him that I did, by striking out freely and writing in occasionally. The misfortune is that he is very obstinate, and, I am afraid, conceited; and, unluckily, in a place like this he finds people enough to abet and applaud him, to intercept the operation of the otherwise infallible remedy of general avoidance and neglect. It is a great pity, for he is a man of genius and industry, and with the capacity of being an elegant and impressive writer." The most voluminous of Mr. Napier's correspondents was Macaulay, and the most troublesome Brougham, who was always objecting to something or other, and whom nothing satisfied long. He was disagreeable and dictatorial, prone to give advice and averse to receiving it, and opinionated to the last degree. There was no friendship between him and Macaulay, whom he called the second or third greatest bore in society that he had ever known, and whose writing was distinguished for vulgarity and want of reasoning power. His enmity was no secret to this brilliant writer, who remarked to Mr. Napier, in 1838: "If, during the last ten years, I have gained any reputation, either in politics or in letters; if I have had any success in life, it has been without his help or countenance, and often in spite of his utmost exertions to keep me down." Macaulay was the least troublesome of Mr. Napier's correspondents, for with all his cleverness he was modest, and his opinions were always intelligent and well considered. They were certainly independent, as may be gathered from his opinion of Scott, concerning whose character he declared to Mr. Napier that he had not the high estimate that most people seemed to entertain, and that it would be expedient for the "Edinburgh Review" to express. "He seems to me to have been most carefully and successfully on his guard against the sins which most easily beset literary men. On that side he multiplied his precautions and set double watch. Hardly any writer of note has been so free from the petty jealousies and morbid irritabilities of our caste. But I do not think that he kept himself equally pure from faults of a very different kind—from the faults of a man of the world. In politics a bitter and unscrupulous partisan, greedy of gain, profuse and ostentatious in expense, agitated by the hopes and fears of a gambler, perpetually sacrificing the perfection of his compositions and the durability of his fame to his eagerness for money; writing with the slovenly haste of Dryden, in order to satisfy wants which were not, like those of Dryden, caused by circumstances beyond his control, but which were produced by his own extravagant waste or rapacious speculation. This is the way in which he appears to me. I am sorry for it, for I sincerely admire the greater part of his works. But I cannot think him a high-minded man, or a man of very strict principle." He was equally independent in regard to Hannah More, whom he declined to review, though he had many reasons to remember her with affection. "She is exactly the very last person in the world about whom I should choose to write a critique. She was a very kind friend to me from childhood. Her notice first called out my literary tastes. * * She was to me what Ninon was to Voltaire,—begging her pardon for comparing her to a strumpet, and yours for comparing myself to a great man. She really was a second mother to me. I have a real affection for her memory. I, therefore, could not possibly write about her, unless I wrote in her praise; and all the praise which I could give to her writings, even after straining my conscience in her favor, would be far indeed from satisfying any of her admirers." Macaulay's papers were variously criticised by his fellow-contributors, notably his famous paper on Bacon, which Jeffrey alone praised heartily. There was some talk of cutting it, on account of its length, to make it fit better into the "Review"; but Jeffrey scouted the idea. "It would be worse than paring down the Pitt diamond to fit the old setting of a dowager's ring. It is altogether magnificent—*et prope divinum.* Since Bacon himself, I do not know that there has been anything so fine. I have read it, not only with delight, but with emotion—with throbbings of the heart and tears in the eye." Brougham admitted that it was a striking paper (as Mr. Napier had said), and no doubt the work of an extremely clever man; but it was redundant and mannered, not to say insufficient and wrong-headed. "Greater blunder never was committed than the one Macaulay has made on the Inductive Philosophy. He is quite ignorant of the subject. He may garnish his papers as he pleases with references; it only shows he has read Bacon for the *flowers*, and not the *fruit;* and this is indeed the fact. He has no science at all, and cannot reason. His contemporaries at Cambridge always said he had not the conception of what an argument was." Among those whom Mr. Napier hurt by his editorial criticisms upon their contributions was Leigh Hunt, whose manner of writing he characterized as not "gentlemanlike," and who in his

sensitiveness appealed to Macaulay, who probably introduced him to his captious editor. Hunt seems to have clung to his more successful brother author—so much so that the latter wished, on one occasion, that he could say, with his correspondent, that he had heard nothing from him. "I have a letter from him on my table, asking me to lend him money, and lamenting that my verses want the true poetical *aroma* which breathes from Spenser's 'Faerie Queene.' I am so much pleased with him for having the spirit to tell me, in a begging letter, how little he likes my poetry, that I shall send him a few guineas, which I would not have done if he had praised me; for, knowing his poetical creed as I do, I should have felt certain that his praises were insincere."

The general impression which we receive from this correspondence between Mr. Napier and his contributors is that he performed the difficult task which was committed to him quite as well as—if, indeed, not better than—a more brilliant man would have done,—with more satisfaction and less heart-burnings,—and that we are glad that it has been preserved. With the exception of Brougham, his contributors appear to advantage; and the glimpses which we obtain of them are such as will be welcomed by their future biographers. It will interest the biographer of Thackeray, for example, to know that once upon a time he reviewed Mr. N. P. Willis's "Dashes of Life," and that so great a writer as Macaulay considered him no better than Willis himself! It may, also, interest later biographers of Dickens to know that an American editor was, in his eyes, almost invariably an atrocious scoundrel!

Blanc's "Grammar of Painting and Engraving." *

AUGUSTE ALEXANDRE CHARLES BLANC has enjoyed opportunities for becoming an accomplished critic of art which fall to the lot of very few men. A student of sculpture and workman at copper-plate engraving, the rise of his brother Louis Blanc into the foremost ranks of politics set his pen early to work on art-criticism, and in 1848 gave him the highest position in the governmental management of the fine arts in Paris. Since that time he has been writing standard works of art—a history of painters of all the schools, another of French painters of the nineteenth century, "L'Œuvre Complet de Rembrandt," "Le Trésor de la Curiosité," and others. He has also shared with his brother many of the ups and downs of that agitator, and been compelled to make hasty journeys to Flanders and England, not without much profit to himself, both in widening his views of life and in seeing the treasures of art preserved in those countries. His "Grammaire des Arts du Dessin," which appeared at Paris in 1864, was therefore a summing up of quite a life of art-criticism. It is curious to note, in the way in which Blanc managed his grammar, how race-characteristics show. Had a German or Englishman undertaken the task after being so thoroughly equipped, we should have got a thick quarto or a pair of heavy octavos at the least. The German would have gloried in being *gründlich*, or exhaustive; the Englishman would have tried to include in his plan descriptive passages, by reference to which an artist or artisan could proceed to work. Blanc, as a thorough Frenchman, tried neither to be laboriously *gründlich*, nor diffusely practical; his grammar is an elegant treatise, adorned, rather than painfully illustrated, with half a hundred wood-cuts from pictures and sculptures of renown. But every sentence tells. If the work does not explain methods in all their details, it leaves the imagination room to play about more needful generalizations. Blanc tells us that it was written for those who have finished their school work and are about to enter upon active life. The art education of the young does not exist; the graduate of high school and college has read of the ancient Greeks, the captains, orators, philosophers, but he knows neither their sublime ideas upon painting and statuary, nor their wonderful gods and temples of marble. Blanc came to write his grammar in consequence of a conversation over a dinner, where the guests were unanimous in the opinion that art-criticism resolved itself merely into the expression of individual tastes or likings. Blanc held, to the contrary, that there were laws of criticism, but he could not point to any one book which covered the whole field and contained those laws in a small area. There were works on the beautiful, treatises on architecture, painting and sculpture, but no lucid *résumé* of all accepted ideas touching the arts of design. The difficulty lay in being concise without being obscure, clear without being superficial. That M. Blanc has succeeded better than any one else in the perilous undertaking is evident from the numerous editions his grammar has entered into. In the United States, where, until quite recently, the sale of such books was necessarily limited, the present is a third edition. Fortunately, this Western edition is also much cheaper than any previous, and the valuable precepts which have been so clearly and ably put by Charles Blanc are likely to reach a much larger audience than heretofore. After reading the grammar, it will be found very profitable to take up the "Æsthetics" of Eugène Véron, published in English translation by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., and such works of Viollet-le-Duc as may be found in book-shops or large libraries. Under engraving we have short notices of engraving on copper, aquafortis engraving, mezzotint, aquatint, wood-engraving, engraving in colors and lithography.

Vincent's "Gates into the Psalm Country." *

THESE sermons on the Psalms are characterized by warm devotional feeling, a direct and popular style, and fertility of illustration. They will be

* The Grammar of Painting and Engraving. Translated from the French of Blanc's "Grammaire des Arts du Dessin." By Kate Newell Doggett. Third edition. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

* Gates into the Psalm Country. By Marvin R. Vincent, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Covenant, New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

acceptable to that large class of readers who welcome genuine religious sentiment in the channels of the old and familiar theology, free from its harsher and more dogmatic forms of expression, yet not agitating the mind by unsettling tendencies of thought. There is in the Psalms a wonderful richness; they are at once deeply colored by the time and place of their origin, and so imbued with the feelings of universal humanity that they adapt themselves easily to the religious needs of all ages and nationalities. Dr. Vincent does not concern himself greatly with their historic aspect, or, we should rather say, is not receptive toward the new light which modern historical research throws upon their origin, and which Stanley, for example, employs with admirable effect in one of the best chapters of his "Jewish Church." But he has a true appreciation of those elements in them which blend with the Christian ideas of righteousness, repentance, forgiveness, joy, and gratitude. He uses them in the service of practical and devotional religion, in an earnest and vivid way, which can hardly fail to be successful with the class to which they are best adapted. The criticism we should make from the practical stand-point is, that the applications and illustrations are too strictly confined to the sphere of religion in its technical and narrower sense,—to those conscious experiences of the soul's higher relations, which, however genuine and deep, must form but a small part of the actual life of even the best of men in this busy age. The type of piety which this volume illustrates is the type which was generated in the cloister and the church; it embodies elements which can never cease to be of the highest value, but as a whole it has not sufficiently adapted itself to the changed conditions of society. But it is the type which we suppose is still presented in the great majority of our pulpits, though not often as heartily and effectively as in these genuine and useful sermons.

Bishop's "Detmold." *

THE explanation of his position as a novelist which Mr. Bishop gives at the end of his romance only adds to the impression of uncertainty of aim which the story makes. It is in some sense an apology for tameness, but results in a mere negation. The attempt has been to draw one young Italian and three young Americans just as they are in the present day, that is, not bad people in their way, but also without any heroic attributes. The natural result is that these young persons are dull. It has also appeared to Mr. Bishop that extraordinary enchainments of plot do not occur in the lives of the ordinary young man and woman; he therefore assumes that such things belong to the spirit of the past and are unnatural "in these days of comparative quiet." Nevertheless he is compelled to lend interest to the meeting of Detmold and Alice, by making them turn out to be the children of two thievish business men, partners in trade, who bequeath a disgrace to their children without a liability to fall. The pressing need for something uncommon is still better shown in the scarcely explainable breaking of the mirror at the ball of the Castelbarcos, and in the death of young Castelbarco, when a shadow on the road frightens his horse, which has nothing to do with the story, since he was never a serious competitor for the hand of Alice. That young woman is indeed like many others in her unemotional, almost calculating mind, but it seems that we are expected to admire her. She has nothing but good looks and quiet manners to recommend her.

In minor points a good deal may be said for Mr. Bishop's first novel. Descriptions of places are well given, and no little information about northern Italy is insinuated into the course of the story without reminding one of the guide-book or the teacher. Small talk between the characters is easy and generally natural. The author belongs to the school of which Mr. Howells and Mr. James are the heads, a school that also includes Mr. Aldrich. He has caught their tone, and emulates their nicety of touch in subordinate parts. He is often so good in this way that one pays him the compliment of all others most detested by a writer, that of wishing the main lines were as good as the chosen passages. But the volume must be accounted negative, like its apparent argument, and destined merely to give Mr. Bishop a facility of composition which will stand in good stead if he applies himself to a work of more definite aim and stronger grasp.

*Detmold: A Romance. By W. H. Bishop. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Walford's "Cousins." *

IF any one looks for a stirring plot in this novel, the expectation will not be gratified. There is, to be sure, a railway catastrophe, but it is told in such a fashion that it is hardly more thrilling than the boating expedition in which for the first time the hero shows his preference for the youngest of his pretty cousins. On the other hand there is the same pleasant vein of observation, amounting nearly to satire, which appeared in its most brilliant phase in "Mr. Smith." As in that clever presentment of ordinary English family life, there is in "Cousins" a parcel of fresh, lively, envious, but not wickedly envious, girls, to whom the advent of the hero is the great subject of conversation, and his doubtful maneuvers the chief cause of action. The heroine is the youngest of the sisters, and by a piece of blundering which one might suppose that even a heavy English dragoon-officer would not commit the eldest sister receives the impression that his attentions are meant for her. This is rendered likelier from the fact that the cut-and-dried, uneventful life of the highly proper family renders it inconceivable to its various members, with one important exception, that the middle-aged land-owner, the East Indian colonel, the awe-inspiring, much-traveled cousin, should prefer a girl hardly out of

* Cousins. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith." New York: Henry Holt & Co.

short frocks to the mature charms and well-attested beauties of mind and body possessed by her eldest sister. And when the dreadful fact appears to the gallant colonel and he is in danger of being married to the wrong sister, it is certainly overstrained and unlike a person of his type to think that he must marry the one he does not love. L. B. Walford—is it Mr., Mrs., or Miss ?—has put the reader in a dilemma as to the hero, for the latter appears to be either a fool, or not really in love. However, the dilemma of the hero himself furnishes that stronghold of novelists,—reason for a rufflement of the course of true love. It is a slender scaffolding on which to erect so large an edifice, but there are many good points scattered here and there through the novel, which the reader who knows how to skip will doubtless discover for himself.

Molloy's "Autumn Holiday on French Rivers." *

TO THIS half-humorous book, Linley-Sambourne, the decorative initial draughtsman for London "Punch," has furnished a half-humorous title-page,—a sketch of the four young Londoners tugging at their oars in their outrigger. It is taken as if from a bridge: Bow and Stroke are looking up, and in the face of Bow we are sure we get the likeness of Mr. Molloy. Of the men in the waist and the coxswain nothing is seen but the tops of their straw hats. The story of their ascent of the Seine and descent of the Loire is told at a rattling pace, evidently suggested by the movement of the *Marie*, through waters unused (except about Paris) to such swift and narrow craft. The good-humor which comes from steady exercise in the fresh air and a pleasant change of scene is reflected in the book. The four vacation-takers were "on a lark," and, in consequence, the book is "larky." Yet, it would not do to withhold from it what credit for serious information it contains, for although the record is primarily for amusement, the manner in which provincial France was seen by Mr. Molloy has not become so hackneyed that his journal fails to throw a fresh light on national characters and customs. The impression is very favorable to the French people, and still more so to their twin specialties of pretty maidens and good dinners.

Green's "Readings from English History." †

JOHN RICHARD GREEN has made such a mark for himself with his "Short History of the English People," and the large history which he has written on the slightly modified lines contained in the former, that his authority as editor of a minor text-book will not readily be questioned. There is a resemblance between his previous system of taking rallying points or centers in history, in order to group subordinate facts about them, and the arrangement of these "Readings"; these, though drawn from many different historians, form similar *nuclei* bound together by the simplest thread of history. Gibbon yields him five admirable pages on the English conquest of Britain; Freeman, an extract on the conversion of the English; Stopford Brooke, a notice of Cadmon and early English literature. Part first relates the greatest events between the time of Hengist and the battle of Cressy; part second takes the reader to Cromwell; part third ends the book with W. H. Russell's account of Balaklava. The leaps in each case are far wider than in Mr. Green's own histories and the connecting links are reduced to the shortest, but the system remains the same. Its reasonableness is apparent. Instead of fatiguing the mind with a mass of detail, and making it incapable of retaining the important points, a series of tableaux are presented, varying in interest with the brilliancy of the author, but alike in throwing aside the unnecessary for the grand points.

Out of the eighty-two readings in the volume, sixteen are taken from Mr. Green's own history, a proceeding which is warranted by the manifest excellence of his work. Compared with Southey, for instance, from whom are taken the descriptions of the battle of the Nile and the death of Nelson, Mr. Green shines as a clear and pointed historian Guizot furnishes three excellent readings on the escape of Charles the Second, the driving out of the Long Parliament, and the death of Cromwell; Michelet describes the battle of Agincourt; Thierry, the battle of the Standard between the Scotch and the North-of-England barons after the death of Henry I. According to his practice, Mr. Green does not give all his space to wars, but slips in readings on literature and political economy. In part first the extract from Brewer on the friars and the English towns gives a glimpse of the life of the Commons in the middle ages; in part second Kingsley furnishes a romantic view of the life of Puritans in England. Spencer Walpole is the authority on the Reform Bill, one of the greatest political war-cries in the England of this century. In addition to all these English and French writers, the American publishers have inserted seven readings from Bancroft, Motley and Kirk, of whom the second is certainly an author who reflects nothing but credit on his countrymen. Unfortunately, one cannot say the same of Bancroft, whose "Bunker's Hill," although written without bravado, is neither remarkable for style nor contents. His description of Wolfe's victory at Quebec is marred by generalizations that do not stand the criticism of to-day. It will not do to call Montcalm's garrison Celts and the besiegers Saxons, when officers among the latter bore French names, and, of their rank and file, a large proportion were of Irish and Highland Scotch blood. The readings from Motley are excellent. It should be remembered that Mr. Green is not responsible for the American contingent. If fault is to be found with him it attaches to the natural bias in favor of England which allows a repetition of the comparison instituted between English history and that of Rome. It would be hard to find two civilizations of Western Europe, more unlike in their spirit, development and natural surroundings.

* Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers. By J. L. Molloy. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† Readings from English History Selected and edited by John Richard Green, LL.D. Three parts in one. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Experiments in Automatic Telegraphy.

A SYSTEM of telegraphy has been recently constructed, having radical resemblances to that of Mr. Edison, described in this number. Three forms of apparatus are required. The first resembles a type-writer, the operator sitting at the key-board and touching a key for each letter. Instead of printing the letters, the machine, by means of two small lance-like knives, cuts slits of various lengths in a roll or fillet of paper. The machine feeds the paper to the knives automatically, as fast as the operator can touch the keys, or at a speed equal to the ordinary pace of the type-writer, and only requires a moderate amount of foot, steam or other power. At the same time, at the head of each message is cut in the paper the "call" for the station to which the message is to be sent. At every station on the line is a second machine designed to transmit and receive the prepared message. The fillet of paper is fed to this machine by a suitable automatic feeding device and the machine is started. The first operation is to transmit the call, not in the form of a sound or signal, but in an electrical impulse over the line that sets a corresponding machine in the other station in motion, the movement being answered by a return call from the distant station. The paper passes under dull knives that follow the surface till the slits are reached, when the blades drop into the slits and remain there so long as the slit is passing, when they slide out of the slit, each movement opening and closing the circuit over the line. At the receiving station the machine is supplied with sharpened knives controlled by the current and cutting slits in a passing fillet of paper and thus reproducing all the slits cut in the original ribbon. This ribbon is then placed in a third machine, also supplied with knives that follow the slits as in the second machine, by their movement printing on another fillet of paper the letters corresponding to each slit. This system, though apparently complicated, has the advantage of being in part automatic, so that messages may be dispatched to a distant office without attendance at the farther end, the message being automatically cut in the paper and left till a convenient time for printing. The sending of the message also gives a record of the message that may be printed whenever desired. Various ingenious appliances are also in the system for securing exact uniformity of movement in the various machines and for sending messages to particular stations on the line or to all stations at once as may be desired.

Polar Pantagraph.

THE ordinary pantagraph has been recently modified and applied to new uses by arranging the two arms side by side and connecting them by a simple system of gearing. The apparatus consists of two metallic arms secured in a small frame in such a manner that they are free to slide in the direction of their longer axis. On each is secured a rack, gearing into a pinion placed in the center of the frame that supports them. The slightest movement of one arm forward or backward, causes the other arm to move in the opposite direction, and the apparatus thus becomes a pantagraph, working always in opposite directions in the same plane. To one arm is now fixed a pencil for tracing, and to the other is secured a curved arm, turning on a pin placed in a line with the center of the pinion and the pencil. On this curved arm is carried a shorter arm, also freely turning on a center that carries the tracing point. When properly adjusted for work, the apparatus is brought up to any curved surface and the pointer moved over it, when the pencil reproduces on paper all the curves of the surface traversed by the point. The apparatus was designed for reproducing the tread of car-wheels to show the wear. It may be used to reproduce the figure of any curved surface, as the interior of bells, surface of rails, and models of irregular forms.

Regenerative System applied to Gas-light.

THE idea of heating the gas and the air needed for its combustion, on the principle of the regenerative furnace, has been tried with success in some new gas-lamps designed for large reflector lights. Three iron tubes, fitting one within the other quite loosely, are placed upright at the place where the light is to stand. The central pipe is designed for the gas, and is mounted with a gas jet. The spaces between this pipe and the two outer pipes are filled with fine wire netting designed to absorb heat, and thus form miniature regenerators. The annular space between the central gas-pipe and the second tube is open at the bottom, and is designed for the entrance of the air needed for combustion. The annular space between the second tube and the outer tube is designed for the escape of the products of combustion and also opens to the air. The entire group of pipes is surmounted by an air-tight glass globe that also serves for a shade for the lamp. On lighting the gas the globe is put on and soon becomes filled with hot air, which having no other means of escape, is forced out through the outer annular space between the tubes, and parting with its heat to the netting as it escapes. In a short time the accumulated heat spreads to the other tubes and netting, and the fresh air flowing up the interior annular space, and the gas itself becomes highly heated, and as a result, the combustion is more active and the flame larger and more brilliant. Such a system of gas-lighting, while not convenient for domestic lamps, seems to be valuable for lamps where a powerful light is needed. This lamp and the other improved gas-lamps recently brought out, are the direct outcome of the present active competition between electric and gas lighting.

In addition to the new forms of burners, a new carburetting process, for enriching the gas, is announced that promises well. The naphthaline is cast in the form of small sticks or pellets, and is placed in a vessel near the gas-lamp and designed to be heated by the flame. The enriching is said to give a bright white light, very pleasing to the eye, while the apparatus is simple, easily managed and entirely safe.

Testing Machine for Fabrics.

THE custom of testing iron, wood and other building materials, and testing wire, ropes, cables, etc., and using these tests as a measure of the commercial value of the materials, has proved to be so advantageous that the same idea is being applied to woven fabrics of all kinds. For testing the strength of fabrics, a new machine has been introduced, designed to report pulling strains from half a kilo up to 250 kilos. The machine consists of an upright standard, supporting a horizontal hollow beam of iron, containing scale levers with a brass weighing scale having a sliding weight and a graduated scale. Suspended from the weighing apparatus, is a clamp lined with leather, and so arranged, that when the end of the piece of fabric, to be tested, is clamped between the jaws the strains will be evenly balanced and distributed. Below this on the base of the machine is a roller controlled by a hand-wheel, and round this the other end of the fabric is wrapped, when, on turning the wheel, the strains are applied, and by moving the weight on the scale-beam, so as to keep it continually balanced, a point is reached where the fabric is torn apart. This point shows the breaking strain of the material. The percentage of stretching before breaking may also be found in the same manner. If all fabrics were tested in such a machine, and the breaking point carefully noted and marked on the goods when offered for sale, data would be provided which would place the money value of the goods on an exact basis.

Further Advance in Metallurgy.

ALMOST simultaneous with the improvements made in the Bessemer furnace reported in this department in the August number, comes another discovery, also employing the Bessemer converter, and effecting important changes in the methods of treating a large class of metals. The main idea underlying this discovery is found in the fact, that certain mineral substances may be used in the converter as a fuel, thus replacing coal. A little coke is used to start the furnace, precisely as kindling is used to start coal, and a charge is given to the furnace consisting in part of sulphides, and in part of siliceous ores. A current of air is forced through the furnace, when it is found the fire may be maintained indefinitely without the use of coal, by the heat produced by the rapid oxidation of the molten sulphides, so long as the proper ores are supplied to the furnace. This, in brief, is the main idea and it has opened a wide field for experiment and research. Very encouraging results have already been obtained, though with the use of comparatively inferior apparatus, and it is thought the process will lead to new methods of separating ores, to greater economy in the use of all ores containing sulphides, to the utilization of hitherto valueless and low-grade ores, and to the introduction of metallurgical processes in places where ores exist in abundance, but are valueless on account of the cost of coal for smelting. Further details of this interesting and promising discovery will be given as soon as the experiments now going on reach a commercial stage.

Memoranda.

A NEW process for making white bricks from ordinary red-brick clays employs magnesian limestone, burned, slacked and ground with the clay. The limestone, reduced to a flour, is passed with the clay through grinding-mills till it is intimately mixed, and is then passed to a brick machine, and submitted to high pressure, the bricks being dry-pressed and ready for immediate burning. The bricks are reported to be of a good color, and furnished at one half the cost of the usual white bricks.

It is recommended to add to fresh plaster of Paris from two to four per cent. of powdered marsh-mallow root, to obtain a plaster that will submit to turning in a lathe. The materials are mixed dry, when the water may be added to form a paste. The plaster sets in about an hour and becomes sufficiently hard to be cut into dominoes, chess-men, and other small articles. A larger percentage, up to eight per cent., of the marsh-mallow root increases the hardness of the plaster. To hasten the setting a little alum may be added to the mixture.

Professor Böttger, who has brought out several new metallurgical and chemical processes of value, offers a new process for bronzing iron and porcelain. The article to be coated with bronze is painted with soluble glass and the solution sprinkled over it from a sieve and then dried, when the surplus powder is rubbed off with a brush. The process is simple and is said to resist heat or washing with alcohol, and takes the burnisher readily. It would seem as if the process might be valuable in decorating stoves and iron-work exposed to the weather.

A new form of mariners' compass has two horizontal hands, resembling the hands of a clock, and free to turn round over the entire surface of the compass card, are made parts of an electrical circuit. The course of the steam-ship having been laid, the hands are brought together on either side of this point, leaving only a space of a few degrees between them. The card is still free to move in any direction, but if it touches the hands on either side, electrical connection is made and a bell rings in the captain's cabin, or in any other part of the circuit, as desired. By this arrangement any deviation by the steersman from the course laid down for him is reported by the bell that rings continuously till the ship's course is corrected.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Pair of Quatrains.

[DEDICATED, WITH THE UTMOST RESPECT, TO ALL RETURNING SUMMER WANDERERS.]

I.

NIAGARA AND SARATOGA.

ARISE, O Muse, and sing
How just I am to all:
I go to the Falls in the spring,
And I go to the Springs in the fall.

II.

PARIS.

To Paris Yankee pilgrims fly,
Both good and bad. I'll tell you how:—
The good ones go there when they die,
The bad ones go there now.

A. Z.

The Fools of Killogue.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

IS IT tell yez a shtory? Be aff wid yez, childher! Sure it's mesilf that ought to be afther wathering thim gladioilusthes that yer mother is so partickiler about—sure me hairt is broke wid them intoirely. Shtories, indade! Well, well, annyhow—we'll see what can be done, av ye'll wait till me shmoke is out; for the saints resave the poipe that has touched me lips the day, barrin' three, at all at all.

Per'aps y' 'ave haird about the fools av Killogue? No? Sure yer hishthorical education is been moightily nayglicted, av yez don't know that. Killogue, do ye moind, was a shmall bit av a village —and so it is to this day—in the south av Oireland; and a matther av some hundred yares ago, may be more, there was a King ruled over thim pairts by the name av Brian Rhua. You see, they called him that by raison av his auburn hair—for the maning of Brian Rhua signifoys Rid Brian. Av the accounts is thrue, he was a foine man to look at: bein' aylivin fate hoigh, no liss, and wearin' goold and diminds and grane vilvit till it 'd make yer oyes wink to luk at 'm. And the bit o' black-thorn he carri'd was two yairds long, and that heavy that only himsilf c'd lift it. Now in thim days the counthry was greatly in nade av public roads. There was only wan in the whole kingdom, and that was a short wan, for it was betune the palace and Mrs. Rafferty's shebeen-house—where the king, rest his sowl, used to go ivery avening to shmoke his dudeen and dayliberate on the affairs av the nation, along wid Lanty Feeney, his proime ministher,—and an iligant boy Lanty was. There the two av thim w'u'd sit and make up laws, for the parleymint to inact afther thim and be rishponsible for; the mimbers av that same bein' app'inted by the King, and li'ble to be hung whin annything wint wrong wid the counthry; and as there was no salaries ped, office-holdin' was not popilar. Considherin' the absince av hoighways, and the great naycissity their was for thim, wan day the King says to Lanty:

"Lanty," siz he.

"Sorr,—Yer Majesty, Oi mane," siz Lanty.

"Tell wan av the byes to have the kyar befoore the doore nixt Wednesday mornin'," siz Brian Rhua, "for Oi'm goin' to thravel over me kingdom. And come you and the rist av the coort along wid me on horseback. Wheriver we pass, that shall be a public road foriver; and aich town we come to we'll take tin min out av it for the parleymint, for it is gettin' thinned out, it is, lately."

Whin the paple av Killogue haird of this—for it was gev out in all the newspapers—it med thim very onaisy in their moinds. None av thim was willing to be imprissed for the parleymint, as was natural, av coorse; but that was not all. There was a large foine meadow all around the town, which belonged to thim all together, and they all farmed it, sharin' aloike, ye undhershtand; and, av a road was run through it, it would go near to ruin it altogether, widout the throuble and ixpinse av buildin' walls was gone to. So they laid their hids together, and med up a plan to kape the King from comin'.

On the Wednesday mornin', Brian Rhua and his coort shtarted out, wearin' their hats on the ind av their shticks, and singin' "Ayrin go Bragh" in the hoighth av milody, whin they mit a man that was goin' the other way.

"Who are you?" axed Brian Rhua.

"Patsy Doolan, sorr, av ye plaze," answered the man.

"And where have you been this foine mornin'?" siz the King.

"'Tis lookin' for Tim O'Rourke's bit av a pony Oi am," siz the man.

"Do you live about here?" inquoired the King.

"Oi do not, worse luck, yer honor," siz Patsy; "Oi did be livin' at Killogue, beyant; but a fortnight ago come next week Sathurday the river rose wid the rains and kivered the place intoirely, so that sorra taste av the town is lift ixcipt the lake that shtands over it."

Thin Brian Rhua, who hated wather worse nor annything, immadiately turned off in another diriction and niver wint nare Killogue at all; and the paple av that town rayjoiced in the succiss av their schame, and how they had fooled him. But by and by the matther kem to the King's ayres, and he sint Lanty Feeney to invistigate the thruth av it. Whin the Killogue paple got news av the proime ministher's comin', as they did, they wor tirribly froightened; and, afther consideration, they decoided to thry and make Lanty belaive thim all to be fools and idiots altogither, that they moight not be punished as they desarved. And so they did. Lanty wint to Killogue, and whin he kem back he med repoort to the King.

"Soire," siz he, "thim is omadhauns that lives at

Killogue, aich mother's son av thim. Oi niver saw the loike sence Oi was borrn, as Oi saw there. Wan man was chaining up his cat to kape her from jumping in the river, w'u'd you belave it? Others was blowin' their breath at the sun, to make the weather cooler. A lot more av thim was 'tendin' a shcool, where an ould chap was taiching thim to whistle "Garryowen" backwards. And as for that felly we mit, Patsy Doolan, what gev us the false shtory av the wather roising, he was the biggest fool av all; for he was paling his praties afore he biled 'em!"

"Well," said the King, "av they have no more since than that, they ought not to be dilt wid sevarely, but they must tin av thim be put in the parleymint, annyhow."

And so they wor. But nobody has iver wint to Killogue, by rason av there bein' no road to it, from that day to this—and as then was the first toime that fools was iver thought iligible for office, yez may know it was moighty long ago, begorra!

Souvenirs d'Amour.

Ah, love, hast thou forgot the hour,
  The hour supreme, too quickly flown,
When first my trembling lips had power
  To speak, and claim thee all my own?
Say thou rememberest; once more try
  To summon up the blissful night;
Forget it ne'er, I pray, for I
  Forget it quite.

Was it upon the beach we strolled,
  Beside the immemorial sea,
That night when first my love I told—
  Or stammered—to the stars and thee?
Or were we sitting on the pier?
  Most likely; 'twas our favorite spot,
As you, no doubt, remember, dear,
  Though I do not.

Was it not, rather, at the Park,
  After the band had ceased to play,
We lingered in the fragrant dark,
  Jealous of that most happy day,
And I on your coy finger, coz,
  Slipped our betrothal ring, a pearl
In rubies set?—Psha, no; that was
  Another girl.

I have it now; 'twas at the ball;
  We'd just been dancing, and you said
You'd like to step into the hall
  To try an ice or lemonade.
You took my arm; it thrills me yet,
  That gentle clasp; in accents low
I murmured, "Ah, my dearest pet!"
  Stop! *Did* I, though?

Perhaps I did, but scarcely there;
  You spoke, I know, of your papa;
Now, let me think: was't on the stair?
  In the conservatory? Ah!
'Twas there, in that ambrosial gloom,
  I knelt before you—was it not?
And told you—something, I presume;
  No doubt; but—what?

Tut, tut! How memory plays me false!
  'Twas on the yacht, and you withdrew,
I think, to sniff your smelling salts;
  And I, of course, I followed you,
Until upon the spray-sprent bow
  I whispered all my amorous lay,
And you said—*Peste!* Confound it, now!
  What did you say?

I'm sure 'twas either yes or no;
  But which? I'm blest if I can tell;
Nor whether it was long ago,
  Nor when or where it was. Well, well,
Was ever memory so poor?
  To say that word I can't recall! * * *
Nay, come to think, I'm not so sure
  'Twas *you at all!*

Walter Carey.

Ups and Downs.

One day, as I have heard it said,
It chanced a rag and bit of lead
Lay in the kennel snug together
In very wet and muddy weather.
The rag was soiled, and old, and torn;
The bit of lead was bruised and worn;
Two waifs, whose worth, at full account,
Was of such very small amount
They well together might remain,
To bide the pelting of the rain.

Yet, low as was their present state,
They both had known a better fate.
The rag had once been whole and white,
In every way had pleased the sight;
And, in its time, had helped adorn
A bride, upon her wedding morn;
Lent to her figure and her face
An added, though unneeded, grace,
Nor thought such parting and distress
Could e'er befall a wedding-dress!
The piece of lead could not forget
Its fortunes had been nobler yet;
For, molded well, for use of one
Who was his country's faithful son,
It had—though that was long ago—
Been sped against that country's foe,
And, guided by unerring hand,
Had stretched him lifeless on the sand.

There came a man, with hook and bag,
Who bore away the lead and rag,
And both were to a shop consigned,
With many others of their kind.
When winter passed, and summer came,
The former rag had changed its name
To paper, and it might avow
It ne'er had been so white as now.
Meanwhile, the lead, so long despised,
Was altered so 'twas highly prized;
For, melted, purified, and cast,
It was a printer's type at last.
They now, in this, their new condition,
Were put into their old position;
Drawn closer than before, to kiss,
And find their apotheosis.

What greater immortality
Than helping Genius not to die?

Job Case.

THE USEFUL WITH THE BEAUTIFUL.

MRS. MULDOON.—"And aint that a foine dure mat an' how noice it's made."
MRS. O'BRIEN.—"Yes! an' they've put a pace of ile cloth on the undher soide to kape it from wettin' the kyarpet."

A Rhyme of the Time.

MISS PALLAS EUDORA VON BLURKY
She didn't know chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great-uncle of Moses,
And the dates of the Wars of the Roses,
And the reasons of things,—why the Indians wore rings
In their red, aboriginal noses!

Why Shakspere was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma."
And she went chipping rocks with a little black box
And a small geological hammer!

She had views upon co-education
And the principal needs of the nation,
And her glasses were blue, and the number she knew
Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a hand-writing clerky,
And she talked with an emphasis jerky,
And she painted on tiles in the sweetest of styles;
But she didn't know chicken from turkey!

NELLIE G. CONE.

Feminine.

SHE might have known it in the earlier spring,
That all my heart with vague desire was stirred;
And, ere the summer winds had taken wing,
I told her; but she smiled and said no word.

The autumn's eager hand his red gold grasped,
And she was silent; till from skies grown drear
Fell soft one fine, first snow-flake, and she clasped
My neck, and cried, "Love, we have lost a year!"

H. C. BUNNER.

The School-master Abroad.

THE following is a copy of a letter which is vouched for as original, received by a Broadway firm from a Michigan correspondent:

Aug. 10, 1879.

MR. A——
i wish to git the pictuars of all the kings and queens and duks of each nashon i wish to hav them life sice or what is so called. i want them with thare kingtom dress i want them for senery if you can furnish me them let me know what the expence will bee i wish to hav them so i can know them whare thay belong each won thair nashon.

* * * *